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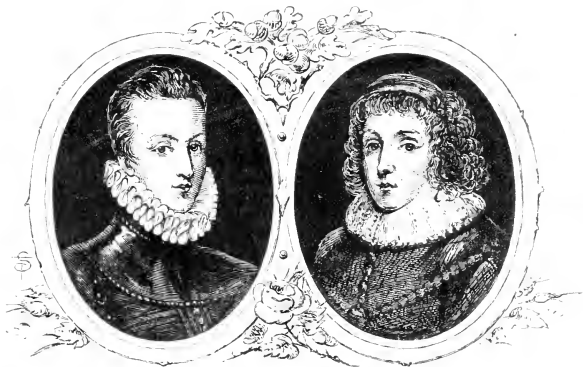


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THE
COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S

WRITTEN BY

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knt.*



WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY HAIN FRISWELL,
AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE," ETC., ETC.

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TO
THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
NOT ALONE AS PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND AND
FOREMOST IN THE COUNCILS OF
THE QUEEN,
BUT AS POSSESSOR OF A MORE ENDURING FAME
AS ORATOR, SCHOLAR, AND POET,
THIS EDITION OF
The Chief Work of a "Noble Author,"
NOBLE BY BIRTH, MORE NOBLE IN HIS MIND,
IS FITLY, AND BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED
BY
THE EDITOR.

63803



INTRODUCTORY AND BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY.

KING Henry the Second brought with him from Anjou, in 1154, one William Sidney, who, being knighted for service in battle, had the manor of Sutton granted to him, and was chamberlain to the King. In lineal descent from him was William Sidney, who commanded the right wing of the army victorious at Flodden. He died in 1554, leaving a son, Henry, who was the father of Philip by Lady Mary Dudley. Henry Sidney, a man of "comeliness of person, gallantness and liveliness of spirit, virtue, quality, beauty and good composition of body, the only odd man and paragon of the court,"* was, in 1550, knighted, in company with William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley. He was in great favour with the court; and in July, 1553, King Edward VI. died at

* Holinshed, vol. iii., p. 1548, cited by Mr. Fox Bourne.

Greenwich, after uttering a noble prayer, says Mr. Bourne, which closed with the following words: "O my Lord God, defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that I and my people may praise Thy holy name!" Then he said, "I am faint; Lord have mercy upon me, and take my spirit;" and looking towards Sir Henry Sidney, fell into his arms and expired.

Of his mother Sir Philip was as proud as he was of his father. Referring to the Duke of Northumberland, in his defence of the Earl of Leicester, Philip wrote, "I am a Dudley in blood, that Duke's daughter's son; and do acknowledge, — though, in all truth, I may justly affirm that I am, by my father's side, of ancient and always well-esteemed and well-matched gentry, — yet I do acknowledge, I say, that my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley." Of seven children Philip was the eldest; the second child was Mary, for whom the "Arcadia" was written, who married Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and, dying, was celebrated in an ever-living epitaph by Ben Jonson, as "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." On the death of King Edward Sir Henry had retired to Penshurst, in Kent, and there, in 1554, on the 29th of November, Philip Sidney was born. The King's last prayer had, at least, no immediate answer. "Papistry" had come back to England with redoubled vigour; the smoke of fires ascended to, and the cries and groans of martyrs were heard at, the gates of Heaven, and treason

had done its worst with the Sidney family. One grandfather of the babe had died just in time, another had been beheaded—recanting and apologising; one uncle perished at the block, another escaped life and a prison at the same time. Sir Henry, whose mother had been governess to Edward VI., and whose aunt had been to the same prince “such as among meaner personages is called a dry nurse, and from the time he left off sucking lay with him in bed so long as he remained in women’s government,” was loyal to the prince’s sister, Queen Mary, “though neither liking nor liked as he had been.” On the 8th of November, 1554, all his former honours were confirmed to the good knight by charter of Queen Mary, and his first child, shortly afterwards born, was christened “Philip” in honour of Mary’s husband, Philip of Spain. Sir Henry was afterwards appointed Vice-Treasurer of the Royal Revenues in Ireland, and served there victoriously; in 1558 Queen Elizabeth confirmed him in his offices. On the 14th of May, 1563, he was made Knight of the Garter; in 1565 Lord Deputy in Ireland, when indeed the Queen had but a small part of that island to depute to any one, the O’Neil holding all the northern and western parts, and therein leaving the Queen nothing but “the miserable town of Carrickfergus.” But Sir Henry was a good soldier. He harassed the O’Neil, defeated him whenever he showed a head, and the Irish faction, being brought very low, treacherously

rose on and slew their chieftain, and brought to the English captain "his head pickled in a pipkin."*

Sir Henry was a wise and good governor, and did all he could to help the poor people, torn, distressed, and impoverished by factions and war. He never, he says, with pity, "saw more waste and desolate land." Noble walled towns, once with three hundred substantial householders, now with but four, and they ready to leave the place. All their cry is "Succour! succour! succour!" Succour and peace he gave them, and returned to England in 1564, to recruit his health. When Lord President of the Marches, Sir Henry had lived in Ludlow Castle, on the southern border of Shropshire, and his celebrated son was sent to school at Shrewsbury, under Thomas Ashton, a man known for learning, and at Oxford perhaps a college friend of Sir Henry. Philip made good progress, and was renowned, says Ashton, "for such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, a talk ever of knowledge, his very play tending to enrich his mind. Which eminence in nature and industry made his worthy father style Sir Philip in my hearing, though I unseen, *Lumen familiæ suæ.*"† So early does Philip begin to shine; when the learned Ashton wrote his letter he was about eleven, for some time in 1568, when but thirteen, he went to Oxford, and was for some

* Bourne's Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney, p. 14.

† Life of the Renowned Sir P. Sidney, 1652.

time a member of Christchurch, where he seems to have been considered as of rare merit. And, indeed, he was born to be loved. No young man ever won at so early an age so great a fame; for Sidney was not loved and admired for his "Arcadia" so much as the book was loved and admired for its author. How was this? Surely no man, however well born and placed, could achieve so sweet and lasting a fame in these days; and truly the praisers of time past, a numerous and not altogether an unreasoning people, are borne out by great authorities when they say that the days of Queen Elizabeth, in the genius to which they gave birth, surpassed our own days of Queen Victoria. "They [the English] had then," says Thomas Carlyle, "their Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney, where we have our Sheridan Knowles and Beau Brummel."* This is putting the matter in a nutshell. Not even the most enthusiastic admirer of the clever Irish dramatist would dare to compare him with Shakespeare; and no one who cares to take up the cudgels for that curious man and original fop, Brummel—a man of singular history, and a peculiar, if not original, genius for dandyism—could for a moment mention him by the side of the young, noble, and exalted knight, whose name has become a synonym for all that appertains to the soldier, the courtier, and the gentleman. The sovereigns that these two men served were not more

* Carlyle, "Miscell." vol. ii. p. 110.

different than their courtiers : from Elizabeth to George the Fourth how great the stride ! Whatever may be the opinion formed of Elizabeth, “the greatest king that ever ruled in England,”—whether we regard her as a hypocrite, a tyrant, or a self-immolated martyr to her people and her country, and a virgin queen,—there can be as little doubt of her ability as there is of the high power to which she raised the country which had the happiness to be governed by her. In no possible way is she to be compared to George the Fourth, any more than the great Tudor family can be compared to the house of Hanover. Even in her love of gorgeous apparel there was a queenly instinct of a noble kind ; whereas George the Fourth had the spirit of a tailor, and “the first gentleman in Europe,” as he was called, only distinguished himself, as Thackeray said in his bitter *quasi*-epitaph, “by a skill in cutting coats.” So Brummel the Beau, although in his way a courtier, is utterly distinct from Sir Walter Raleigh, the noble fop—if such a word is not an insult applied to him—and from Sir Philip Sidney, the poetic frequenter of the court, perfect at all points. It would be useless to strain the comparison any further ; great and pure in his life, beautiful and elevated in his thoughts, at all times entering on or treading the high region of poetic fancy, Sir Philip Sidney has left a name which will always be quoted when one desires an instance of that noble ideal, the English gentleman.

Dr. Zouch states that Philip went also to Cambridge ; if he did, it was not for long, for at the age of seventeen he went on his travels, memorable enough for him, for he was one of those indignant Englishmen who, taking refuge with the English ambassador, Sir Francis Walsingham, said their prayers, with loaded fire-arms and drawn swords, and in bated breath, while Sir Francis looked from his window at the brutal massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Escaping Paris, Sidney went to Hungary, Italy, and Germany, where he made a firm friend of Hubert Languet, a man of great learning, and a friend of Melancthon, and in 1575 returned to England. Next year, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed ambassador to the Emperor of Austria, where he contracted a friendship with the famous Don John. Speaking too openly against the project of the Queen's marriage with the Duke of Anjou, he abandoned the court, and in retirement, at the seat of his brother-in-law the Earl of Pembroke, wrote his "Arcadia." The romance, dedicated to his sister—a married woman, it is well to remember, in excuse of certain passages—was never intended for publication.

In 1583 he received the honour of knighthood ; three years afterwards he was made Governor of Flushing, and general of the troops sent to the assistance of the United Provinces, then at war with the Roman Catholic powers ; and at this time his reputation for learning, gentleness,

wisdom, valour, and true knighthood stood so high that he was thought a fit candidate for the crown of Poland. Queen Elizabeth, whose loyal subject he was, would not allow him to be put in nomination, because she said—and such a sentence to such a man was more than a crown—she could not brook “the loss of the jewel of her dominions.”

That jewel was soon, however, to be lost in another way. Mounting his third horse (two had been slain under him) at the bloody battle of Zutphen, he received a mortal wound in his thigh, probably injuring the femoral artery. This, and death, were owing to his chivalric gallantry. He was well armed when he went to the field, but meeting Sir William Pelham, lord marshal of the English camp, without armour lower than his breastplate, Sidney threw off his cuisses and was foremost in the attack. The English, assailed on all sides, repelled their enemies, but a shot from an ambush struck Sidney in the left leg above the knee, splintering the bone. Faint with excess of bleeding, and carried along towards the place where was his uncle and general, the Earl of Leicester, he called for drink, “which,” says Lord Brooke, “was presently brought unto him.” As he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, “who had eaten his last at that same feast (of death or glory), ghastly casting his eyes at the bottle; which Sir Philip perceiving, took from his

head before he drunk, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"* These touching words, and this knightly act, will be remembered as the last words of Sidney, who, however, lived afterwards for twenty-five days; and, when dead, he was, by the order of his Queen, brought home to the shores of the country which he had loved, served, and adorned, and buried with great state in the heart of a mighty city, in the old cathedral of St. Paul's.

Impetuous, brave, transparent as a fair casement, graceful, accomplished as a scholar and as a knight, whether in the tournament or on the battle-field, a lover of his word, generous and open-handed, a sacrificer of himself, pure in his morals, unsullied in his honour, he had gained the love and esteem of all those who had the happiness to meet him. His memory is a very pleasant one to reflect on; it does honour to our nation; is bright, gentle, satisfying, and indeed flattering to our pride. Sidney never said a foolish or mean thing, and he did a thousand generous ones, of which his last act was but the crowning grace. We accept him as the type of what an English gentleman should be. He hated anything that was sordid and mean; his very faults we identify with the true, open sunshine-character

* Fulke Greville, p. 145. "Leicester Correspondence," p. 416.

of the man. In his "Astrophel and Stella"* is the sentence—which should be above every author's desk—"Looke in thy heart, and write;" advice which Sidney ever followed. Sometimes therefore, we get anger and hasty words out of that heart, but never meanness, falsehood, or cowardice. Thus, believing that his father's secretary had betrayed him, and had been peeping and prying into his letters, he wrote—"Mr. Molyneux: Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some; neither can I blame any one but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me. . . . If I do know you henceforward read any letter that I write to my father, without his commandment or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you: and trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time, farewell."

This is not the very gentle Sidney; but every one is aware that the best of us are not always angelic, forbearing, and wise. Poor Mr. Molyneux, it appears moreover, was wholly innocent.

* In which we find the origin of the form of verse made famous by Mr. Tennyson in "In Memoriam," and some curious parallels. Sidney's lamentation is on the unkindness of a mistress, Tennyson's on the death of a friend; and thus the verses run together:—

Sid. Ring out your bells; let mourning shows be spread.

Ten. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.

Sid. I see the house; my heart, thyself contain.

Ten. Dark house by which once more I stand.

Sid. My friend that saw'st through all masks my woe.

Ten. The dead shall look me through and through.

There are many other parallel thoughts and lines; and yet one poet may have never read the other's works.

Sidney's truest and best romance lay in his life ; but yet there is and will ever be something very charming in his romance, the "Arcadia." Everybody read the "Arcadia" when it was published, about four years after Sidney's death, although when dying he had desired it to be destroyed ; but, after passing through eleven editions, it fell into a comparative oblivion ; and this, too, as well as its success, is due to the book itself, for it is a very long romance, with a great deal of action in it, and full of romantic incidents ; nor is the actual thread of the narrative broken. Yet it certainly contains elements of success, since, in addition to the merits above mentioned, it possesses some of the most natural and charming writing, some of the purest and most elevated conceptions, ever put forward. Cowper, the poet, a man of rare sensibility, has truly described the author as "Sidney, warbler of poetic prose ;" so much does he warble, that there are few pages in the folio that do not contain perfect gems in writing, far better than any that are to be found in his poetry. Thus, in one immortal passage, a shepherd boy is described "piping as though he never should grow old ;" and Parthenia's beauty is thus described—"Her lips, though they kept close with modest silence, yet, with a pretty kind of natural swelling, seemed to invite the guests that looked on them ; her cheeks, blushing when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, *were like roses, when their*

leaves are with a little breath stirred." There is, moreover, in addition to such passages, an innate manliness in the book. "Oh," says an old gentleman to the younger ones, "you will never live to my age unless you keep yourself in 'breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness: too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out that, when one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking."* In describing two young princes, he does not waste words, like our late novelists, on the situation, riches, fine dresses, power, and beauty of such, but goes at once to the heart of the matter. Their "knowledge was worthy of all princes, both to move them to do nobly and to teach them how to do nobly, *the beauty of Virtue* being still [ever] set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care than grammatical rules." They were also "exercised in all methods both of doing and suffering;" and, lastly, we are told in a sentence which speaks to the heart of a good man as a trumpet does to that of a soldier, "Nature had done so much for them in nothing as that it had made them *lords of Truth*, whereon all other goods were builded."

Such are the merits and beauties of the "Arcadia" that

* Shakespeare surely had Arcadia in his eye when he wrote his most charming comedy, "As You Like It." Arden is Arcadia; and old Adam talks in much the same strain of his youth as does this old gentleman.

its great drawbacks—want of comprehensible plot, an utter entanglement of the thread of the story, and, from numerous disguises, the inability of the reader to distinguish the heroes and heroines—are forgotten by one who loves and admires poetic writing. But, on the other hand, these drawbacks are so great that it is very difficult to relate succinctly what the story is. Shakespeare, our great character-painter, was only twenty-two when Sidney died, and had not taught our writers to invent character, and to give a living interest to all that they invented. Then, again, Arcadia is in Greece—a fabulous and semi-pagan Greece, utterly unlike that of Pericles and Plato, or mediæval Greece, or any other place with which modern knowledge is acquainted: and young people, with every good quality, and every beauty, wander about in woods, are taken by pirates, kill lions and bears, fall in love with each other, believe in Christianity and heathen gods, wear armour like Tudor knights, yea, dress up as Amazons, and fight with the Helots and Lacedæmonians, in a terribly confusing way. Even Sidney's warmest admirer, William Stigant, M.A., confesses that, for a reader properly to understand the novel, a biography of each person, and a description of his disguises, should be prefixed to the book;*

* "We should find our way more easily through the labyrinth if a biographical dictionary were at hand of all the inhabitants of this strange land."—CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS, 1858, p. 117.

while Hazlitt plainly calls Sidney's book tedious, dry, and silly. "Nothing," says Dr. Drake, "can be more incompact and nerveless than the style of Sidney;" but this is eminently untrue,—the style is beautiful. It is the want of human interest that makes the story nerveless. When we complain of Sidney, we forget how much our great novelists have taught us, and how it is that, imperceptibly to them, even the smallest writers have learnt how to make their pages lively by wit, and interesting from the living humanity of their characters.

That the romance has been tedious to some there is little doubt. Horace Walpole, who could admire his own "Castle of Otranto," could by no means understand, much less appreciate, Sidney's book. He has not even included him among his "Royal and Noble Authors," but, in a notice of Sidney's friend, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, thus speaks of him:—"No man seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration as the celebrated friend of the Lord Brooke, the famous Sir Philip Sidney. The learned of Europe dedicated their works to him. The republic of Poland thought him at least worthy to be put in nomination for their crown. All the houses of England wept his death. When we at this distance of time inquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration, what do we find? Great valour? But it was an age of heroes. In full of all other talents, we have a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral

romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through; and some absurd attempts to fetter English verse in Roman chains—a proof that this applauded author understood little of the genius of his own country.” The age of George II. was, in good truth, unable to comprehend that of Elizabeth. Walpole returns to the charge in a note. He had been blamed, he said, “for not mentioning Sir Philip’s Defence of Poetry, which some think his best work. *I had indeed forgot it when I wrote this article.* Nor can I conceive how a man who had in some respects written dully and weakly, and who was at most far inferior to our best writers, had obtained such immense reputation. Let his merits and his fame be weighed together, and then let it be determined whether the world has over-valued or I under-valued Sir Philip Sidney.” And again, after slight praise of Sidney’s answer to the famous libel, “Leicester’s Commonwealth”—“He defends his uncle with great spirit. What had been said in derogation *to their blood seems to have touched Sir Philip most.*”* Walpole has another fling at the hero whom he cannot understand. “He died with the rashness of a volunteer, after having lived to write with the *sang-froid* and prolixity of Mademoiselle Scuderi.”

Walpole would have understood him if he could; but

* See *ante*, p. viii.; it was the Dudley blood of which Sidney was so proud.

there are those whose spirits move in charmed circles, and they who are outside such circles cannot comprehend them. It was about the time that Walpole was penning this disastrous criticism—and he was far from being a bad dilettante critic—that young Chatterton appealed to him—uselessly, as we know—and then, without a helping hand, and with a rash impatience we all must deplore, “perished in his pride,” a very wreck of genius, leaving us to marvel what he might have done. *He* could have understood Sidney, and would have been charmed with the singular grace, felicity of expression, and sweet purity of the “Arcadia.” We are in the high mountain region of imperial fancy, and our guide is scarcely to be blamed if we are unable to appreciate the prospect. Sidney’s sentiments, always naturally and delicately expressed, are very pure and noble; and if to read Fielding after modern novels is, as has been well said, like walking over a breezy heath after being confined to the unwholesome air of a stifling chamber, then the atmosphere of Arcadia must be very rarefied and pure indeed; such breezes as would blow only round the higher belts of Parnassus.

“All confess,” says Fulke Greville, “that Arcadia of his to be, in form and matter, as inferior to that unbounded spirit as other men’s wishes are raised above the writers’ capacities. But the truth is, *his end was not writing while he wrote*, but both his wit and understand-

ing leant upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words and opinion, but in life and action, good and great." This is a noble vindication of him as a writer. Moreover, we must remember that Sidney begged that his book might be destroyed; that he did not even read the sheets as they left his hand; that no portion was printed during his life; and that the first two books and a portion of the third are the only parts in any manner *completed* by himself.* Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that he knew Sir Philip Sidney meant to transform the "Arcadia" into an English romance, of which the hero should be King Arthur. This notion of writing perfectly English romance, which is said to be the life-dream of our present Laureate, is much happier than that of casting his story "in some cloud-cuckoo land, inhabited by knights and ladies, whose manners are taken from chivalry, whose talk is Platonic, and whose religion is Pagan." But we must fain read the "Arcadia" as it is; and its beauties are such, that when they are a little accustomed to the treatment, surely almost all readers will be delighted to be introduced to Sidney in the portable and readable form which, after much trouble and doubt, is here attempted.

Sidney also wrote a very noble "Defence of Poesie," and was so charmed with the description of the Cave of Despair by Spenser, who had dedicated to him "The

* Stigant's Sir P. Sidney. Cambridge Essays, 1858.

Shepherd's Calendar," that he ordered £100 to be given to Spenser for every stanza that he read, till he threw down the book, saying that if he read more he should give away all his fortune.* He invited Spenser to Penshurst, where the two poets read Plato and Aristotle together, and talked poetry under the wide-spreading beeches and the tall chestnuts of the park.

But it is not in Sidney's books that we must look for the hero; his life was his best book. It was his honour, his dignity, his accomplishments, his true heroism, the noble spirit of the gentleman, that made everybody love him. He was the ideal Englishman of a noble day. He did nothing for money, but all for honour. Restless and ever active, he was ready to share the glories of Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and those who saved us from the racks and thumbscrews ready prepared for the English Protestants on board the Invincible Armada, although he was godson of Philip of Spain; or he would have sailed with the noble and adventurous Sir Walter Raleigh.

He planned to go abroad with Drake, and fight the Spaniards on the American main. "He was," says Lord Brooke, "a man fit for conquest, plantation [colonisation], reformation, or whatever action is greatest and

* Todd, in his "Account of the Life and Writings of Spenser," speaks of this story as most improbable; and the author of the Life of Spenser in the Biographia Britannica considers it an *idle tale*. We give the anecdote for what it is worth.

bravest among men, and, withal, *such a lover of mankind*, that whatsoever had any real parts in him found comfort, participation, and protection, to the uttermost of his power; like Zephyrus, he giving life wherever he blew." This was the real secret why, as a courtier, even his enemies loved him; why, as a scholar, all poets admired him; why the universities abroad dedicated books to him; and, to quote again the noble words of Lord Brooke, "soldiers honoured him, and *were so honoured by him*, that no man thought that he marched under the true banner of Mars that had not obtained Sir Philip Sidney's approbation." Simply, Sidney was, before and above everything, a Christian gentleman. He came, as we have shown, of noble stock. His father, Sir Henry, in his wars in Ireland, where he did all to civilise the savages he fought against, had always a cheering word and brave face to show of a morning after his six hours' sleep; and, when things were at the darkest and most dangerous pass, would turn round in his saddle and address his soldiers as "good friends and loving companions." This brave man taught his sons to love God and truth first, and then to be cheerful. "Let your first action," he wrote to his son, "be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer . . . *then give yourself to be merry*; for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry." His son,

from his very infancy, was the delight and reward of his brave father and mother ; and that father happily went to an honoured grave, mourned by his great Queen (who sent the King-at-Arms to represent her in person), and was buried in great state by her order. That mother in a few months followed her noble husband, leaving alive the son—*lumen familie suæ*—the very light of his family, as his father had styled him.

But it was not for long that this light of the family was to remain unquenched. “Sidney had tried,” said Fulke Greville, “not to write of, but to act out, a noble life.” His death was to be the test and crown of this endeavour. After his wound he was put on board his uncle’s barge and carried to Arnheim, where for five-and-twenty days he lay dying, and, surrounded by his friends, “made before them such a confession of faith as no book but the heart can feelingly disclose.” He continually talked with his friend and chaplain in those days, George Gifford, of the unsearchable goodness of God ; he moralized on his wound, and wrote a poem called “*La Cuisse Rompue*,” of which no portion remains. His wife, far advanced in her pregnancy, hurried to watch by his bedside, and nursed him with all wifely tenderness, and with her and George Gifford he often confessed his sins to God, owning his unworthiness and praising God’s mercy. He talked much of the immortality of the soul, and delighted not so much in the speculations of Plato, Aristotle, and

Cicero, says one of his biographers, as in the assurances of the Bible, and in cheering up his dying spirits to take possession of that immortal inheritance which was given to him by his brotherhood in Christ.* Once, after Gifford's praying with him and raising his spirits, and Sidney, worn to a shadow, with his body mortifying, his blade bones piercing through his skin, did now and then despond, he rallied his faith to the support of his soul, and said, as he contemplated the infinite wisdom and love of God, "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."† He made a very full and precise will, doing justice to all his creditors, remembering all his friends and his servants, and even as he was dying he cheered, whilst chided, the grief of his friends, the most afflicted amongst whom was Robert Sidney, his brother.

His last words to his brother and wife were, "Love my memory, cherish my friends: their faith to me will assure you they are honest; but, above all, govern your will and your affections by the will and word of your Creator." In the midst of his final agony, when he bewailed his life, noble as it was, as "Vain! vain!" his chaplain whispered in his ear to hold up his hand if he still felt gladness and consolation in God. Sidney lifted the wasted hand, waved it on high, and it then fell with weakness; he joined his palms on his breast, and with a joyful last look went forward to the unknown world.

* Fulke Greville. † Cotton MS., quoted by Mr. Fox Bourne.

And such was this young man, aged only thirty-two, that even his Spanish enemies bewailed him ; the peasant at Penshurst, the courtier with his Queen, the great Queen herself, the meanest soldier in the camp, lamented him ; and above two hundred authors wrote sad elegiacs on his death. Brought home to London, the streets were thronged ; the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, robed in purple, and on stately horses—the deputies from foreign States, came forth to follow his ashes ; English men and women wept and sobbed aloud, and lamented for him as a brother, and as the most beloved and first true gentleman of Europe. There is a lesson in such a life.

The principle on which this edition of the “Arcadia” has been put through the press perhaps needs some explanation. As the sheets of MS. left the hands of Sidney, after the first book, or perhaps two, had been completed, they were transmitted to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and some of them mislaid and lost. Hence one very great *hiatus* supplied by Sir William Alexander, others by R(ichard) B(eling) and Mr. Johnstone. It is also known that the Countess of Pembroke added to the episodes, adventures, and strange turns, at least in all the later books. Hence there is to be met with an Arcadian undergrowth which needs much careful pruning ; and this undertaken, with needful compression, will leave

the reader all that he desires of Sidney's own. Growing like certain fanciful parasites upon forest trees, on the books of the "Arcadia" are certain eclogues of laboriously-written and fantastical poetry, some in Latin measures, against which Walpole was right to protest, and anent which Pope said—

“And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet.”

These have been boldly removed, without any loss, it is believed, to the romance; lastly, long episodes of no possible use to the book, which we think have been supplied by other hands than Sidney's, have, whilst using their very words and phrases, been cut down. Tedious excrescences have thus been removed, but it is to be hoped with judgment, so that the reader gets all we think is Sidney's, and without curb put upon his utterance. Moreover, the spelling of the author in most obsolete words is adhered to, and wherever the meaning of any is obscure a note is added; and these words, as will be seen by the Glossarial Index, are many, and have been carefully illustrated by examples taken from writers previous to, or contemporary with, Sidney, so that the study of philology may be slightly helped by a perusal of this charming romance. Otherwise it has been thought fit to adhere to an uniform method of orthography; but this makes little difference in our work. Thus, in Book II., there is a passage which is taken haphazard, so as to

show how little variation there is between the spelling of Sidney and our own. “But I had swom a very little way, when I felt by reason of a wound that I had that I should not bee able to abide the travel; and, therefore, seeing the mast, whose tackling had been burnt off, flote clear from the ship, I swam unto it, and getting on it, I found mine own sword, which by chance when I threw it away, caught by a peece of canvas, had hung to the mast. I was glad, *because* I loved it well.” Now there are only four words here in which we vary from Sidney, and the reader will at once perceive them, the variations being italicized. We have adopted the p. p. *swom* as being true English; we have excised or added letters to *bee*, *flote*, *peece*, and *because* for the sake of uniformity, since the irregular way in which Sidney’s printers spelt the words adds nothing to our knowledge nor our satisfaction. Where there is truly good reason to retain the Sidneian form, it is always retained; so that, if, as it is sincerely hoped, the popularity of this noble work revives, modern readers may learn to love Sidney in his own noble and simple dress.

For his style, it is easy, flowing, and copious; “legible,” indeed, as Stigant says; that is, easy to be read and understood after the involved and pedantic stuff vented by too many of his predecessors. “Sidney,” the same writer adds, “be it always remembered, was the first writer of good English prose.” He is so, and he needs no modernization, like that which the facile Mrs. Stanley attempted on

him, who removed not only all the quaintnesses and conceits, but the sweet bloom of diction, and every innocent grace of art. Sidney's work is indeed "*merum sal*—the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge;" and it must have been read, and, as we have shown in the notes, made good use of by Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their contemporary dramatists, in whose *dramatis personæ* many of his names are to be traced. Shakespeare borrows Leontes, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Archidamus, and Mopsa, and the episode of the bear from "Arcadia;" and, although the "Winter's Tale" is said to be taken from Robert Greene's "Pandosto," and "As You Like It" from some other source, there are traces of the "Arcadia" in the Bohemia and in the sweet and enchanted forest of Arden. Of its own origin there may be a little said. The time was a knightly one; the form of chivalry had died out, but its spirit was still with us, though readers, tired of Bevis of Hampton, Tristram of Lyonesse, Denis of France and Palmerin of England, or Amadis of Gaul, looked for others: hence Sidney's modification of a knightly and pastoral romance, something resembling those of Mademoiselle Scuderi, and yet coloured more after the Arcadia of Sannazaro, the Diana of Jorge de Montemayor, the Arcadia of Lope de Vega, and Theagenes and Chariclea.* It is added

* Cited by Mr. Stigant, who also notices that from Sannazaro's romance Shakespeare borrowed the name of Ophelia—at any rate, it is there.

that many of the characters are from life. Musidorus and Pyrocles are supposed to be Fulke Greville and Sidney ; Philoclea and Pamela are Stella and the daughter of Essex ; Cecropia, cruel, deceitful, bloody, is Catherine de Medici, and the wise Euarchus Sir Henry Sidney. The scenery of the "Arcadia" is said to have been taken from that of Hackness, six miles N.W. of Scarborough. This may be or may not be : it matters little. In the copy of the tenth edition from which the present is printed, a learned antiquary, Samuel Weston, did, one hundred years ago, prefix on the fly-leaf a quotation from Ovid, expressive of the open, fresh, and *morning* feeling that a perusal of the "Arcadia" produces ; and with this and its translation, very beautifully done by the same hand, we take leave, wishing the reader hearty welcome to these sweet Arcadian scenes.

"Ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
Atria."

"Behold, the wakeful Morn
Has in the east unbarr'd her purple gates,
And with red roses strew'd her vestibule."



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*Glossarial and otherwise.**

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* Some of the words in the above list have escaped the notice of our best commentators on the old writers, and are now explained perhaps for the first time. It is to be regretted that Sidney—a fruitful field for philological labour—has met with so much neglect. At the same time the Editor begs to acknowledge his obligations for some assistance derived from the valuable works of Nares, Richardson, T. Wright, R. Morris (“Specimens of Early English”), J. O. Halliwell, and many others.

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TO MY DEAR LADY AND SISTER

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

WHERE now have you, most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, Lady, this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth, as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster, I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child, which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it; and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you. If you keep it to yourself, or to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities; for, indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it

in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were, and shall be when God will, having many, many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they gat out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad, and his chief protection the bearing the livery of your name, which, if much goodwill do not deceive me, is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I because I know the virtue so; and this say I because it may be ever so, or, to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it, then, at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it blame not, but laugh at; and so, looking for no better stuff than, as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most, most heartily prays you may long live to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

Your loving Brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.



THE
COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S
ARCADIA.*

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The First Book.

IT was in the time that the Earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day, when the hopeless shepherd Strephon was come to the sands which lie against the island of Cithera, where, viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he

* "It is a country whose fitness for pasturage and grazing hath made it the subject of many worthy and witty discourses, especially that of Sir Philip Sidney, of whom I cannot but make honourable mention; a book which, besides its excellent language, rare contrivances, and delectable stories, hath in it all the strains of poesy, comprehendeth the universal art of speaking, and, to them who can discern and will observe, affordeth notable rules for demeanour, both private and public."—P. HEYLYN'S *Cosmography of Arcadia in Greece.*

ARCADIA.—Book I.

friendly rival the pastor Claius unto him ; and, that down in his darkened countenance a doleful that he would speak, “ O my Claius,” said he, “ hither come to pay the rent for which we are so called over-busy remembrance ; remembrance, restless vice, which claims not only this duty of us, but for us forget ourselves. I pray you, when we were flock, and that, of other shepherds, some were after their sheep, strayed beyond their bounds ; blighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the sweet grass, some medicining their sick ewes, ringing a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron, more leisure inventing new games of exercising wits, and sporting their wits,—did remembrance deny holiday, either for pastime or devotion, nay, necessary food or natural rest, but that still it brought thoughts to work upon this place, where we last saw the word ‘ last ’ should so long last—did grace shine upon her ever-flourishing beauty ; did it not still reproach us : ‘ Ah, you base-minded wretches ! are you so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary world-ly respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, so much time pass without knowing perfectly her excellency especially in so troublesome a season ; to leave that place unluted from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth ; to leave those steps unkissed wherein she printed the farewell of all beauty ? ’ Well, then, since we were so much commanded, we obeyed, and here we find that remembrance came ever clothed unto us in the same place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my Claius, she is seated ; the very horse methought bewailed to be so near her ; and as for thee, poor Claius, when thou

wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her wert ready to fall down thyself. There she sate, vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her ; at yonder rising of the ground she turned herself, looking back toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomeness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness as it made even sorrow seem to smile ; at that turning she spake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and, Lord ! how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered ! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other and yet herself feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me ! yonder, yonder did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were, dividing her heavenly beauty between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked did you not mark how the winds whistled, and the seas danced for joy ; how the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had Urania ? O Urania, blessed be thou, Urania, the sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness !” With that word his voice brake so with sobbing that he could say no further ; and Claius thus answered, “Alas, my Strephon,” said he, “what needs this score to reckon up only our losses ? What doubt is there but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of Affection, held by that racking steward Remembrance ? As well may sheep forget to fear when they spy wolves, as we can miss such fancies, when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke ? But what is all this ? Truly no more but, as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call

to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes ; let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love, a maid who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty.) Certainly, as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, and browsing on his* tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them ; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry,—no more all that our eyes can see of her—though when they have seen her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover-grass—is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best-builed fold. But, indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes ; so it may be our conceits—not able to bear her sun-staining excellency—will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And, alas, who can better witness that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us, being silly ignorant shepherds, raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great clerks do not disdain our conference? Hath not the desire to seem

* *His*—the neuter possessive “its” was not in use in Sidney's time.

worthy in her eyes made us, when others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of the heavens ; when others were running at base,* to run over learned writings ; when others mark their sheep, we to mark ourselves? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires, and, as it were, given eyes unto Cupid? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained friendship between rivals and beauty taught the beholders chastity?"

He was going on with his praises, but Strephon bade him stay and look, and so they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank, but rather by the favourable working of the sea than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be, till it was cast up even hard before them, at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon, running for pity sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life than his memory) fast griping upon the edge of a square small coffer which lay all under his breast ; else in himself no show of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him a-land to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of so goodly shape and well-pleasing favour that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance, and that, though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care, so that, lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion of living. At length, opening his eyes, he

* The prisoner's-base of our present schoolboys.

“ Lads more like to run
The country base.”—SHAKS. Cymbeline, act v. sc. 3.

gave a great groan (a doleful note, but a pleasant ditty, for by that they found not only life, but strength of life in him). They therefore continued on their charitable office until, his spirits being well returned, he, without so much as thanking them for their pains, gat up, and, looking round about to the uttermost limits of his sight, and crying upon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, "What," said he, "and shall Musidorus live after *Pyrocles*' destruction?" Therewithal he offered wilfully to cast himself again into the sea; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back, then too feeble for them, by force stickled* that unnatural fray. "I pray you," said he, "honest men, what such right have you in me as not to suffer me to do with myself what I list; and what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury?" They hearing him speak in Greek, which was their natural language, became the more tender-hearted towards him; and considering by his calling and looking that the loss of some dear friend was great cause of his sorrow, told him they were poor men that were bound, by course of humanity, to prevent so great a mischief, and that they wished him, if opinion of some body's perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be. "No, no," said he, "it is not for me to attend so high a blissfulness; but, since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some bark may be provided, that will go out of the haven, that if it be possible we may find the body—far, far too precious food for fishes; and for the hire," said he, "I have within this

* *Stickled*. A stickler was an umpire or arbitrator. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 8, night is made, *stickler-like*, to separate the armies; and Dryden, in his eulogy on Cromwell, says, st. 41—

"Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
First sought to inflame the passions, then to poise."

casket of value sufficient to content them." Claius presently went to a fisherman, and having agreed with him, and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, he embarked, and the shepherds with him, and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven, but that some way into the sea they might discern, as it were, a stain of the water's colour, and by times some sparks and smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it, but that, beating his breast, he cried that there was the beginning of his ruin, intreating them to bend their course as near unto it as they could, telling how that smoke was but a small relic of a great fire which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire ; and that, therefore, though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was, if any where, in that course to be met withal. They steered, therefore, as near thitherward as they could ; but when they came so near as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full of piteous strangeness—a ship, or rather the carcass of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carcass, hulling* there, part broken, part burned, part drowned : death having used more than one dart to that destruction. About it floated great store of very rich things, and many chests which might promise no less. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testify both elements' violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity, for their bodies were full of grisly wounds, and their blood had, as it were, filled the wrinkles of the sea's visage, which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not always his fault when we do condemn his cruelty. In sum, a defeat, where the conquered kept both field and spoil ; a

* *Hulling*, floating lazily to and fro.

shipwreck without storm or ill-footing ; and a waste of fire in the midst of the water.

But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along, like a widow having lost her mate of whom she held her honour ; but upon the mast they saw a young man, at least if he were a man, bearing show of about eighteen years of age, who sat as on horse-back, having nothing upon him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silk and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea, on which the sun, then near his western home, did shoot some of his beams. His hair, which the young men of Greece used to wear very long, was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet ; himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture ; for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fishermen, when they came so near him that it was time to throw out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amazement, and their amazement such superstition, that, as they went under sail by him, they held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when Musidorus saw, though he were almost as much ravished with joy as they with astonishment, he leapt to the mariner, and took the cord out of his hand, and, saying, “ Dost thou live, and art well ? ” who answered, “ Thou canst tell best, since most of my well-being stands in thee, ” threw it out ; but already the ship was passed beyond Pyrocles, and therefore Musidorus could do no more but persuade the mariners to cast about again, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most divine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their pains.

And now they were already come upon the stays,* when one of the sailors descried a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the chase of them, and straight perceived it was a well-known pirate, who hunted, not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley-slaves or to sell at the best market ; which when the master understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvas they could and fly homeward, leaving in that sort poor Pyrocles, so near to be rescued. But what did not Musidorus say ? What did he not offer to persuade them to venture the fight ? But fear, standing at the gates of their ears, put back all persuasions ; so that he had nothing wherewith to accompany Pyrocles but his eyes, nought to succour him but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them and turn to take up the spoils of the other wreck ; and, lastly, he might well see them lift up the young man ; and, “ Alas ! ” said he to himself, “ dear Pyrocles, shall that body of thine be enchained ? Shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices ? Shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness ? Alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days. What death is so evil as unworthy servitude ? ” But that opinion soon ceased when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her ; for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend, and to wish well to the pirates, whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might

* That which hinders the motion of the ship.

“ Our whole fleete in we got ; in whose receipt

Our ships lay anchor'd close : nor needed we

Feare harm on any *staies*. ” — CHAPMAN, Homer, *Odyss.* bk. x.

“ Our *staie ship* Echeneis (*Echinus*, sea hedge-hog), Trebius Niger saith, is a foot long and five fingers thick, and that oftentimes it *staieih* a ship. ” — HOLLAND, *Plinie*, bk. ix. ch. 25.

perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue ; where being entered, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea ; so that, being as full of sorrow for being unable to do anything as void of counsel how to do anything, besides that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds Strephon and Claius—who, being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow—advised him that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death to have no cause to despair of his life, as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

“ Now, sir,” said they, “ thus for ourselves it is : we are, in profession, but shepherds, and, in this country of Laconia, little better than strangers, and, therefore, neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this : Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence ; and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafeth much favour unto us ; a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted* that no news stir but come to his ears ; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbours that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service, and, by the great goodwill our Prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his own Arcadia, but in all these countries of Peloponnesus ; and, which is worth all, all these things give him not so much power as his nature gives him will to benefit, so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ear as

* *Haunted*, frequented, visited.

deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend, and, therefore, you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting."

Musidorus—who, besides he was merely [totally] unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow—gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree; and therefore, defraying* the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them, they took their journey together through Laconia, Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not, at the first, to be striven withal—being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding—they gave way unto it for that day and the next, never troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolour dolorous discourses of their own and other folk's misfortune; which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses, shut up in sorrow, yet, like one half asleep, he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference; so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the

* Paying their costs. "Enforced to bestow in gifts those things that were given us by well-dispos'd people to *defray* our charges." —HAKLUYT, Voyages, vol. i. p. 60.

coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus' eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping,* as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing: and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable [companionable] solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

“I pray you,” said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long-silent lips, “what countries be these we pass through, which are so diverse in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?”

“The country,” answered Claius, “where you were cast ashore, and now are passed through, is Laconia, not so poor by

* *Piping*—“On pipes made of greene corne.”—CHAUCER.

“And in the shape of Corin sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn.”

—SHAKS. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 2.

the barrenness of the soil—though in itself not passing fertile—as by a civil war, which, being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants—by them named Helots—hath in this sort, as it were, disfigured the face of nature and made it so inhospitable as now you have found it ; the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering, for fear of being mistaken.

“But this country, where now you set your foot, is Arcadia ; and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and the child of peace, good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep, and therefore, in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepherds—a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much.”

“What cause, then,” said Musidorus, “made you leave this sweet life and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?” “Guarded with poverty,” answered Strephon, “and guided with love.” “But now,” said Claius, “since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment.”

Musidorus, according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius, and his friend Daiphantus. “But, till I have him again,” said he, “I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing. His entertainment, since so good a man he is, cannot be so low as I account my estate ; and, in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend.”

They perceived he was not willing to open himself further, and therefore, without further questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness; the lights, doors, and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer, and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up* with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful; the servants, not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds, as men who, though they were poor, their master greatly favoured; and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

* Soiled, covered with dirt by frequent footsteps. *Slabber, slubber, limosus*, muddy, slippery. "The breve (of Pope Julius) appeared *slubbered* by often handling."—STATE TRIALS Hen. VIII. anno 19.

“No,” said Kalander, speaking aloud, “I am no herald to inquire of men’s pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which, if this young man’s face be not a false witness, do better apparel his mind than you have done his body.” While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in show like a merchant’s prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and Cláius from Urania; which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of Kalander, who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter, and once again, though hastily, recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them; and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply, like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one, gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness, which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him, grow greatly, so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much as was needful to find out and redcem a young man naming himself Daïphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house; where, being possessed with an extreme burning fever,

he continued some while with no great hope of life ; but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health, to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in Messenia, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succour Daïphantus, so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For, having found in him (besides his bodily gifts, beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behaviour so noble as gave a majesty to adversity, and all in a man whose age could not be above one-and-twenty years, the good old man was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him ; once, he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself, more than in any other, delighted. The backside* of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard, or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard ; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits ; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stepped into a delicate green ; of

* A yard or court behind a house.

each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting Error, and making order in confusion.

Hence Palladius was led towards a fairpond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all other beauties, and near it was a fine fountain, made thus : a figure of a naked Venus, of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body ;* at her breast was her babe Æneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, meanwhile the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure, adorned with delightful pictures, which Kalander described, and then, sometimes casting his eyes to the pictures, thus spake :—
 “This country Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation, partly for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who, finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life, are the only people which, as by their justice and providence, give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them ; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble other's quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening† that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the Muses seem to approve

* Euphuistic and poetical, but only miraculously possible.

† *Ravening*, plundering, whence our “raven.” “So y^t his movable goodys were spoyled and *rauened* among y^e kynges offycers.”—FABYAN, vol. i. c. 237.

their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

“Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince whose picture you see, by name Basilius; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them.

“He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see; a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity, but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man may say it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

“Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men, sharp-witted only in evil speaking, have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister. For my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela: methought love played in Philoclea’s eyes and threatened in Pamela’s: methought Philoclea’s beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela’s beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was

aware ; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance ; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners ;—Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride ; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

“ Now, then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private blessed as to have so excellent a wife, and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired himself, his wife and children, into a certain forest hereby, which he calleth his desert ; wherein, besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services, he hath builded two fine lodges : in the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him. Which, though it be strange, yet not so strange as the course he hath taken with the Princess Pamela, whom he hath placed in the other lodge : but how think you accompanied ? truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant, doltish clown that I think ever was without the privilege of a bauble, with his wife Miso and daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything, wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience, and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favoured a vizar [countenance] ; his behaviour such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous : and for his apparel even as I would wish him : Miso his wife, so hand-

some a beldame that only her face and her splay-foot have made her accused for a witch ; only one good point she hath, that she observes decorum, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages, who never agreed in any humour but in disagreeing, is issued forth mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections.

“This Dametas the prince finds while hunting, and, like other princes whose doings have been often smoothed with good success, thinking nothing so absurd that they cannot make honourable, brings with him, when the flattering courtiers had no sooner taken the prince’s mind than Dametas’s silence grew wit, bluntness integrity, his beastly ignorance virtuous simplicity ; and the prince, according to the nature of great persons in love with that he had done himself, fancied that his weakness with his presence would much be mended. And so, like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more ; and thus, having first given him the office of principal herdman, lastly, since he took this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands. Which authority, like too great a sail for so small a boat, doth so oversway poor Dametas, that, if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy ; so as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my Master will in the end, with his cost, find that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are, no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage.

“Thus much now that I have told you is nothing more than in effect any Arcadian knows. But what moved him to this strange solitariness hath been imparted, as I think, but to one person living. Myself can conjecture, and indeed more than conjecture, by this accident that I will tell you. I have an only son, by name Clitophor, who is now absent, preparing

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for his own marriage, which I mean shortly shall be here celebrated. This son of mine, while the prince kept his court, was of his bed-chamber; now, since the breaking up thereof, returned home; and showed me, among other things he had gathered, the copy which he had taken of a letter; which, when the prince had read, he had laid in a window, presuming nobody durst look in his writings; but my son not only took a time to read it, but to copy it. In truth I blamed Clitophon for the curiosity, which made him break his duty in such a kind, whereby kings' secrets are subject to be revealed; but, since it was done, I was content to take so much profit as to know it." This letter is from "a nobleman of his country, named Philanax, appointed by the prince regent in this time of his retiring, and most worthy so to be: for there lives no man whose excellent wit more simply embraceth integrity, beside his unfeigned love to his master, wherein never yet any could make question, saving whether he loved Basilius or the prince better: a rare temper, while most men either servilely yield to all appetites, or with an obstinate austerity, looking to that they fancy good, in effect neglect the prince's person. This, then, being the man, whom of all other, and most worthy, the prince chiefly loves, it should seem (for more than the letter I have not to guess by) that the prince, upon his return from Delphos (Philanax then lying sick), had written unto him his determination, rising, as evidently appears, upon some oracle he had there received."

To this Philanax sent a reply, urging that Wisdom and Virtue be the only destinies appointed for man to follow, and that the heavenly powers should be revered, not searched into, and their mercies rather by prayers to be sought than their hidden counsels by curiosity; that soothsayings, since after all the gods have left us to ourselves sufficient guides, are

nothing but fancy, wherein there must either be vanity or infallibleness, and so either not to be respected or not to be prevented.* Therefore he counselled Basilius to continue his government, which had been good to his people, and which his neighbours had found not so hurtlessly strong that they thought it better to rest in his friendship than make a new trial of his enmity. For his second resolution, of confining his daughters, so as to suffer no unworthy suitor to come to them, and, indeed, to keep them both unmarried—that were to kill the joy of posterity; strictness is not the way to preserve virtue; he had better leave women's minds the most untamed that way of any; for no cage will please a bird, and every dog is the fiercer for tying. As for giving Pamela to the care of the clown Dametas, it was folly; for fools can hardly be virtuous. "He cannot be good that knows not why he's good." These reasons he (Philanax) humbly submitted to the gracious consideration of Basilius, beseeching him again to stand wholly on his own virtue.

"By the matter of this letter you may perceive that the cause of all hath been the vanity which possesseth many, who, making a perpetual mansion of this poor baiting-place of man's life, are desirous to know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing so certain as our continual uncertainty. But what in particular points the oracle was, in faith I know not; neither Philanax himself distinctly knew. But this experience shows us that Basilius' judgment, corrupted with a prince's fortune, hath rather heard than followed the wise (as I take it) counsel of Philanax. For, having left the stern of his government, with much amazement to the people, among whom many strange bruits† are received for current, and with some appearance of danger in respect of the

* This is most admirably and closely argued. † Rumours.

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valiant Amphialus his nephew, and much envying the ambitious number of the nobility against Philanax, to see Philanax so advanced—though, to speak simply, he deserved more than as many of us as there be in Arcadia—the prince himself hath hidden his head, in such sort as I told you, not sticking plainly to confess that he means not, while he breathes, that his daughters shall have any husband, but keep them thus solitary with him ; where he gives no other body leave to visit him at any time but a certain priest, who being excellent in poetry, he makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no less delightful in conversation than needful for devotion, and about twenty specified shepherds, in whom, some for exercises, and some for eclogues, he taketh greater recreation. And now you know as much as myself.”

Kalander by this time discovered that it was fitter time to pay with their suppers the duty they owed to their stomachs than to break the air with idle discourses ; for more wit he had learned of Homer, never to entertain either hosts or guests with long speeches till the mouth of hunger be stopped. So withal he arose, leading Palladius, who assured him that he had been more fed by his discourses than he could be by the skilfullest trenchermen of Media, to the parlour where they used to sup.

Being come to the supping-place, one of Kalander's servants rounded in his ear,* at which, his colour changing,

* “*Rounded in his ear,*” i.e., whispered secretly to him. Thus, in King John, act ii. sc. ii. :—

“And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, *rounded in the ear*
With that same purpose-changer.”

And Lyly, in his “*Life and Times,*” London, 1715, says: “*I rounded*

retired himself into his chamber, commanding his men diligently to wait upon Palladius, and to excuse his absence with some necessary business he had presently to despatch; which they accordingly did, for some few days forcing themselves to let no change appear, but, though they framed their countenances never so cunningly, Palladius perceived there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Whereupon, being again set alone at supper, he called to the steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration; who, after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed unto him that his master had received news that his son, before the day of his near marriage, chanced to be at a battle which was to be fought between the gentlemen of Lacedæmon and the Helots, who, winning the victory, he was there made prisoner, going to deliver a friend of his taken prisoner by the Helots; that the poor young gentleman had offered great ransom for his life, but that the hate those peasants conceived against all gentlemen was such, that every hour he was to look for nothing but some cruel death; which hitherunto had only been delayed by the captain's vehement dealing for him, who seemed to have a heart of more manly pity than the rest.

But Palladius could scarce hear out his tale with patience, so was his heart torn in pieces with compassion of the case, liking of Kalander's noble behaviour, kindness for his respect to himward, and desire to find some remedy, besides the image of his dearest friend Datphantus, whom he judged to suffer either a like or worse fortune. Therefore, rising from the board, he desired the steward to tell him particularly the

the clerk in his ear, and told him I would give him five shillings to hold the woman in chat till I came again, for I had a writing concerned her" (p. 42).

ground and event of this accident, because, by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of help be opened. Whereunto the steward easily in this sort condescended.

“My lord,” said he, “when our good king Basilus, with better success than expectation, took to wife, even in his more than decaying years, the fair young Princess Gynecia, there came with her a young lord, cousin-german to herself, named Argalus, led hither partly with the love and honour of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinks that good whose goodness he sees not. And in this court he received so good increase of knowledge that, after some years spent, he so manifested a most virtuous mind in all his actions that Arcadia gloried such a plant was transported unto them, being a gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vain glory, friendly without factiousness ; valiant, so as, for my part, I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroical acts than he ; howsoever now of late the same flies of the two princes of Thessalia and Macedon, and hath long done of our noble Prince Amphialus, who, indeed, in our parts is only accounted likely to match him ; but I say, for my part, I think no man, for valour of mind and ability of body, to be preferred, if equalled, to Argalus. My master’s son Clitophon—whose loss gives the cause to this discourse, and yet gives me cause to begin with Argalus, since his loss proceeds from Argalus—being a young gentleman, as of great birth, being our king’s sister’s son, so truly of good nature, and one that can see good and love it, haunted more the company of this worthy Argalus than of any other ; so as if there were not a friendship—which is so rare as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word—at least there was such a liking and friendliness as hath brought

forth the effects which you shall hear. About two years since it so fell out that he brought him to a great lady's house, sister to my master, who had with her her only daughter, the fair Parthenia ; fair indeed, fame I think itself daring not to call any fairer, if it be not Helen, queen of Corinth, and the two incomparable sisters of Arcadia ; and that which made her fairness much the fairer was that it was but a fair ambassador of a most fair mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself than to show itself, her speech being as rare as precious, her silence without sullenness, her modesty without affectation, her shamefastness without ignorance ; in sum, one that to praise well one must first set down with himself what it is to be excellent, for so she is.*

“ I think you think that these perfections meeting could not choose but find one another, and delight in that they found ; for likeness of manners is likely in reason to draw liking with affection—men's actions do not always cross with reason. To be short, it did so indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof—hope's wings being cut off—were blown by the bellows of despair, upon this occasion :—

“ There had been, a good while before, and so continued, a suitor to this same lady, a great nobleman, though of Laconia, yet near neighbour to Parthenia's mother, named Demagoras ; a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, stubbornly stout, loving nobody but himself, and, for his own delight's sake, Parthenia ; and, pursuing vehemently his desire, his riches had so gilded over all his other imperfections that the old lady, though contrary to my lord her brother's mind, had given her consent, and,

* This passage, though involved, deserves to be carefully read, as being especially Sidneian.

using a mother's authority upon her fair daughter, had made her yield thereunto, not because she liked her choice, but because her obedient mind had not yet taken upon it to make choice ; and the day of their assurance drew near when my young lord Clitophon brought this noble Argalus, perchance principally to see so rare a sight as Parthenia, by all well-judging eyes was judged.

“ But, though few days were before the time of assurance appointed, yet Love, that saw he had a great journey to make in short time, hasted so himself that, before her word could tie her to Demagoras, her heart hath vowed her to Argalus, with so grateful a receipt in mutual affection that, if she desired above all things to have Argalus, Argalus feared nothing but to miss Parthenia. And now Parthenia had learned both liking and misliking, loving and loathing, and out of passion began to take the authority of judgment ; in-somuch, that, when the time came that Demagoras, full of proud joy, thought to receive the gift of herself, she, with words of resolute refusal, though with tears, showing she was sorry she must refuse, assured her mother she would first be bedded in her grave than wedded to Demagoras. The change was no more strange than unpleasant to the mother, who, being determinately, lest I should say of a great lady wilfully, bent to marry her to Demagoras, tried all ways which a witty* and hard-hearted mother could use upon so humble a daughter, in whom the only resisting power was love. But the more she assaulted the more she taught Parthenia to defend, and the more Parthenia defended the more she made her mother obstinate in the assault, who at length finding that Argalus, standing between them, was it that most eclipsed her affection from shining upon Demagoras,

* *Witty*—Full of design and resource, sharp-witted.

she sought all means how to remove him, so much the more as he manifested himself an unremovable suitor to her daughter, first by employing him in as many dangerous enterprises as ever the evil step-mother Juno recommended to the famous Hercules ; but the more his virtue was tried the more pure it grew, while all the things she did to overthrow him did set him up upon the height of honour. Lastly, by treasons Demagoras and she would have made away Argalus ; but he with providence and courage so passed over all that the mother took such a spiteful grief at it that her heart brake withal, and she died.

“ But then Demagoras, assuring himself that now Parthenia was her own she would never be his, and receiving as much by her own determinate answer, not more desiring his own happiness than envying Argalus, whom he saw with narrow eyes even ready to enjoy the perfection of his desires, strengthening his conceit with all the mischievous counsels which disdained love and envious pride could give unto him, the wicked wretch, taking a time that Argalus was gone to his country to fetch some of his principal friends to honour the marriage, which Parthenia had most joyfully consented unto,—the wicked Demagoras, I say, desiring to speak with her, with unmerciful force, her weak arms in vain resisting, rubbed all over her face a most horrible poison, the effect whereof was such that never leper looked more ugly than she did ; which done, having his men and horses ready, departed away in spite of her servants, as ready to revenge as could be in such an unexpected mischief. But the abominableness of this fact being come to my lord Kalander, he made such means, both by our king’s intercession and his own, that by the king and senate of Lacedæmon Demagoras was, upon pain of death, banished the country ; who, hating the punishment where he should have hated the fault, joined himself

with all the power he could make unto the Helots, lately in rebellion against that state ; and they, glad to have a man of such authority among them, made him their general, and under him have committed divers the most outrageous villainies that a base multitude, full of desperate revenge, can imagine.

“ But, within a while after this pitiful fact* committed upon Parthenia, Argalus returned (poor gentleman !), having her fair image in his heart, and already promising his eyes the uttermost of his felicity, when they, nobody else daring to tell it him, were the first messengers to themselves of their own misfortune. I mean not to move passions with telling you the grief of both when he knew her ; for at first he did not, nor at first knowledge could possibly have virtue’s aid so ready as not even weakly to lament the loss of such a jewel ; so much the more as that skilful men in that art assured it was unrecoverable. But, within a while, truth of love (which still held the first face in his memory), a virtuous constancy, and even a delight to be constant, faith given, and inward worthiness shining through the foulest mists, took so full hold of the noble Argalus that, not only in such comfort which witty arguments may bestow upon adversity, but even with the most abundant kindness that an eye-ravished lover can express, he laboured both to drive the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their marriage ; whereunto he unfeignedly showed himself no less cheerfully earnest than if she had never been disinherited of that goodly portion which nature had so liberally bequeathed unto her, and for that cause deferred his intended revenge upon Demagoras, because he might continually be in her presence, showing more humble serviceableness and joy to content her than ever before.

* *Factum*, something done, an act or deed.

“But as he gave this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other but of another Argalus, so, of the other side, she took as strange a course in affection; for, where she desired to enjoy him more than to live, yet did she overthrow both her own desire and his, and in no sort would yield to marry him, with a strange encounter of love’s affects and effects, that he, by an affection sprung from excessive beauty, should delight in horrible foulness, and she of a vehement desire to have him should kindly build a resolution never to have him; for truth it is, that so in heart she loved him as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was unworthy of his presence.

“Argalus with a most heavy heart still pursuing his desire, she, fixed of mind to avoid further intreaty and to fly all company—which, even of him, grew unpleasant to her—one night she stole away, but whither as yet it is unknown, or indeed what is become of her.

“Argalus sought her long and in many places; at length, despairing to find her, and the more he despaired the more enraged, weary of his life, but first determining to be revenged of Demagoras, he went alone disguised into the chief town held by the Helots, where, coming into his presence, guarded about by many of his soldiers, he could delay his fury no longer for a fitter time, but setting upon him, in despite of a great many that helped him, gave him divers mortal wounds, and himself, no question, had been there presently murdered, but that Demagoras himself desired he might be kept alive, perchance with intention to feed his own eyes with some cruel execution to be laid upon him: but death came sooner than he looked for, yet having had leisure to appoint his successor, a young man not long before delivered out of the prison of the king of Lacedæmon, where he should have suffered death for having slain the king’s

nephew ; but him he named, who at that time was absent making roads upon the Lacedæmonians, but, being returned, the rest of the Helots, for the great liking they conceived of that young man, especially because they had none among themselves to whom the others would yield, were content to follow Demagoras's appointment. And well hath it succeeded with him, he having since done things beyond the hope of the youngest heads, of whom I speak the rather, because he hath hitherto preserved Argalus alive under pretence to have him publicly, and with exquisite torments, executed after the end of these wars, of which they hope for a soon and prosperous issue.

“And he hath likewise hitherto kept my young lord Clitophon alive, who, to redeem his friend, went with certain other noblemen of Laconia, and forces gathered by them, to besiege this young and new successor ; but he, issuing out, to the wonder of all men, defeated the Laconians, slew many of the noblemen, and took Clitophon prisoner. And now, sir, though, to say the truth, we can promise ourselves little of their safeties while they are in the Helots' hands, I have delivered all I understand touching the loss of my lord's son and the cause thereof ; which, though it was not necessary to Clitophon's case to be so particularly told, yet the strangeness of it made me think it would not be unpleasant unto you.”

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being even passionately delighted with hearing so strange an accident of a knight so famous over the world as Argalus, with whom he had himself a long desire to meet, so had fame poured a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then, well bethinking himself, he called for armour, desiring them to provide him of horse and guide ; and armed, all saving the head, he went up to Kalander, whom he

found lying upon the ground, having ever since banished both sleep and food, as enemies to the mourning which passion persuaded him was reasonable. But Palladius raised him up, saying unto him : “ No more, no more of this, my lord Kalander, let us labour to find before we lament the loss. You know myself miss one, who, though he be not my son, I would disdain the favour of life after him ; but, while there is hope left, let not the weakness of sorrow make the strength of it languish : take comfort, and good success will follow.” And with those words comfort seemed to lighten in his eyes ; and that in his face and gesture was painted victory. Once Kalander’s spirits were so revived withal that, receiving some sustenance, and taking a little rest, he armed himself, and those few of his servants he had left unspent, and so himself guided Palladius to the place upon the frontiers, where already there were assembled between three and four thousand men, all well disposed, for Kalander’s sake, to abide any peril ; but, like men disused with a long peace, more determinate to do than skilful how to do. Which Palladius soon perceiving, he desired to understand, as much as could be delivered unto him, the estate of the Helots.

And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affairs of Laconia, that they were a kind of people who having been of old freemen and possessioners, the Lacedæmonians had conquered them, and laid not only tribute, but bondage upon them, which they had long borne, till of late the Lacedæmonians, through greediness growing more heavy than they could bear, and through contempt less careful how to make them bear, they had with a general consent, rather springing by the generalness of the cause than of any artificial practice, set themselves in arms, and, whetting their courage with revenge, and grounding their resolution upon despair, they had proceeded with unlooked-for success,

having already taken divers towns and castles, with the slaughter of many of the gentry ; for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that, although at the first they had fought rather with beastly fury than any soldierly discipline, practice had now made them comparable to the best of the Lacedæmonians, and more of late than ever. Palladius having gotten his general knowledge of the party against whom, as he had already of the party for whom, he was to fight, he went to Kalandar, and told him plainly that by plain force there was small appearance of helping Clitophon ; but some device was to be taken in hand, wherein no less discretion than valour was to be used. *the whole*

Whereupon the counsel of the chief men was called, and at last this way Palladius—who, by some experience, but especially by reading histories, was acquainted with stratagems—invented, and was by all the rest approved, that all the men there should dress themselves like the poorest sort of the people in Arcadia, having no banners, but bloody shirts hanged upon long staves, with some bad bagpipes instead of drum and fife ; their armour they should, as well as might be, cover, or at least make them look so rustily and ill-favouredly as might well become such wearers ; and this the whole number should do, saving two hundred of the best chosen gentlemen for courage and strength, whereof Palladius himself would be one, who should have their arms chained, and be put in carts like prisoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the town of Cardamila, where Clitophon was captive ; and being come, two hours before sunset, within view of the walls, the Helots already descryng their number, and beginning to sound the alarum, they sent a cunning fellow—so much the cunninger as that he could mask it under rudeness—who, with such a kind of rhetoric as weeded out all flowers of

rhetoric, delivered unto the Helots assembled together that they were country people of Arcadia, no less oppressed by their lords, and no less desirous of liberty, than they, and therefore had put themselves in the field, and had already, besides a great number slain, taken nine or ten score gentlemen prisoners, whom they had there well and fast chained. Now, because they had no strong retiring place in Arcadia, and were not yet of number enough to keep the field against their prince's forces, they were come to them for succour ; knowing that daily more and more of their quality would flock unto them, but that in the meantime, lest their prince should pursue them, or the Lacedæmonian king and nobility (for the likeness of the cause) fall upon them, they desired that if there were not room enough for them in the town, that yet they might encamp under the walls, and for surety have their prisoners, who were such men as were able to make their peace, kept within the town.

The Helots made but a short consultation, being glad that their contagion had spread itself into Arcadia, and making account that if the peace did not fall out between them and their king, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of Greece ; besides their greediness to have so many gentlemen in their hands, in whose ransoms they already meant to have a share ; to which haste of concluding two things well helped. The one, that their captain, with the wisest of them, was at that time absent, about confirming or breaking the peace with the state of Lacedæmon ; the second, that over-many good fortunes began to breed a proud recklessness in them. Therefore, sending to view the camp, and finding that by their speech they were Arcadians, with whom they had had no war, never suspecting a private man's credit could have gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to be of the lowest calling, besides the

chains upon the gentlemen, they granted not only leave for the prisoners, but for some others of the company, and to all, that they might harbour under the walls. So opened they the gates, and received in the carts; which being done, and Palladius seeing fit time, he gave the sign, and, shaking off their chains, which were made with such art that, though they seemed most strong and fast, he that ware them might easily loose them, they drew their swords, hidden in the carts, and so setting upon the ward,* made them to fly either from the place, or from their bodies, and so give entry to the Arcadians before the Helots could make any head to resist them.

But the Helots, being men hardened against dangers, gathered, as well as they could, together in the market-place, and thence would have given a shrewd welcome to the Arcadians, but that Palladius, blaming those that were slow, heartening them that were forward, but especially with his own example leading them, made such an impression into the squadron of the Helots, that at first the great body of them beginning to shake and stagger, at length every particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feet. Then Kalander cried to go to the prison where he thought his son was; but Palladius wished him first to house all the Helots, and make themselves master of the gates.

But ere that could be accomplished the Helots had gotten new heart, and, with divers sorts of shot, from corners of streets and house-windows, galled them; which courage was come unto them by the return of their captain, who, though he brought not many with him, having dispersed most of his companies to other of his holds, yet, meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet possessed by the Arcadians, he made them turn face, and, with banners displayed, his

* *Ward*—guard of soldiers. “For his menne warded in base Boleine that night.”—FABYAN, Chron. Hen. VIII.

trumpet give the loudest testimony he could of his return ; which once heard, the rest of the Helots, which were otherwise scattered, bent thitherward with a new life of resolution, as if their captain had been a root out of which, as into branches, their courage had sprung. Then began the fight to grow most sharp, and the encounters of more cruel obstinacy, the Arcadians fighting to keep that they had won, the Helots to recover what they had lost ; the Arcadians as in an unknown place, having no succour but in their hands, the Helots as in their own place, fighting for their livings, wives, and children. There was victory and courage against revenge and despair ; safety of both sides being no otherwise to be gotten but by destruction.

At length the left wing of the Arcadians began to lose ground ; which Palladius seeing, he straight thrust himself, with his choice band, against the throng that oppressed them, with such an overflowing of valour that the captain of the Helots—whose eyes soon judged of that wherewith themselves were governed—saw that he alone was worth all the rest of the Arcadians, which he so wondered at that it was hard to say whether he more liked his doings or disliked the effects of his doings ; but, determining that upon that cast the game lay, and disdaining to fight with any other, he sought only to join with him, which mind was no less in Palladius, having easily marked that he was as the first mover of all the other hands. And so, their thoughts meeting in one point, they consented, though not agreed, to try each other's fortune ; and so, drawing themselves to be the uttermost of the one side, they began a combat which was so much inferior to the battle in noise and number as it was surpassing it in bravery of fighting and, as it were, delightful terribleness. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage ; neither did their hardiness darken their wit, nor

their wit cool their hardiness: both valiant, as men despising death; both confident, as unwonted to be overcome; yet doubtful by their present feeling, and respectful by what they had already seen; their feet steady, their hands diligent, their eyes watchful, and their hearts resolute. The parts either not armed or weakly armed were well known, and, according to the knowledge, should have been sharply visited but that the answer was as quick as the objections.* Yet some lighting, (the smart bred rage, and the rage bred smart again,) till, both sides beginning to wax faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied than hopeful to live victorious, the captain of the Helots, with a blow whose violence grew of fury, not of strength, or of strength proceeding of fury, strake Palladius upon the side of the head that he reeled astonied, and withal the helmet fell off, he remaining bareheaded; but other of the Arcadians were ready to shield him from any harm might rise of that nakedness.

But little needed it; for his chief enemy, instead of pursuing that advantage, kneeled down, offering to deliver the pommel of his sword, in token of yielding, withal speaking aloud unto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his prisoner than any other's general. Palladius, standing upon himself, and misdoubting some craft, and the Helots that were next their captain wavering between looking for some stratagem or fearing treason, "What," said the captain, "hath Palladius forgotten the voice of Daïphantus?"

By that watchword Palladius knew that it was his only friend Pyrocles, whom he had lost upon the sea, and therefore both, most full of wonder so to be met, if they had not been fuller of joy than wonder, caused the retreat to be sounded, Daïphantus by authority, and Palladius by persuasion; to which helped well the little advantage that was

* *Objections*—*ob* and *jacco*, adverse blows.

of either side, and that, of the Helots' party, their captain's behaviour had made as many amazed as saw or heard of it, and, of the Arcadian side, the good old Kalander, striving more than his old age could achieve, was newly taken prisoner. But indeed the chief part of the fray was the night, which, with her black arms, pulled their malicious sights one from the other. But he that took Kalander meant nothing less than to save him; but only so long as the captain might learn the enemy's secrets, towards whom he led the old gentleman when he caused the retreat to be sounded, looking for no other delivery from that captivity but by the painful taking away of all pain, when whom should he see next to the captain, with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day against the Arcadians, but his son Clitophon! But now the captain had called all the principal Helots to be assembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do as to receive a message from the Arcadians, among whom Palladius' virtue, besides the love Kalander bore him, having gotten principal authority, he had persuaded them to seek rather by parley to recover the father and the son than by the sword, since the goodness of the captain assured him that way to speed, and his valour, wherewith he was of old acquainted, made him think any other way dangerous. This, therefore, was done in orderly manner, giving them to understand that, as they came but to deliver Clitophon, so offering to leave the footing they already had in the town, to go away without any further hurt, so as they might have the father and the son without ransom delivered. Which conditions being heard and conceived by the Helots, Daiphantus persuaded them without delay to accept them.

The Helots, as much moved by his authority as persuaded by his reasons, were content therewith. Whereupon Palladius took order that the Arcadians should presently march

out of the town, taking with them their prisoners, while the night with mutual diffidence might keep them quiet, and ere day came they might be well on of their way, and so avoid those accidents which in late enemies a look, a word, or a particular man's quarrel might engender. This being on both sides concluded on, Kalander and Clitophon, who now, with infinite joy, did know each other, came to kiss the hands and feet of Daïphantus; Clitophon telling his father how Daïphantus (not without danger to himself) had preserved him from the furious malice of the Helots; and even that day, going to conclude the peace, least in his absence he might receive some hurt, he had taken him in his company and given him armour, upon promise he should take the part of the Helots, which he had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was against his father. "But," said Clitophon, "here is he who, as a father, hath new begotten me, and, as a god, hath saved me from many deaths, who already laid hold on me," which Kalander with tears of joy acknowledged, besides his own deliverance, only his benefit. But Daïphantus, who loved doing well for itself and not for thanks, brake off those ceremonies, desiring to know how Palladius—for so he called Musidorus—was come into that company, and what his present estate was; whereof, receiving a brief declaration of Kalander, he sent him word by Clitophon that he should not as now come unto him, because he held himself not so sure a master of the Helots' minds that he would adventure him in their power who was so well known with an unfriendly acquaintance, but that he desired him to return with Kalander, whither also he, within few days, having despatched himself of the Helots, would repair. Kalander would needs kiss his hand again for that promise, protesting he would esteem his house more blessed than a temple of the gods if it had once received him. And then,

desiring pardon for Argalus, Daïphantus assured them that he would die but he would bring him, though till then kept in close prison indeed for his safety, the Helots being so animated against him as else he could not have lived ; and so, taking their leave of him, Kalander, Clitophon, Palladius, and the rest of the Arcadians, swearing that they would no further in any sort molest the Helots, they straightway marched out of the town, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them, and by morning were already within the limits of Arcadia.

The Helots, of the other side, shutting their gates, gave themselves to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and rest their wearied bodies ; till, the next day bestowing the cheerful use of the light upon them, Daïphantus caused a general convocation to be made, in the which he cheereth them for their escape from this recent gulf of danger, and puts straightly before them the happy terms he has obtained from the Lacedæmonians. Next he telleth them that he shall leave them ; a motion to which the Helots will not agree, nor scarce hear, but after much discourse they are brought to entertain, on the condition that he will return should the Lacedæmonians break this treaty and they need him.

So then, after a few days, setting them in perfect order, he took his leave of them, whose eyes bade him farewell with tears, and mouths with kissing the places where he stept, and after making temples unto him, as to a demigod, thinking it beyond the degree of humanity to have a wit so far overgoing his age, and such dreadful terror proceed from so excellent beauty. But he for his sake obtained free pardon for Argalus, whom also, upon oath never to bear arms against the Helots, he delivered, and taking only with him certain principal jewels of his own, he would have parted alone with Argalus, whose countenance well showed, while

Parthenia was lost, he counted not himself delivered, but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into Arcadia. Where again leaving them all to lament his departure, he by inquiry got to the well-known house of Kalander. There was he received with loving joy of Kalander, with joyful love of Palladius, with humble though doleful demeanour of Argalus, whom specially both he and Palladius regarded, with grateful serviceableness of Clitophon, and honourable admiration of all. For, being now well viewed to have no hair on his face to witness him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to look with a certain almost bashful kind of modesty, as if he feared the eyes of men, who was unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death, and as if Nature had mistaken her work to have a Mars's heart in a Cupid's body,—all that beheld him, and all that might behold him did behold him, made their eyes quick messengers to their minds, that there they had seen the uttermost that in mankind might be seen. The like wonder Palladius had before stirred, but that Daïphantus, as younger and newer come, had gotten now the advantage in the moist and fickle impression of eyesight. But while all men, saving poor Argalus, made the joy of their eyes speak for their hearts towards Daïphantus, Fortune, that belike was bid to that banquet, and meant to play the good fellow, brought a pleasant adventure among them. It was that, as they had newly dined, there came into Kalander a messenger, that brought him word a young noble lady, near kinswoman to the fair Helen, queen of Corinth, was come thither, and desired to be lodged in his house. Kalander, most glad of such an occasion, went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving only Argalus, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken up that he might go in his solitary quest after Parthenia. But when

they met this lady, Kalander straight thought he saw his niece Parthenia, and was about in such familiar sort to have spoken unto her ; but she, in grave and honourable manner, giving him to understand that he was mistaken, he, half ashamed, excused himself with the exceeding likeness was between them, though, indeed, it seemed that this lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion. She said it might very well be, having been many times taken one for another. But as soon as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speak with Argalus publicly, who she heard was in the house. Argalus came hastily, and as hastily thought as Kalander had done, with sudden change of joy into sorrow. But she, when she had staid their thoughts with telling them her name and quality, in this sort spake unto him: “My lord Argalus,” said she, “being of late left in the court of Queen Helen of Corinth, as chief in her absence, she being upon some occasion gone thence, there came unto me the Lady Parthenia, so disfigured, as I think Greece hath nothing so ugly to behold. For my part, it was many days before, with vehement oaths and some good proofs, she could make me think that she was Parthenia. Yet, at last finding certainly it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more as that all men had ever told me, as now you do, of the great likeness between us, I took the best care I could of her, and of her understood the whole tragical history of her undeserved adventure ; and therewithal of that most noble constancy in you my lord Argalus, which whosoever loves not shows himself to be a hater of virtue, and unworthy to live in the society of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salve the inward sore of her mind ; but a few days since she died, before her death earnestly desiring and persuading me to think of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be

loved. Withal she gave me this ring to deliver you, desiring you, and by the authority of love commanding you, that the affection you bare her you should turn to me, assuring you that nothing can please her soul more than to see you and me matched together. Now, my lord, though this office be not, perchance, suitable to my estate nor sex, who should rather look to be desired, yet an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding; and, therefore, I am come, with faithful love built upon your worthiness, to offer myself, and to beseech you to accept the offer, and if these noble gentlemen present will say it is great folly, let them withal say it is great love." And then she staid, earnestly attending Argalus's answer; who, first making most hearty sighs, doing such obsequies as he could to Parthenia, thus answered her:—

"Madam," said he, "infinitely am I bound unto you for this no more rare than noble courtesy; but more bound for the goodness I perceive you showed to the Lady Parthenia"—with that the tears ran down his eyes, but he followed on;—"and as much as so unfortunate a man, fit to be the spectacle of misery, can do you service, determine you have made a purchase of a slave, while I live, never to fail you. But this great matter you propose unto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happiness it should be unto me, excellent lady, know that, if my heart were mine to give, you before all other should have it; but Parthenia's it is, though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection. I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beauty if I had only been in love, I should be so with you, who have the same beauty; but it was Parthenia's self I loved, and love, which no likeness can make one, no commandment dissolve, no foulness defile, nor no death finish." "And shall I receive," said she, "such disgrace as to be refused?" "Noble

lady," said he, "let not that hard word be used to me who know your exceeding worthiness far beyond my desert; but it is only happiness I refuse, since of the only happiness I could and can desire I am refused."

He had scarce spoken those words when she ran to him, and embracing him, "Why, then, Argalus," said she, "take thy Parthenia;" and Parthenia it was indeed. But because sorrow forbade him too soon to believe, she told him the truth, with all circumstances; how being parted alone, meaning to die in some solitary place, as she happened to make her complaint, the Queen Helen of Corinth, who likewise felt her part of miseries, being then walking also alone in that lonely place, heard her, and never left till she had known the whole discourse. Which the noble queen greatly pitying, she sent to her a physician of hers, the most excellent man in the world, in hope he could help her, which in such sort as they saw he had performed, and she taking with her of the queen's servants, thought yet to make this trial, whether he would quickly forget his true Parthenia or no. Her speech was confirmed by the Corinthian gentlemen, who before had kept her counsel, and Argalus easily persuaded to what more than ten thousand years of life he desired; and Kalandar would needs have the marriage celebrated in his house, principally the longer to hold his dear guest, towards whom he was now, besides his own habit of hospitality, carried with love and duty, and therefore omitted no service that his wit could invent and his power minister.

But no way he saw he could so much pleasure them as by leaving the two friends alone, who being shrunk aside to the banqueting house, where the pictures were, there Palladius recounted unto Pyrocles his fortunate escape from the wreck and his ensuing adventures. Then did he set forth unto him the noble entertainment and careful

cherishing of Kalander towards him, and so, upon occasion of the pictures present, delivered with the frankness of a friend's tongue, as near as he could, word by word what Kalander had told him touching the strange story, with all the particularities belonging, of Arcadia; which did in many sorts so delight Pyrocles to hear that he would needs have much of it again repeated, and was not contented till Kalander himself had answered him divers questions.

But first, at Musidorus' request, though in brief manner, his mind much running upon the strange story of Arcadia, he did declare by what course of adventures he was come to make up their mutual happiness in meeting. "When, cousin," said he, "we had stript ourselves, and were both leapt into the sea, and swam a little toward the shore, I found by reason of some wounds I had, that I should not be able to get the land, and therefore returned back again to the mast of the ship, where you found me, assuring myself that if you came alive to the shore you would seek me; if you were lost—as I thought it as good to perish as to live—so that place as good to perish in as another. There I found my sword among some of the shrouds, wishing, I must confess, if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withal waving it about my head, that sailers-by might have the better glimpse of me. There you missing me, I was taken up by pirates, who, putting me under board prisoner, presently set upon another ship, and, maintaining a long fight, in the end put them all to the sword. Amongst whom I might hear them greatly praise one young man, who fought most valiantly, whom, as love is careful, and misfortune subject to doubtfulness, I thought certainly to be you. And so, holding you as dead, from that time till the time I saw you, in truth I sought nothing more than a noble end, which perchance made me more hardy than otherwise I would

have been. Trial whereof came within two days after ; for the kings of Lacedæmon having set out some galleys, under the charge of one of their nephews, to scour the sea of the pirates, they met with us, where our captain wanting men, was driven to arm some of his prisoners, with promise of liberty for well fighting, among whom I was one ; and, being boarded by the admiral, it was my fortune to kill Euryleon, the king's nephew. But in the end they prevailed, and we were all taken prisoners, I not caring much what became of me—only keeping the name of Daiphantus, according to the resolution you know is between us ; but being laid in the gaol of Tenaria, with special hate to me for the death of Euryleon, the popular sort of that town conspired with the Helots, and so by night opened them the gates ; where entering and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honesty-sake broke open all prisons, and so delivered me ; and I, moved with gratefulness, and encouraged with carelessness of life, so behaved myself in some conflicts they had within few days, that they barbarously thinking unsensible* wonders of me, and withal so much the better trusting me as they heard I was hated of the king of Lacedæmon, their chief captain being slain, as you know, by the noble Argalus, they elected me, God wot little proud of that dignity, restoring unto me such things of mine, as being taken first by the pirates and then by the Lacedæmonians, they had gotten in the sack of the town. Now being in it, so good was my success with many victories, that I made a peace for them, to their own liking, the very day that you delivered Clitophon, whom I, with much ado, had preserved. And in my peace the King Amiclas of Lacedæmon would needs have me banished, and deprived of the dignity whereunto I was exalted ; which—and you may see how much you are bound

* *Unsensible*—insensate, foolish from their magnitude.

to me—for your sake I was content to suffer, a new hope rising in me that you were not dead, and so meaning to travel over the world to seek you; and now here, my dear Musidorus, you have me.” And with that, embracing and kissing each other, they called Kalander, of whom Daiphantus desired to hear the full story, which before he had recounted to Palladius.

But, within some days after, the marriage between Argalus and the fair Parthenia being to be celebrated, Daiphantus and Palladius selling some of their jewels, furnished themselves of very fair apparel, meaning to do honour to their loving host, who, as much for their sakes as for their marriage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautify, nor all the dainty devices so much delight as the fairness of Parthenia, the pearl of all the maids of Mantinea, who as she went to the temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple, wherein love and beauty were married; her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet, with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them; her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred, her hair being laid at the full length down her back, bare show as if the vaward* failed, yet that would conquer. Daiphantus marking her, “O Jupiter!” saith he, speaking to Palladius, “how happens it that beauty is only confined to Arcadia?” But Palladius not greatly attending his speech, some days were continued in the

* Probably antithetically put, and misprinted for “vaward,” the fore-part; *i.e.*, her back hair was so beautiful, that if the beauty of the face failed that would conquer. *Vaward* is “vanguard”;—

“My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.”—Henry V. iv. 3.

solemnising the marriage, with all conceits that might deliver delight to men's fancies.

But such a change was grown in Daïphantus that, as if cheerfulness had been tediousness, and good entertainment were turned to discourtesy, he would ever get himself alone, though almost when he was in company he was alone, so little attention he gave to any that spake unto him; even the colour and figure of his face began to receive some alteration, which he showed little to heed; but every morning, early going abroad, either to the garden or to some woods towards the desert, it seemed his only comfort to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from Palladius, whom true love made ready to mark, and long knowledge able to mark; and therefore, being now grown weary of abode in Arcadia, having informed himself fully of the strength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and manner of their laws, and seeing the country could not be visited, prohibited to all men but to certain shepherdish people, he greatly desired a speedy return to his own country, after the many mazes of fortune he had trodden, but, perceiving this great alteration in his friend, had thought first to break with him thereof, and then to hasten his return, whereof he found him but smally inclined; whereupon one day taking him alone with certain graces and countenances, as if he were disputing with the trees, he somewhat tried to discover the reason of his friend's melancholy, but had not proceeded far before Kalander came and brake off their discourse with inviting them to the hunting of a goodly stag, which, being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good sport, and drive away some part of Daïphantus's melancholy. They condescended; and so, going to their lodgings, furnished themselves as liked them, Daïphantus writing a few words, which he left sealed in a letter against their return.

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalandar entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man ; how much, in the comparison thereof, he disdained all chamber delights ; that the sun, how great a journey soever he had to make, could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deer's feeding. "Oh," said he, "you will never live to my age without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits ; and oft it falls out that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking." Then spared he not to remember how much Arcadia was changed since his youth, activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in, but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known, and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood where the hounds were, in couples, staying their coming, but, with a whining accent, craving liberty, many of them in colour and marks so resembling that it showed they were of one kind. The huntsmen, handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands, to beat the guiltless earth when the hounds were at a fault, and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarum upon a silly fugitive. The hounds were straight uncoupled ; and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging ; but even his feet betrayed him ; for howsoever they went they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies ; who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the

wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors the huntsmen, with open mouths then denounced war, when the war was already begun ; their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet, cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens,* dispersing their noise through all his quarters, and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued that, turning his head, he made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay. But Kalander, by his skill of coasting the country, was amongst the first that came into the besieged deer, whom, when some of the younger sort would have killed with their swords, he would not suffer, but with a cross-bow sent a death to the poor beast, who with tears showed the unkindness he took of man's cruelty.

But, by the time that the whole company was assembled, and that the stag had bestowed himself liberally among them that had killed him, Daiphantus was missed, for whom Palladius carefully inquiring, no news could be given him but by one that said he thought he was returned home ; for that he marked him, in the chief of the hunting, take a by-way which might lead to Kalander's house. That answer for the time satisfying, and they having performed all duties, as well for the stag's funeral as the hounds' triumph, they returned, some talking of the fatness of the deer's body, some

* *Citizens*—"Sweep on, ye fat and greasy *citizens*."

SHAKS. *As You Like It*.

"About her wondering stood

The *citizens o' the wood*."—LODGE'S "*Rosalynd*."

of the fairness of his head, some of the hounds' cunning, some of their speed, and some of their cry ; till, coming home about the time that the candles begin to inherit the sun's office, they found Daiphantus was not to be found. Whereat Palladius greatly marvelling, and a day or two passing, while neither search nor inquiry could help him to knowledge, at last he lighted upon the letter which Pyrocles had written before he went a-hunting and left in his study among other of his writings. The letter was directed to Palladius himself, and contained these words :—

“MY ONLY FRIEND,—Violence of love leads me into such a course whereof your knowledge may much more vex you than help me ; therefore pardon my concealing it from you, since, if I wrong you, it is in the respect I bear you. Return into Thessalia, I pray you, as full of good fortune as I am of desire ; and, if I live, I will in short time follow you ; if I die, love my memory.”

This was all, and this Palladius read twice or thrice over. “Ah,” said he, “Pyrocles, what means this alteration ? What have I deserved of thee to be thus banished of thy counsels ? Heretofore I have accused the sea, condemned the pirates, and hated my evil fortune that deprived me of thee ; but now thyself is the sea which drowns my comfort, thyself is the pirate that robs thyself from me, thy own will becomes my evil fortune.” Then turned he his thoughts to all forms of guesses that might light upon the purpose and course of Pyrocles ; for he was not so sure, by his words, that it was love, as he was doubtful where the love was. One time he thought some beauty in Laconia had laid hold of his eyes, another time he feared that it might be Parthenia's excellency which had broken the bands of all former resolution ; but the more he thought the more he knew not what

to think, armies of objections rising against any accepted opinion.

Then as careful he was what to do himself ; at length determined never to leave seeking him till his search should be either by meeting accomplished or by death ended. Therefore (for all the unkindness, bearing tender respect that his friend's secret determination should be kept from any suspicion in others) he went to Kalander and told him that he had received a message from his friend, by which he understood he was gone back again into Laconia about some matters greatly importing the poor men whose protection he had undertaken, and that it was in any sort fit for him to follow him, but in such private wise as not to be known, and that, therefore, he would as then bid him farewell ; arming himself in a black armour, as either a badge or prognostication of his mind, and taking only with him good store of money and a few choice jewels, leaving the greatest number of them and most of his apparel with Kalander ; which he did partly to give the more cause to Kalander to expect their return, and so to be the less curiously inquisitive after them, and partly to leave those honourable thanks unto him for his charge and kindness which he knew he would not other way receive. The good old man, having neither reason to dissuade nor hope to persuade, received the things, with mind of a keeper, not of an owner, and abstained from urging him, but not from hearty mourning the loss of so sweet a conversation.

Only Clitophon, by vehement importunity, obtained to go with him, to come again to Daiphantus, whom he named and accounted his lord. And in such private guise departed Palladius, though having a companion to talk withal, yet talking much more with unkindness. And first they went to Mantinea, whereof because Parthenia was there, he

suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But, finding there no news of him, he went to Tegea, Ripa, Enispæ, Stymphalus, and Phineus, famous for the poisonous Stygian water, and through all the rest of Arcadia, making their eyes, their ears, and their tongues serve almost for nothing but that inquiry. But they could know nothing but that in none of those places he was known. And so went they, making one place succeed to another, in like uncertainty to their search, many times encountering strange adventures worthy to be registered in the rolls of fame; but this may not be omitted. As they passed in a pleasant valley, of either side of which high hills lifted up their beetle-brows as if they would overlook the pleasantness of their under-prospect, they were, by the daintiness of the place and the weariness of themselves, invited to light from their horses, and pulled off their bits that they might something refresh their mouths upon the grass, which plentifully grew, brought up under the care of those well-shading trees; they themselves laid them down hard by the murmuring music of certain waters which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottom of the valley made of many springs a pretty brook, like a commonwealth of many families. But when they had a while hearkened to the persuasion of sleep, they rose and walked onward in that shady place, till Clitophon espied a piece of armour, and not far off another piece; and so the sight of one piece teaching him to look for more, he at length found all, with head-piece and shield, by the device whereof he straight knew it to be the armour of his cousin, the noble Amphialus. Whereupon, fearing some inconvenience happened unto him, he told both his doubt and cause of doubt to Palladius, who, considering thereof, thought best to make no longer stay but to follow on, lest, perchance, some violence were offered to so worthy a knight, whom the

fame of the world seemed to set in balance with any knight living. Yet, with a sudden conceit, having long borne great honour to the name of Amphialus, Palladius thought best to take that armour, thinking thereby to learn by them that should know that armour some news of Amphialus, and yet not hinder him in the search of Daïphantus too. So he, by the help of Clitophon, quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one piece wanting, though hacked in some places, bewraying some fight not long since passed. It was something too great, but yet served well enough. And so, getting on their horses, they travelled but a little way when, in opening of the mouth of the valley into a fair field, they met with a coach drawn with four milk-white horses, furnished all in black, with a blackamoor boy upon every horse, they all apparelled in white, the coach itself very richly furnished in black and white. But, before they could come so near as to discern what was within, there came running upon them above a dozen horsemen, who cried to them to yield themselves prisoners, or else they should die.

But Palladius, not accustomed to grant over the possession of himself upon so unjust titles, with sword drawn gave them so rude an answer that divers of them never had breath to reply again ; for, being well backed by Clitophon, and having an excellent horse under him, when he was over-pressed by some, he avoided them, and, ere the other thought of it, punished in him his fellow's faults ; and so, either with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either living or able to make his life serve to other's hurt. Which being done, he approached the coach, assuring the black boys they should have no hurt, who were else ready to have run away ; and, looking in the coach, he found in the one end a lady of great beauty, and such a beauty as showed forth the beams both of wisdom and good

nature, but all as much darkened as might be with secret sorrow; in the other, two ladies who, by their demeanour, showed well they were but her servants, holding before them a picture in which was a goodly gentleman, whom he knew not, painted, having in their faces a certain waiting sorrow, their eyes being infected with their mistress's weeping. But the chief lady, having not so much as once heard the noise of this conflict, so had sorrow closed up all the entries of her mind, and love tied her senses to that beloved picture, now the shadow of him falling upon the picture made her cast up her eye, and seeing the armour which too well she knew, thinking him to be Amphialus, the lord of her desires, blood coming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, and yet there growing new again pale for fear, with a pitiful look, like one unjustly condemned, "My lord Amphialus," said she, "you have enough punished me : it is time for cruelty to leave you, and evil fortune me ; if not, I pray you—and to grant my prayer fitter time nor place you can have—accomplish the one even now, and finish the other."

With that, sorrow poured itself so fast into tears that Palladius could not hold her longer in error; he shortly discovered himself unto her, and assured her that he had come by the armour by chance, knowing the device thereof, and lastly conjured her to tell the story of her fortune. Thereon she, looking on her wounded and dead servants, said, "Your conjuration, fair knight, is too strong for my poor spirit to disobey. Know you, then, that my name is Helen, queen by birth, and hitherto possessed of the fair city and territory of Corinth. I can say no more of myself, but beloved of my people, and may justly say beloved, since they are content to bear with my absence and folly. But I being left by my father's death, and accepted by my people, in the

highest degree that country could receive, as soon, or rather before that my age was ripe for it, my court quickly swarmed full of suitors, some perchance loving my estate, others my person, but once, I know, all of them, howsoever my possessions were in their heart, my beauty, such as it is, was in their mouths—many strangers of princely and noble blood, and all of mine own country, to whom either birth or virtue gave courage to avow so high a desire.

“Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the lord Philoxenus, son and heir to the virtuous nobleman Timotheus, which Timotheus was a man, both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodness, and (which followed all these) love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my country. Now this son of his, I must say truly not unworthy of such a father, bending himself by all means of serviceableness to me, and setting forth of himself to win my favour, wan thus far of me that in truth I less disliked him than any of the rest, which in some proportion my countenance delivered unto him. Though I must protest it was a very false ambassador if it delivered at all any affection, whereof my heart was utterly void, I as then esteeming myself born to rule, and thinking foul scorn willingly to submit myself to be ruled.

“But whiles Philoxenus in good sort pursued my favour, and perchance nourished himself with over-much hope, because he found I did in some sort acknowledge his value, one time among the rest he brought with him a dear friend of his.” With that she looked upon the picture before her, and straight sighed, and straight tears followed, as if the idol of duty ought to be honoured with such oblations, and then her speech stayed, the tale having brought her to that look, but that look having quite put her out of her tale.

But Palladius warmly beseeched the queen to continue

and recount the rest of her story. “This,” said she, “is the picture of Amphialus! What need I say more? What ear is so barbarous but hath heard of him, of his deeds of arms, his greatness? This knight, then, whose figure you see, but whose mind can be painted by nothing but by the true shape of virtue, is brother’s son to Basilius, king of Arcadia, and in his childhood esteemed his heir, till Basilius, in his old years marrying a young and fair lady, had of her those two daughters so famous for their perfection in beauty, which put by their young cousin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother, a woman of an haughty heart, being daughter to the king of Argos, either disdainng or fearing that her son should live under the power of Basilius, sent him to that lord Timotheus, between whom and her dead husband there had passed straight bands of mutual hospitality, to be brought up in company with his son Philoxenus.

“Well, they grew in years, and shortly occasions fell aptly to try Amphialus; and all occasions were but steps for him to climb fame by. An endless thing it were for me to tell how many adventures terrible to be spoken of he achieved, what monsters, what giants, what conquests of countries, sometimes using policy, sometimes force, but always virtue, well followed, and but followed, by Philoxenus; between whom and him so fast a friendship by education was knit that at last Philoxenus, having no greater matter to employ his friendship in than to win me, therein desired, and had his uttermost furtherance. To that purpose brought he him to my court, where truly I may justly witness with him that what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of reason stretch) was all directed to the setting forward the suit of his friend Philoxenus. In few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himself: if, at least,” with that she sighed, “he would account it winning; for his fame had so

framed the way to my mind that his presence, so full of beauty, sweetness, and noble conversation, had entered there before he vouchsafed to call for the keys.

“Days passed ; his eagerness for his friend never decreased ; my affection to him ever increased. At length, in way of ordinary courtesy, I obtained of him (who suspected no such matter) this his picture, the only Amphialus, I fear, that I shall ever enjoy ; and, grown bolder, or madder, or bold with madness, I discovered my affection unto him. But, Lord ! I shall never forget how anger and courtesy at one instant appeared in his eyes, when he heard that motion : how with his blush he taught me shame. In sum, he left nothing unassayed which might disgrace himself to grace his friend, in sweet terms making me receive a most resolute refusal of himself. But when he found that his presence did far more persuade for himself than his speech could do for his friend, he left my court ; hoping that forgetfulness, which commonly waits upon absence, would make room for his friend. Within a while Philoxenus came to see how onward the fruits were of his friend’s labour, when I told him that I would hear him more willingly if he would speak for Amphialus as well as Amphialus had done for him. He never answered me, but, pale and trembling, went straight away, and straight my heart misgave me.

“Philoxenus had travelled scarce a day’s journey out of my country but that, not far from this place, he overtook Amphialus, who, by succouring a distressed lady, had been here stayed ; and by-and-by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die. You may easily judge how strange it was to Amphialus, whose heart could accuse itself of no fault but too much affection towards him ; which he, refusing to fight with him, would fain have made Philoxenus understand ; but, as one of my servants since told

me, the more Amphialus went back, the more he followed, calling him traitor and coward, yet never telling the cause of this strange alteration. ‘Ah, Philoxenus,’ said Amphialus, ‘I know I am no traitor, and thou well knowest I am no coward: but I pray thee content thyself with thus much, and let this satisfy thee that I love thee, since I bear thus much of thee.’ But he, leaving words, drew his sword and gave Amphialus a great blow or two, which, but for the goodness of his armour, would have slain him; and yet so far did Amphialus contain himself, stepping aside and saying to him, ‘Well, Philoxenus, and thus much villainy am I content to put up, not any longer for thy sake, whom I have no cause to love, since thou dost injure me and wilt not tell me the cause, but for thy virtuous father’s sake, to whom I am so much bound: I pray thee go away and conquer thy own passions, and thou shalt make me soon yield to be thy servant.’ But he would not attend his words, but still strake so fiercely at Amphialus that in the end, nature prevailing above determination, he was fain to defend himself, and withal so to offend him, that by an unlucky blow the poor Philoxenus fell dead at his feet, having had time only to speak some words, whereby Amphialus knew it was for my sake: which when Amphialus saw, he forthwith gave such tokens of true-felt sorrow that, as my servant said, no imagination could conceive greater woe, but that by-and-by an unhappy occasion made Amphialus pass himself in sorrow: for Philoxenus was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place the aged and virtuous Timotheus; who, having heard of his son’s sudden and passionate manner of parting from my court, had followed him as speedily as he could, but, alas, not so speedily but that he found him dead before he could overtake him. Alas, what sorrow, what amazement, what shame was in Amphialus when he saw his dear foster-father find him the killer of his

only son ! In my heart, I know, he wished mountains had lain upon him, to keep him from that meeting. As for Timotheus, sorrow of his son, and, I think, principally unkindness of Amphialus, so devoured his vital spirits that, able to say no more but ‘Amphialus, Amphialus, have I — ?’ he sank to the earth and presently died.

“ But not my tongue, though daily used to complaints ; no, nor if my heart, which is nothing but sorrow, were turned to tongues, durst it undertake to show the unspeakableness of his grief. But, because this serves to make you know my fortune, he threw away his armour, even this which you have now upon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped he had put on again ; and then, as ashamed of the light, he ran into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and even crying out so pitifully that my servant, though of a fortune not used to much tenderness, could not refrain weeping when he told it me. He once overtook him ; but Amphialus, drawing his sword, which was the only part of his arms (God knows to what purpose) he carried about him, threatened to kill him if he followed him ; and withal bade him deliver this bitter message, that he well enough found I was the cause of all this mischief, and that if I were a man he would go over the world to kill me ; but bade me assure myself that of all creatures in the world he most hated me. Ah, sir knight, whose ears I think by this time are tired with the rugged ways of these misfortunes, now weigh my cause, if at least you know what love is. For this cause have I left my country, putting in hazard how my people will in time deal by me, adventuring what perils or dishonours might ensue, only to follow him who proclaimeth hate against me, and to bring my neck unto him, if that may redeem my trespass and assuage his fury. And now, sir,” said she, “ you have your request, I pray you take pains to guide me to the next town,

that there I may gather such of my company again as your valour hath left me.”

Palladius willingly condescended; but ere they began to go, there came Clitophon, who, having been something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length overtaking him, and ready to kill him, understood they were servants to the fair Queen Helen, and that the cause of this enterprise was for nothing but to make Amphialus prisoner, whom they knew their mistress sought; for she concealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow, from nobody.

But Clitophon, very sorry for this accident, came back to comfort the queen, helping such as were hurt in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructions of this rashly-undertaken enmity; when in comes another, till that time unseen, all armed, with his beaver down, who, first looking round about upon the company, as soon as he spied Palladius, he drew his sword, and, making no other prologue, let fly at him. But Palladius, sorry for so much harm as had already happened, sought rather to retire and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the fair queen, whose case in his heart he pitied. Which Clitophon seeing, stepped between them, asking the newcome knight the cause of his quarrel, who answered him that he would kill that thief, who had stolen away his master's armour, if he did not restore it. With that Palladius looked upon him and saw that he of the other side had Palladius' own armour upon him. “Truly,” said Palladius, “if I have stolen this armour, you did not buy that; but you shall not fight upon such a quarrel. You shall have this armour willingly, which I did only put on to do honour to the owner.”

But Clitophon straight knew by his words and voice that it was Ismenus, the faithful and diligent page of Amphialus; and therefore, telling him that he was Clitophon,

and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserved all honour, the young gentleman pulled off his headpiece, and, lighting, went to kiss Palladius' hands, desiring him to pardon his folly, caused by extreme grief, which easily might bring forth anger. "Sweet gentleman," said Palladius, "you shall only make me this amends, that you shall carry this, your lord's armour, from me to him, and tell him, from an unknown knight, who admires his worthiness, that he cannot cast a greater mist over his glory than by being so unkind to so excellent a princess as this queen is." Ismenus promised he would as soon as he durst find his master; and with that went to do his duty to the queen, whom, in all these encounters, astonishment made hardy; but as soon as she saw Ismenus (looking to her picture), "Ismenus," said she, "here is my lord; where is yours? Or come you to bring me some sentence of death from him? If it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speak, and speak quickly." "Alas! madam," said Ismenus, "I have lost my lord!"—with that tears came unto his eyes—
"for, as soon as the unhappy combat was concluded with the death both of father and son, my master, casting off his armour, went his way, forbidding me, upon pain of death, to follow him. Yet divers days I followed his steps, till lastly I found him, having newly met with an excellent spaniel belonging to his dead companion Philoxenus. The dog straight fawned on my master for old knowledge, but never was there thing more pitiful than to hear my master blame the dog for loving his master's murderer, renewing afresh his complaints with the dumb counsellor as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But my lord, having spied me, rose up in such rage that, in truth, I feared he would kill me; yet as then he said only, if I would not displease him, I should not come near him till he sent for me—too hard a

commandment for me to disobey. I yielded, leaving him only waited on by his dog, and, as I think, seeking out the most solitary places that this or any other country can grant him.”

The queen, sobbing, desired to be conducted to the next town, where Palladius left her to be waited on by Clitophon, at Palladius' earnest entreaty, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend, and therefore changing armours again with Ismenus (who went withal to a castle belonging to his master), he continued his quest for his friend Daïphantus,

He directed his course to Laconia, and afterwards passeth through Achaia and Sycyonia, and returned, after two months' travail in vain. Having already passed over the greatest part of Arcadia, one day, coming under the side of the pleasant mountain Menalus, his horse, nothing guilty of his inquisitiveness, with flat tiring taught him that “discreet stays make speedy journeys;” and therefore, lighting down and unbridling his horse, he himself went to repose himself in a little wood he saw thereby. Where, lying under the protection of a shady tree, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowful memory, he saw a sight which persuaded and obtained of his eyes that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a lady, who, because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face, but so much he might see of her that was a surety for the rest that all was excellent.

Well might he perceive the hanging of her hair in fairest quantity, in locks, some curled, and some, as it were, forgotten, with such a careless care, and an art so hiding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a pattern whether nature simply or nature helped by cunning be the more excellent; the rest whereof was drawn into a coronet of gold

richly set with pearl, and so joined all over with gold wires, and covered with feathers of divers colours, that it was not unlike to an helmet, such a glittering show it bare, and so bravely it was held up from the head. Upon her body she ware a doublet of sky-colour satin, covered with plates of gold, and, as it were, nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seem armed. The nether part of her garment was full of stuff, and cut after such a fashion that, though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet, in her going, one might sometimes discern the small of her leg, which, with the foot, was dressed in a short pair of crimson velvet buskins, in some places open, as the ancient manner was, to show the fairness of the skin. Over all this she ware a certain mantle, made in such manner that, coming under her right arm, and covering most of that side, it had no fastening on the left side, but only upon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met, and were closed together with a very rich jewel, the device whereof, as he after saw, was this: a Hercules, made in little form, but set with a distaff in his hand, as he once was by Omphale's commandment, with a word in Greek, but thus to be interpreted, "Never more valiant." On the same side, on her thigh, she ware a sword, which, as it witnessed her to be an Amazon, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needless weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this lady walked outright till he might see her enter into a fine close arbour. It was of trees, whose branches so lovingly interlaced one the other that it could resist the strongest violence of eyesight; but she went into it by a door she opened, which moved him, as warily as he could, to follow her; and by-and-by he might hear her sing, with a voice no less beautiful to his ears than her goodliness was full of harmony to his eyes.

The ditty gave him some suspicion, but the voice gave him almost assurance, who the singer was; and, therefore, boldly thrusting open the door and entering into the arbour, he perceived indeed that it was Pyrocles thus disguised; wherewith, not receiving so much joy to have found him as grief so to have found him, amazedly looking upon him—as Apollo is painted, when he saw Daphne suddenly turned into a laurel—he was not able to bring forth a word; so that Pyrocles, who had as much shame as Musidorus had sorrow, rising to him, would have formed a substantial excuse; but his insinuation being of blushing, and his division of sighs, his whole oration stood upon a short narration, which was the causer of this metamorphosis. But by that time Musidorus had gathered his spirits together, and, yet casting a gastful countenance upon him, as if he would conjure some strange spirits, he cried unto him, “Is it possible that this is Pyrocles, and in this habit, which to say ‘I cannot’ is childish, and ‘I will not’ womanish? Let us see what power is the author of all these troubles. Forsooth love; love, a passion, and the basest and fruitlesst of all passions. Fear breedeth wit; anger is the cradle of courage; joy openeth and enableth the heart; sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inward to look to the correcting of itself; and so all of them generally have power towards some good by the direction of reason. But this bastard love—for, indeed, the name of love is most unworthily applied to so hateful a humour—as it is engendered betwixt lust and idleness; as the matter it works upon is nothing but a certain base weakness which some gentle fools call a gentle heart; as his adjoined companions be unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yielding; so is the highest end it aspires unto—a little pleasure, with much pain before, and

great repentance after. But that end—how endless it runs to infinite evils—were fit enough for the matter we speak of; but not for your ears, in whom, indeed, there is so much true disposition to virtue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in yourself is to be seen, that, besides your breaking laws of hospitality with Kalander, and of friendship with me, it utterly subverts the course of nature, in making reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it first gat the name of love; for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved, uniting, and as it were incorporating, it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of loves imitate the excellent; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly; and this effeminate love of a woman doth so womanize a man that, if he yield to it, will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder [washer], a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weak hands perform." But in Pyrocles this speech wrought no more but that he, who before he was espied was afraid, after being perceived was ashamed, now being hardly rubbed upon left both fear and shame, and was moved to anger. But the good-will he bare to Musidorus striving with it, he thus, partly to satisfy him, but principally to loose the reins to his own motions, made him answer: "Cousin, whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition had been by bringing up confirmed, this I must confess, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom to think light of the sex of whom I have my life, since if I be anything—which your friendship rather finds than I acknowledge—I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nursed of a woman. And certainly—for this point of

your speech doth nearest touch me—it is strange to see the unmanlike cruelty of mankind, who, not content with their tyrannous ambition to have brought the others' virtuous patience under them, like childish masters, think their masterhood nothing without doing injury to those who, if we will argue by reason, are framed of nature with the same parts of the mind for the exercise of virtue as we are. And truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that, if we have such excellencies, it is reason to think them excellent creatures, of whom we are, since a kite never brought forth a good flying hawk."

Then did Pyrocles for some time argue on the power of love, its end being enjoyment. "But," said Musidorus, "alas! let your own brain disenchant you." "My heart is too far possessed," said Pyrocles. "But the head gives you direction." "Yes," returned Pyrocles, "and the heart gives me life. Prince Musidorus, how cruelly you deal with me; if you seek the victory, take it, and if ye list, the triumph; you have all the reason in the world, let me remain with the imperfections."

Herewith the wound of his love, being rubbed again, began to bleed afresh, and he sunk down to the ground with a sudden trance that went so to the heart of Musidorus that, falling down by him, he besought him to tell him everything. for, between friends, all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. "You shall be obeyed," said Pyrocles; "and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be, for this arbour nobody offers to come into but myself, I using it as my melancholy retiring-place, and therefore that respect is borne unto it; yet if by chance any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the Queen of Amazons to seek me, and then let me alone for the rest." So sat the, down, and Pyrocles thus said:

“Cousin,” said he, “then began the fatal overthrow of all my liberty when, walking among the pictures in Kalander’s house, you yourself delivered unto me what you had understood of Philoclea, who, much resembling—though I must say, much surpassing—the lady Zelmane, whom so well I loved, there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet, alas! so sweet was it unto me that I could not be contented till Kalander had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which, the more I questioned, the more pity I conceived of her unworthy fortune; and when with pity once my heart was made tender, according to the aptness of the humour, it received quickly a cruel impression of that wonderful passion which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it; they only know it which inwardly feel it: it is called Love. Yet did I not, poor wretch! at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pity to be no other but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with myself came of further thoughts; and the more I argued the more my thoughts increased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the architecture of the lodges would have been much for my learning, but more desirous to see herself, to be judge, forsooth, of the painter’s cunning. But my wishes grew into unquiet longings, and knowing that to a heart resolute counsel is tedious, and reprehension loathsome, and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend, I determined, my dear Musidorus, to run away from my well-known chiding, and, having written a letter and taken my chief jewels with me, I stole away while you were in the midst of your sports, committing myself to fortune and industry, and determining to bear the countenance of an Amazon. Therefore, in the closest

manner I could, naming myself Zelmane, for that dear lady's sake to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparel to be made, and, bringing it near the lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus dressed myself, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought, which the next morning happened as well as mine own plot could have laid it. For, after I had run over the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gave myself to sing a little, which, as you know, I ever delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this clime to stir up poetical fancies, or rather, as I think, of love, whose scope being pleasure will not so much as utter his griefs but in some form of measure.

“But I had sung very little, when, as I think, displeas'd with my bad music, comes master Dametas, with a hedging-bill in his hand, chafing and swearing by the pantable* of Pallas, and such other oaths as his rustical bravery could imagine; and when he saw me, I assure you, my beauty was no more beholding to him than my harmony; for, leaning his hands upon his bill and his chin upon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth Hercules in a play, but never had his fancy in his head, the first word he spake unto me was—‘Am not I Dametas? Why, am not I Dametas?’ He needed not to name himself, for Kalander's description had set such a note upon him as made him very notable unto me; and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him answer, but continued on my inward discourse; which he, perchance witness of his own unworthi-

* *Pantable*, the shoe or slipper. *Ital.* Pantufola; *Fr.* Pantoufle. “Some etymologists,” says Richardson, who quotes this passage, “determine this of Greek origin, and devise the compound παντοφελλῶς; παν, *omne*, φελλῶς, *suber*, a cork, formed of cork for lightness.” He gives also a citation from Digby's “Elvira,” act v., wherein the word is used as an adjuration—

“Now, by my grandame's pantable, 'tis pretty.”

ness, and therefore the apter to think himself contemned, took in so heinous manner that, standing upon his tiptoes, and staring as if he would have had a mote pulled out of his eye, 'Why,' said he, 'thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoever thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee ; get thee gone. I tell thee it is the prince's pleasure ; I tell thee it is Dametas' pleasure.' I could not choose but smile at him, seeing him look so like an ape that had newly taken a purgation : yet, taking myself with the manner, spake these words to myself : 'O spirit,' said I, 'of mine, how canst thou receive any mirth in the midst of thine agonies ? and thou, mirth, how darest thou enter into a mind so grown of late thy professed enemy ?' 'Thy spirit !' said Dametas. 'Dost thou think me a spirit ? I tell thee I am Basilius' officer, and have charge of him and his daughters.' 'O, only pearl,' said I, sobbing, 'that so vile an oyster should keep thee !' 'By the combcase of Diana !' sware Dametas, 'this woman is mad. Oysters and pearls ! Dost thou think I will buy oysters ? I tell thee once again, get thee packing.' And with that lifted up his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it ; but, indeed, that put me quite out of my lesson, so that I forgot all *Zelmaneship*,* and, drawing out my sword, the baseness of the villain yet made me stay my hand, and he who, as Kalandar told me, from his childhood ever feared the blade of a sword, ran back backward, with his hands above his head, at least twenty paces, gaping and staring, with the very grace, I think, of the clowns that, by Latona's prayers, were turned into frogs. At length, staying, finding himself without the compass of blows, he fell to a fresh scolding in such mannerly manner as might well show he had passed through the discipline of a tavern ; but, seeing me walk up

* *Zelmaneship* ; that is, he forgot that he was disguised as a woman.

and down, without marking what he said, he went his way, as I perceived after, to Basilius ; for, within a while, he came unto me, bearing, indeed, shows in his countenance of an honest and well-minded gentleman, and, with as much courtesy as Dametas with rudeness, saluting me : ‘Fair lady,’ said he, ‘it is nothing strange that such a solitary place as this should receive solitary persons ; but much do I marvel how such a beauty as yours is should be suffered to be thus alone.’ I, that now knew it was my part to play, looking with a grave majesty upon him, as if I found in myself cause to be revered, ‘They are never alone,’ said I, ‘that are accompanied with noble thoughts.’ ‘But those thoughts,’ replied Basilius, ‘can in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspicion in others, nor defend you from melancholy in yourself.’ I then, showing a mislike that he pressed me so far, ‘I seek no better warrant,’ said I, ‘than my own conscience, nor no greater pleasure than mine own contentation.’ ‘Yet virtue seeks to satisfy others,’ said Basilius. ‘Those that be good,’ said I ; ‘and they will be satisfied as long as they see no evil.’ ‘Yet will the best in this country,’ said Basilius, ‘suspect so excellent beauty, being so weakly guarded.’ ‘Then are the best but stark naught,’ answered I ; ‘for open suspecting others comes of secret condemning themselves ; but in my country, whose manners I am in all places to maintain and reverence, the general goodness, which is nourished in our hearts, makes every one think the strength of virtue in another, whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves.’ ‘Excellent lady,’ said he, ‘you praise so greatly, and yet so wisely, your country, that I must needs desire to know what the nest is out of which such birds do fly.’ ‘You must first deserve it,’ said I, ‘before you may obtain it.’ ‘And by what means,’ said Basilius, ‘shall I deserve to know your estate?’ ‘By letting me first know

yours,' answered I. 'To obey you,' said he, 'I will do it, although it were so much more reason yours should be known first, as you do deserve in all points to be preferred. Know you, fair lady, that my name is Basilius, unworthily lord of this country; the rest, either fame hath already brought to your ears, or, if it please you to make this place happy by your presence, at more leisure you shall understand of me.' I that from the beginning assured myself it was he, but would not seem I did so, to keep my gravity the better, making a piece of reverence unto him, 'Mighty prince,' said I, 'let my not knowing you serve for the excuse of my boldness; and the little reverence I do you impute to the manner of my country, which is the invincible land of the Amazons; myself, niece to Senicia, queen thereof, lineally descended of the famous Penthesilea, slain by the bloody hand of Pyrrhus. I, having in this my youth determined to make the world see the Amazons' excellencies, as well in private as in public virtue, have passed some dangerous adventures in divers countries, till the unmerciful sea deprived me of my company; so that shipwreck casting me not far hence, uncertain wandering brought me to this place.' But Basilius, who now began to taste of that which since he had swallowed up, as I will tell you, fell to more cunning entreating my abode than any greedy host should use to well-paying passengers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires; yet had I learned already so much, that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he, to prove whether intercessions in fitter mouths might better prevail, commanded Dametas to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three ladies, although of diverse, yet of excellent beauty.

"His wife in grave matron-like attire, with countenance and gesture suitable, and of such fairness, being in the

strength of her age, as, if her daughters had not been by, might with just price have purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would think her a worthy mother of such children. The fair Pamela, whose noble heart, I find, doth greatly disdain that the trust of her virtue is reposed in such a lout's hands as Dametas', had yet, to show an obedience, taken on shepherdish apparel, which was but of russet cloth, cut after their fashion, with a straight body, open-breasted, the nether part full of plaits, with long and wide sleeves; but, believe me, she did apparel her apparel, and with the preciousness of her body made it most sumptuous. Her hair at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to show how far her hair doth excel in colour: betwixt her breasts, which sweetly rose up like two fair mountanets in the pleasant vale of Tempe, there hung a very rich diamond, set but in a black horn; the word I have since read is this, 'Yet still myself.' And thus particularly have I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partial but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the queen of love, young Philoclea, appeared; in her nymph-like apparel, her hair (alas, too poor a word, why should I not rather call them her beams?) drawn up into a net able to have caught Jupiter when he was in the form of an eagle, her body (O sweet body!) covered with a light taffeta garment, with the cast of her black eyes, black indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderful shining, or that she, goddess-like, would work this miracle with herself, in giving blackness the price above all beauty,—then, I say, indeed methought the lilies grew pale for envy, the roses methought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks, and

the clouds gave place that the heavens might more freely smile upon her ; at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished, and my sight, then more clear and forcible than ever, was so fixed there that I imagine I stood like a well-wrought image, with some life in show but none in practice. And so had I been like enough to have stayed long time, but that Gynecia, stepping between my sight and the only Philoclea, the change of object made me recover my senses ; so that I could with reasonable good manner receive the salutation of her and of the Princess Pamela, doing them yet no further reverence than one princess useth to another. But when I came to the never-enough praised Philoclea, I could not but fall down on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kissing it, I must confess, with more than womanly ardency, ‘Divine lady,’ said I, ‘let not the world nor these great princesses marvel to see me, contrary to my manner, do this special honour unto you, since all, both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty.’ But she, blushing like a fair morning in May at this my singularity, and causing me to rise, ‘Noble lady,’ said she, ‘it is no marvel to see your judgment much mistaken in my beauty, since you begin with so great an error as to do more honour unto me than to them to whom I myself owe all service.’ ‘Rather,’ answered I, with a bowed down countenance, ‘that shows the power of your beauty, which forced me to do such an error, if it were an error.’ ‘You are so well acquainted,’ said she, sweetly, most sweetly smiling, ‘with your own beauty, that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beauty.’ ‘Beauty in me?’ said I, truly sighing ; ‘alas, if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted unto them.’

“But then, as I think Basilius willing her so to do, ‘Well,’ said she, ‘I must needs confess I have heard that it is a

great happiness to be praised of them that are most praiseworthy; and well I find that you are an invincible Amazon, since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be anything, then let it obtain thus much of you, that you will remain some while in this company, to ease your own travel and our solitariness.' 'First let me die,' said I, 'before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vain.' And thus, with some other words of entertaining, was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge; truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for, it being set upon such an unsensible rising of the ground as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which, according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows. The lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the form of a star, having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the lodge. At the end of one of them is the other smaller lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious Pamela liveth; so that the lodge seemeth not unlike a fair comet, whose tail stretcheth itself to a star of less greatness.

"Gynecia herself brought me to her lodging, and afterwards I was invited to sup with them in the garden, where, in a banqueting house, the table, which turned with certain machinery, and we with it, was set near to an excellent water work, where, by the casting of the water in a most cunning manner, it makes, with the shining of the sun on it, a perfect rainbow. But only mine eyes did overtake Philoclea, and when the table was stayed and we began to feed, drank much

more eagerly of her beauty than my mouth did of any other liquor. Now thus I had, as methought, well played my first act, assuring myself that under that disguisement I should find opportunity to reveal myself to the owner of my heart. But who would think it possible, though I feel it true, that in almost eight weeks' space I have lived here, having no more company but her parents, and I, being familiar, as being a woman, and watchful, as being a lover, yet could never find opportunity to have one minute's leisure of private conference, the cause whereof is as strange as the effects are to me miserable? And, alas ! this it is.

“ But at the first sight Basilius had of me, Cupid having headed his arrows with my misfortune, he was stricken, taking me for what I professed, with an affection for me which is since grown into such doting love that I am choked with his tediousness. But this is not all ; for Gynecia, being a woman of excellent wit and strong working thoughts, believes that I am not a woman, and is jealous of my love for her daughter, and is as busy about me as a bee—nay, is devoured by a desperate affection. Thus, Musidorus, you have my tragedy played unto you by myself, which, I pray the gods, may not prove a tragedy.” Therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty sigh.

Musidorus recommended to his best discourse all which Pyrocles had told him. But therein he found such intricateness, that he could see no way to lead him out of the maze ; yet perceiving this affection so grounded that striving against it did rather anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendship in question than give place to any friendly counsel, “ Well,” said he, “ dear cousin, since it hath pleased the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of love, yet happy it is that your love is employed upon so rare a woman ; for certainly a noble cause doth ease much a

grievous case. But as it stands now, nothing vexeth me as that I cannot see wherein I can be serviceable unto you." "I desire no greater service of you," answered Pyrocles, "than that you remain secretly in this country, and sometimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you shall have my key to enter, because, as my fortune either amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you, and have your counsel and furtherance; and hereby I will of purpose lead her, that is the praise and yet the stain of all womankind, that you may have so good a view as to allow my judgment; and as I can get the most convenient time, I will come unto you; for, though by reason of yonder wood you cannot see the lodge, it is hard at hand. But now," said he, "it is time for me to leave you, and towards evening we will walk out of purpose hitherward; therefore keep yourself close in that time." But Musidorus, bethinking himself that his horse might happen to bewray him, thought it best to return, for that day, to a village not far off, and despatching his horse in some sort, the next day early to come afoot thither, and so to keep that course afterward, which Pyrocles very well liked of. "So farewell, cousin," said he: "no more Pyrocles, nor Daiphantus: none but Zelmane; Zelmane is my name."

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where, inflamed by Philoclea, watched by Gynecia, and tired by Basilius, she was like a horse desirous to run and miserably spurred, but so short reined as he cannot stir forward; Zelmane sought occasion to speak with Philoclea, Basilius with Zelmane, and Gynecia hindered them all. If Philoclea happened to sigh, and sigh she did often, as if that sigh were to be waited on, Zelmane sighed also, whereto Basilius and Gynecia soon made up four parts of sorrow. Therefore she endeavoured to beguile them with country sports, with the bow and the angle, and now she

brought a seeled* dove, who, the blinder she was, the higher she strove. Another time a kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let fly, caused all the kites in that quarter,† who, as oftentimes the world is deceived, thinking her prosperous when indeed she was wounded, made the poor kite find that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant show ; for one evening, as Basilius returned from having forced his thoughts to please themselves in such small conquest, there came a shepherd, who brought him word that a gentleman desired leave to do a message from his lord unto him. Basilius granted, whereupon the gentleman came, and after the dutiful ceremonies observed in his master's name, told him that he was sent from Phalantus of Corinth to crave license that, as he had done in many other courts, so he might in his presence defy all Arcadian knights in the behalf of his mistress's beauty, who would, besides, herself in person be present, to give evident proof what his lance should affirm. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant should bring his mistress's picture, which being set by the image of Artesia—so was the mistress of Phalantus named—who in six courses should have the better of the other in the judgment of Basilius, with him both the honours and the pictures should remain. Basilius, though he had retired himself into that solitary dwelling, with intention to avoid rather than to accept any matters of drawing company, yet, because he would entertain Zelmane, that she might not think the time so gainful to him loss to her, granted him to pitch his tent for three days not far from the

* With its eyes blindfolded.

† This passage is obscure ; probably after "quarter" we should read "to pursue her."

lodge, and to proclaim his challenge, that what Arcadian knight—for none else but upon his peril was licensed to come—would defend what he honoured against Phalantus should have the like freedom of access and return.

This obtained and published, Zelmane being desirous to learn what this Phalantus was, having never known him further than by report of his good justing, in so much as he was commonly called “The fair man of arms,” Basilius told her that he had had occasion by one very inward with him to know in part the discourse of his life, which was, that he was bastard-brother to the fair Helen, queen of Corinth, and dearly esteemed of her, for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wronglessly valiant, considerably pleasant in conversation, and an excellent courtier, without unfaithfulness, who, finding his sister’s unpersuadable melancholy, through the love of Amphialus, had for a time left her court, and gone into Laconia, where, in the war against the Helots, he had gotten the reputation of one that both durst and knew. “To the prince and court of Laconia none was more agreeable than Phalantus, and he, not given greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle current of it, having a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw and was acquainted with this Artesia, whose beauty he now defends, became her servant; said himself, and perchance thought himself, her lover. Taking love upon him like a fashion, he courted this lady Artesia, who was as fit to pay him in his own money as might be; for she, thinking she did wrong to her beauty if she were not proud of it, called her disdain of him chastity, and placed her honour in little setting by his honouring her, determining never to marry but him whom she thought worthy of her, and that was one in whom all worthinesses were harboured. And to this conceit not only

nature had bent her, but the bringing up she received at my sister-in-law, Cecropia, had confirmed her, who, having in her widowhood taken this young Artesia into her charge because her father had been a dear friend of her dead husband's, had taught her to think that there is no wisdom but in including both heaven and earth in one's self, and that love, courtesy, gratefulness, friendship, and all other virtues are rather to be taken on than taken in one's self. And so good a disciple she found of her, that, liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content, if so her son could have liked of it, to have wished her in marriage to my nephew Amphialus. But I think that desire hath lost some of his heat since she hath known that such a queen as Helen is doth offer so great a price as a kingdom to buy his favour; for, if I be not deceived in my good sister Cecropia, she thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks under a crown. But Artesia indeed liked well of my nephew Amphialus, insomuch that she hath both placed her only brother, a fine youth, called Ismenus, to be his squire, and herself is content to wait upon my sister, till she may see the uttermost what she may work in Amphialus.

“And there, after the war of the Helots, this knight Phalantus—at least, for tongue delight—made himself her servant; and she, so little caring as not to show mislike thereof, was content only to be noted to have a notable servant. For she made earnest benefit of his jest, forcing him, in respect of his profession, to do her such services as were both cumbersome and costly unto him, while he still thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatry. So that, lastly, she, I think, having in mind to make the fame of her beauty an orator for her to Amphialus, took the advantage one day, upon Phalantus' unconscionable praising of her, and certain castaway vows, how

much he would do for her sake, to arrest his word as soon as it was out of his mouth, and, by the virtue thereof, to charge him to go with her through all the courts of Greece, and, with the challenge now made, to give her beauty the principality over all other. Phalantus was entrapped, and saw round about him, but could not get out. And now hath he already passed the courts of Laconia, Elis, Argos, and Corinth; and, as many times it happens that a good pleader makes a bad cause to prevail, so hath his lance brought captives to the triumph of Artesia's beauty such as, though Artesia be among the fairest, yet in that company were to have the pre-eminency; for in those courts many knights that had been in other far countries defended such as they had seen and liked in their travel; but their defence had been such as they had forfeited the pictures of their ladies to give a forced false testimony to Artesia's excellency. And now lastly is he come hither, where he hath leave to try his fortune."

So, passing their time according to their wont, they waited for the coming of Phalantus, who, the next morning, having already caused his tents to be pitched near to a fair tree, hard by the lodge, had upon the tree made a shield to be hanged up, which the defendant should strike that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *impresa* in the shield was a heaven full of stars, with a speech signifying that it was the beauty which gave the praise. Himself came in next, after a triumphant chariot, made of carnation velvet enriched with purple and pearl, wherein Artesia sat, drawn by four winged horses, with artificial flaming mouths and fiery wings, as if she had newly borrowed them of Phoebus. Before her marched, two after two, certain footmen pleasantly attired, who between them held one picture after another of them that, by Phalantus' well running, had lost the prize in the race of beauty, and, at every pace they stayed, turned

the pictures to each side so leisurely that with perfect judgment they might be discerned. The first picture, followed in order of time as they had been won, was that of Andromana, queen of Iberia ; next that of the Princess of Elis, of whom it may be said that “liking is not always the child of beauty, for whatsoever one liketh is beautiful ;” for in her visage was neither majesty, grace, nor favour ; yet she wanted not a servant [lover]. Next was Artaxia, queen of Armenia ; Erona, queen of Lycia ; Baccha and Leucippe, two ladies of noble birth, the latter of a fine daintiness of beauty, one that could do much good and meant no hurt.

But she that followed conquered, indeed, with being conquered, and might well have made all the beholders wait upon her triumph, while herself were led captive. It was the excellently-fair Queen Helen, whose jacinth hair, curled by nature, but intercurled by art, like a fine brook through golden sands, had a rope of fair pearl, which, now hiding, now hidden by the hair, did, as it were, play at fast-and-loose each with other, mutually giving and receiving richness ; in her face so much beauty and favour expressed as, if Helen had not been known, some would rather have judged it the painter’s exercise to show what he could do than the counterfeiting of any living pattern ; for no fault the most fault-finding wit could have found, if it were not that to the rest of the body the face was somewhat too little ; but that little was such a spark of beauty as was able to enflame a world of love ; for everything was full of a choice fineness, that, if it wanted anything in majesty, it supplied it with increase in pleasure ; and, if at the first it strake not admiration, it ravished with delight ; and no indifferent soul there was which, if it could resist from subjecting itself to make it his princess, that would not long to have such a playfellow. As for her attire, it was costly and curious,

though the look, fixed with more sadness than it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune, bewrayed that, as she used those ornaments, not for herself, but to prevail with another, so she feared that all would not serve. But Basilius could not abstain from praising *Parthenia* as the perfect picture of a womanly virtue and wifely faithfulness, telling withal Zelmane how he had understood that, when, in the court of Laconia, her picture—maintained by a certain Sicyonian knight—was lost, through want rather of valour than justice, her husband, the famous Argalus, would in a chase have gone and redeemed it with a new trial. But she, more sporting than sorrowing for her undeserved champion, told her husband she desired to be beautiful in nobody's eye but his, and that she would rather mar her face as evil as ever it was than that it should be a cause to make Argalus put on armour. Then would Basilius have told Zelmane that which he already knew of the rare trial of that coupled affection, but the next picture made their mouths give place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which sat pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look so attentive upon it as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts; her apparel so poor, as it had nothing but the inside to adorn it; a sheep-hook lying by her with a bottle upon it. But, with all that poverty, beauty played the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greatest queen there did. Her beauty and her estate made her quickly to be known to be the fair shepherdess *Urania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, far in love with her, had unluckily defended.

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captive, was Zelmane, daughter to the king *Plexirtus*. "But divers besides these," said Basilius, "hath *Phalantus* won; but he leaves the rest, carrying only such who, either for

greatness of estate or of beauty, may justly glorify the glory of Artesia's triumph."

Thus talked Basilius with Zelmane, glad to make any matter subject to speak of with his mistress, while Phalantus in this pompous manner brought Artesia, with her gentlewomen, into one tent, by which he had another, where they both waited who would first strike upon the shield, while Basilius, the judge, appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till already it had consumed half his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, protesting himself as contrary to him in mind as he was in apparel; for Phalantus was all in white, having on his bases* and caparison embroidered a waving water, at each side whereof he had netting cast over, in which were divers fishes naturally made, and so prettily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to strive and leap in the net. But the other knight, by name Nestor, by birth an Arcadian, and in affection vowed to the fair shepherdess, was all in black, with fire burning both upon his armour and horse. His *impresa* in his shield was a fire made of juniper, with this word, "More easy and more sweet." But this hot knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he received of Phalantus, leaving his picture to keep company with the other of the same stamp. The next was Polycetes, greatly esteemed in Arcadia for deeds he had done in arms, and much spoken of for the honourable love he had long borne to Gynecia. But her champion went away as much discomfited as discomfited. Then Thelamon for Poxena, and Eurilion for Elpine, and Leon for Zoana, all brave knights, all fair ladies, with their going down, lifted up the balance of his praise for activity, and hers for fairness.

* *Bases*—the lower part of the coat armour which defended the loins.

Upon whose loss, as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ran a shepherd stripling—for his height made him more than a boy, and his face would not allow him a man—brown of complexion, whether by nature or by the sun's familiarity, but very lovely withal, for the rest so perfectly proportioned that Nature showed she doth not like men who slubber up matters of mean account. And well might his proportion be judged, for he had nothing upon him but a pair of slops,* and upon his body a goat-skin, which he cast over his shoulder, doing all things with so pretty a grace that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amiss because he had a heart to do well. Holding in his right hand a long scarf, and so coming with a look full of amiable fierceness, as in whom choler could not take away the sweetness, he came towards the king, and, making a reverence which in him was comely, because it was kindly—

“My liege lord,” said he, “I pray you hear a few words, for my heart will break if I say not my mind to you. I see here the picture of Urania, which I cannot tell how nor why these men, when they fall down, they say is not so fair as yonder gay woman. But, pray God, I may never see my old mother alive if I think she be any more match to Urania than a goat is to a fine lamb, or than the dog that keeps our flock at home is like your white greyhound that pulled down the stag last day. And therefore I pray you let me be drest as they be, and my heart gives me I shall tumble him on the earth; for, indeed, he might as well say that a cowslip is as white as a lily. Or else, I care not, let him come with his

* Loose breeches; nether garments that *slip* on easily, such as sailors wear.

“Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys.”

—BEN JONSON, “Alchemist,” act iii. sc. 2.

great staff and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can do to him.”

✓ Basilius saw it was the fine shepherd Lalus, whom once he had afore him in pastoral sports, and had greatly delighted him in his wit, full of pretty simplicity ; and therefore, laughing at his earnestness, he bade him be content, since he saw the pictures of so great queens were fain to follow their companion's fortune. But Lalus, even weeping ripe, went among the rest, longing to see somebody that would revenge Urania's wrong, and praying heartily for everybody that ran against Phalantus, then beginning to feel poverty that he could not set himself to that trial.

By-and-by when the sun, like a noble heart, began to show his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, came in a knight called Phebilus, an unknown lover of Philoclea ; his armour and attire of a sea colour, his impress [cognisance] a fish called a sepia, which being caught casts a black ink about itself ; his word was “ Not so.” At the second course he was stricken quite out of the saddle. But the night commanded truce for those sports, and Phalantus, though in-treated, would not leave Artesia, who in no case would come into the house, having, as it were, sucked of Cecropia's breath a mortal dislike against Basilius.

But the night, measured by the short ell of sleep, was soon past over, and the next morning had given the watchful stars leave to take their rest, when a trumpet summoned Basilius to play his judge's part ; which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him, Zelmane having locked her door so as they would not trouble her for that time ; for already there was a knight in the field ready to prove Helen of Corinth had received great injury, both by the erring judgment of the challenger and the unlucky weakness of her former defender. The new knight was quickly known to be Clitophon,

Kalander's son of Basilius' sister, by his armour, which, all gilt, was so well handled that it showed like a glittering sand and gravel interlaced with silver rivers. His device he had put in the picture of Helen, which he defended; it was the ermelin,* with a speech that signified, "Rather dead than spotted." But in that armour, since he had parted from Helen, he had performed so honourable actions, still seeking for his two friends by the names of Palladius and Daiphantus, that, though his face were covered, his being was discovered, which yet Basilius would not seem to do; but, glad to see the trial of him of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the trumpets to sound, to which the two brave knights obeying, they performed their courses, breaking their six staves with so good, both skill in the hitting and grace in the manner, that it bred some difficulty in the judgment. But Basilius in the end gave sentence against Clitophon, because Phalantus had broken more staves upon the head, and that once Clitophon had received such a blow that he had lost the reins of his horse, with his head well-nigh touching the crupper of the horse. But Clitophon was so angry with the judgment, wherein he thought he had received wrong, that he omitted his duty to his prince and uncle, and suddenly went his way, still in the quest of them whom, as then, he had left by seeking, and so yielded the field to the next comer, who, coming in about two hours after, was no less marked than all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking; for he had neither picture nor device, his armour of as old a fashion, besides the rusty poorness, that it might better seem a monument of his grandfather's courage. About his middle he had, instead of bases, a long cloak of silk, which as unhandsonely, as it needs must, became the wearer, so that all

* *Ermelin*—small ermine, a favourite charge in heraldry, symbolical of purity.

that looked on measured his length on the earth already, since he had to meet one who had been victorious of so many gallants. But he went on towards the shield, and with a sober grace strake it ; but as he let his sword fall upon it, another knight, all in black, came rustling in, who strake the shield almost as soon as he, and so strongly, that he brake the shield in two. The ill-appointed knight, for so the beholders called him, angry with that, as he accounted, insolent injury to himself, hit him such a sound blow that they that looked on said it well became a rude arm. The other answered him again in the same case, so that lances were put to silence, the swords were so busy.

But Phalantus, angry of this defacing shield, came upon the black knight, and with the pommel of his sword set fire to his eyes, which presently was avenged, not only by the black, but the ill-apparelled knight, who disdained another should enter into his quarrel, so as whoever saw a *matachin* dance,* to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the *matachin* ; for they, being but three that fought, every one had but two adversaries striking him, who struck the third, and revenging, perhaps, that of him which he had received of the other. But Basilius, rising himself, came to part them, the sticklers' authority scarcely able to persuade choleric hearers : and part them he did.

But, before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foot, who complained to Basilius, demanding justice on

* *Matachin dance*. A dance with swords, at which they strike, as if in earnest, at one another, receiving the blows on their bucklers. In Spanish it is called *Danza de matachenes*, French *matassasins*. Skinner suggests that it is so called from the Ital. *matto*, mad, because of the insane antics of the dancers. Douce thinks our dance of fools and the *matachin* dance to be equivalent. "But that I'm not a testy old fool like your father, I'd dance a *matachin* dance with you should make you sweat your best blood for it."—FLETCHER'S "Elder Brother," act v. sc. I.

the black knight for having by force taken away the picture of Pamela from him, which in little form he wore in a tablet, and, covered with silk, had fastened it to his helmet, purposing, for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with Artesia's length, not doubting but even in that little quantity the excellency of that would shine through the weakness of the other, as the smallest star doth through the whole element of fire. And, by the way, he had met with this black knight, who had, as he said, robbed him of it. The injury seemed grievous; but, when it came fully to be examined, it was found that the halting knight, meeting the other, asking the cause of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend Pamela's divine beauty against Artesia's, with a proud jollitie* commanded him to leave that quarrel only for him, who was only worthy to enter into it. But the black knight obeying no such commandments, they fell to such a bickering that he gat a halting and lost his picture. This understood by Basilius, he told him he was no fitter to look to his own body than another's picture; and so, uncomforted therein, he sent him away.

Then the question arising who should be the former [first] against Phalantus of the black or the ill-apparelled knight, who now had gotten the reputation of some sturdy lout, he had so well defended himself, of the one side was alleged the having a picture which the other wanted, of the other side the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was that the ill-apparelled knight should have the precedence if he delivered the figure of his mistress to Phalantus, who, asking him for it, "Certainly," said he: "her liveliest picture, if you could see it, is in my heart, and the best comparison I could make of her is of the sun and of all the other heavenly beauties. But because, perhaps, all eyes cannot

Jollitie—politeness, pretty behaviour.

taste the divinity of her beauty, and would rather be dazzled than taught by the light, if it be not clouded by some meaner thing, know ye, then, that I defend that same lady whose image Phebilus so feebly lost yesternight, and, instead of another, if you overcome me, you shall have me your slave to carry that image in your mistress's triumph." Phalantus easily agreed to the bargain, which readily he made his own.

But, when it came to the trial, the ill-apparelled knight, choosing out the greatest staves in all the store, at the first course gave his head such a remembrance that he lost almost his remembrance, he himself receiving the encounter of Phalantus without any extraordinary motion, and at the second gave him such a counterbuff that, because Phalantus was so perfect a horseman as not to be driven from the saddle, the saddle with broken girths was driven from the horse, Phalantus remaining angry and amazed, because now, being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befel him which he had never before known.

But the victory being by the judges given, and the trumpets witnessed, to the ill-apparelled knight, Phalantus' disgrace was ingrieved, in lieu of comfort, of Artesia, who, telling him she never looked for other, bade him seek some other mistress. He, excusing himself, and turning over the fault to fortune, "Then let that be your ill fortune too," said she, "that you have lost me."

"Nay, truly, madam," said Phalantus, "it shall not be so; for I think the loss of such a mistress will prove a great gain;" and so concluded—to the sport of Basilius, to see young folks' love, that came in masked with so great pomp, go out with so little constancy. But Phalantus, first professing great service to Basilius for his courteous intermitting his solitary course for his sake, would yet conduct Artesia to the

castle of Cecropia, whither she desired to go, vowing in himself that neither heart nor mouth love should ever any more entangle him ; and with that resolution he left the company. Whence all being dismissed—among whom the black knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honour, as he knew he should have done, to the picture of Pamela—the ill-apparelled knight (who was only desired to stay because Basilius meant to show him to Zelmane) pulled off his helmet, and then was known himself to be Zelmane, who that morning, as she told, while the others were busy, had stolen out to the prince's stable, which was a mile off from the lodge, had gotten a horse (they knowing it was Basilius' pleasure she should be obeyed), and, borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come upon the spur to redeem Philoclea's picture, which she said she could not bear (being one of that little wilderness-company) should be in captivity, if the cunning she had learnt in her country of the noble Amazons could withstand it ; and under that pretext fain she would have given a secret passport to her affection.

And so many days were spent. But the one being come on which, according to an appointed course, the shepherds were to assemble and make their pastoral sports before Basilius, Zelmane, fearing lest many eyes, and coming divers ways, might hap to spy Musidorus, went out to warn him thereof.

But, before she could come to the arbour, she saw, walking from her-ward, a man in shepherdish apparel, who, being in the sight of the lodge, it might seem he was allowed there. A long cloak he had on, but that cast under his right arm, wherein he held a sheep-hook so finely wrought that it gave a bravery to poverty, and his raiments, though they were mean, yet received they handsomeness by the grace of the

wearer, though he himself went but a kind of languishing pace, with his eyes sometimes cast up to heaven, as though his fancies strave to mount higher ; sometimes thrown down to the ground, as if the earth could not bear the burthen of his sorrows. At length, with a lamentable tune, he sung these few verses :—

“ Come, shepherd’s weeds, become your master’s mind,
Yield outward show what inward change he tries ;
Nor be abashed, since such a guest you find,
Whose strongest hope in your weak comfort lies.

“ Come, shepherd’s weeds, attend my woeful cries,
Disuse yourselves from sweet Menalcas’ voice ;
For other be those tunes which sorrow ties
From those clear notes which freely may rejoice ;
Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this :
Helpless his plaint who spoils himself of bliss.”

And having ended, he struck himself on the breast, saying, “O miserable wretch, whither do thy destinies guide thee ?” The voice made Zelmane hasten her pace to overtake him, which having done, she plainly perceived that it was her dear friend Musidorus; whereat marvelling not a little, she demanded of him whether the goddess of those woods had such a power to transform everybody ; or whether, as in all enterprises else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. “Alas !” said Musidorus, “what shall I say, who am loth to say, and yet fain would have said ? I find, indeed, that all is but lip wisdom which wants experience. I now (woe is me !) do try what love can do. O Zelmane, who will resist it must either have no wit, or put out his eyes. Can any man resist his creation ? Certainly by love we are made, and to love we are made. Beasts only cannot discern beauty; and let them be in the roll of beasts that do not honour it.” The perfect friendship Zelmane bare him,

and the great pity she, by good trial, had of such cases, could not keep her from smiling at him, remembering how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of lovers; and therefore, a little to punish him, "Why, how now, dear cousin," said she, "you that were last day so high in the pulpit against lovers, are you now become so mean an auditor? Remember that love is a passion, and that a worthy man's reason must ever have the masterhood." "I recant, I recant," cried Musidorus, and withal falling down prostrate. "O thou celestial or infernal spirit of love, or what other heavenly or hellish title thou list to have (for effects of both I find in myself), have compassion of me, and let thy glory be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee as in conquering those that were rebellious." "No, no," said Zelmane, "I see you well enough; you make but an interlude of my mishaps, and do but counterfeit thus, to make me see the deformity of my passions; but take heed that this jest do not one day turn to earnest." "Now I beseech thee," said Musidorus, taking her fast by the hand, "even for the truth of our friendship, of which, if I be not altogether an unhappy man, thou hast some remembrance, and by those secret flames which I know have likewise nearly touched thee, make no jest of that which hath so earnestly pierced me through, nor let that be light to thee which is to me so burdenous that I am not able to bear it." Musidorus, both in words and behaviour, did so lively deliver out his inward grief that Zelmane found, indeed, he was thoroughly wounded; but there rose a new jealousy in her mind, lest it might be with Philoclea, by whom, as Zelmane thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore, desirous to be cleared of that doubt, Musidorus shortly, as in haste and full of passionate perplexedness, thus recounted his case unto her:—

“The day,” said he, “I parted from you, I being in mind to return to a town from whence I came hither, my horse, being before tired, would scarce bear me a mile hence, where, being benighted, the sight of a candle I saw a good way off guided me to a young shepherd’s house, by name Menalcas, who, seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitality which seems to be harboured in the Arcadian breasts, and though not with curious costliness, yet with cleanly sufficiency, entertained me ; and having, by talk with him, found the manner of the country something more in particular than I had by Kalander’s report, I agreed to sojourn with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to observe ; and so hither to your arbour divers times repaired, and here by your means had the sight—O that it had never been so ; nay, O that it might ever be so—of the goddess who, in a definite compass, can set forth infinite beauty.

“When I first saw her I was presently stricken ; and I, like a foolish child, that, when anything hits him, will strike himself upon it, would needs look again, as though I would persuade mine eyes that they were deceived. But, alas ! well have I found that love to a yielding heart is a king, but to a resisting is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sank into it. But what mean I to speak of the causes of my love, which is as impossible to describe as to measure the backside of heaven? Let this word suffice: I love. And she, in good soöth, whom I love is Pamela. And that you may know I do so, it was I that came in black armour to defend her picture, where I was both prevented and beaten by you. And so I that waited here to do you service have now myself most need of succour.”

“But whereupon got you yourself this apparel?” said Zelmane. “I had forgotten to tell you,” said Musidorus,

“though that were one principal matter of my speech, so much am I now master of my own mind. But thus it happened : being returned to Menalcas’ house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting under the weight, my courage stirred up my wit to seek for some relief before I yielded to perish. At last this came into my head, that very evening that I had to no purpose last used my horse and armour. I told Menalcas that I was a Thessalian gentleman, who, by mischance having killed a great favourite of the prince of that country, was pursued so cruelly that in no place but, either by favour or corruption, they would obtain my destruction ; and that therefore I was determined, till the fury of my persecutors might be assuaged, to disguise myself among the shepherds of Arcadia, and, if it were possible, to be one of them that were allowed the prince’s presence ; because, if the worst should fall that I were discovered, yet, having gotten the acquaintance of the prince, it might happen to move his heart to protect me. Menalcas, being of an honest disposition, pitied my case, which my face, through my inward torment, made credible ; and so, I giving him largely for it, let me have this raiment, instructing me in all particularities touching himself, or myself, which I desired to know ; yet not trusting so much to his constancy as that I would lay my life, and life of my life upon it, I hired him to go into Thessalia to a friend of mine, and to deliver him a letter from me, conjuring him to bring me as speedy an answer as he could, because it imported me greatly to know whether certain of my friends did yet possess any favour, whose intercessions I might use for my restitution. He willingly took my letter, which, being well sealed, indeed contained other matter. For I wrote to my trusty servant Calodoulus, whom you know, that as soon as he had delivered the letter, he should keep him prisoner in his house,

not suffering him to have conference with anybody till he knew my further pleasure : in all other respects that he should use him as my brother. And here is Menalcas gone, and here I a poor shepherd ; more proud of this estate than of any kingdom ; so manifest it is that the highest point outward things can bring one unto is the contentment of the mind ; with which no estate—without which, all estates—be miserable. Now have I chosen this day, because, as Menalcas told me, the other shepherds are called to make their sports, and hope that you will, with your credit, find means to get me allowed among them.”

“You need not doubt,” answered Zelmane, “but that I will be your good mistress ; marry, the best way of dealing must be by Dametas, who—since his blunt brain hath perceived some favour the prince doth bear unto me, as without doubt the most servile flattery is lodged most easily in the grossest capacity, for their ordinary conceit draweth a yielding to their greater, and then have they not wit to discern the right degrees of duty—is much more serviceable unto me than I can find any cause to wish him. And here comes the very person of Dametas.” And so he did indeed, with a sword by his side, a forest bill on his neck, and a chopping knife under his girdle ; in which well provided for he had ever gone since the fear Zelmane had put him in. But he no sooner saw her, but with head and arms he laid his reverence afore her, enough to have made any man forswear all courtesy. And then in Basilius’ name he did invite her to walk down to the place where that day they were to have the pastorals.

But when he spied Musidorus to be none of the shepherds allowed in that place, he would fain have persuaded himself to utter some anger, but that he durst not ; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gave occasion to Musidorus to come near him, and feign his tale

of his own life: that he was a younger brother of the shepherd Menalcas, by name Dorus, sent by his father in his tender age to Athens, there to learn some cunning more than ordinary, that he might be the better liked of the prince; and that, after his father's death, his brother Menalcas, lately gone thither to fetch him home, was also deceased, where, upon his death, he had charged him to seek the service of Dametas, and to be wholly and ever guided by him, as one in whose judgment and integrity the prince had singular confidence. For token whereof, he gave to Dametas a good sum of gold in ready coin, which Menalcas had bequeathed unto him, upon condition he should receive this poor Dorus into his service, that his mind and manners might grow the better by his daily example.

Dametas, that of all manners of style could best conceive of golden eloquence, being withal tickled by Musidorus' praises, had his brain so turned that he became slave to that which he that sued to be his servant offered to give him, yet, for countenance' sake, he seemed very squeamish, in respect of the charge he had of the Princess Pamela. But such was the secret operation of the gold, helped with the persuasion of the Amazon Zelmane, who said it was pity so handsome a young man should be anywhere else than with so good a master, that in the end he agreed, if that day he behaved himself to the liking of Basilius as he might be contented, that then he would receive him into his service.

And thus went they to the lodge, where they found Gynecia and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themselves there a while until the shepherds' coming; whither also taking Zelmane with them, as they went Dametas told them of Dorus, and desired he might be accepted there that day in stead of his brother Menalcas. As for Basilius, he stayed behind to bring the shepherds, with

whom he meant to confer, to breed the better Zelmane's liking, which he only regarded, while the other beautiful band came to the fair field appointed for the shepherdish pastimes.

It was indeed a place of delight, for through the midst of it there ran a sweet brook, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, and yet seek to close the eye with the purling noise it made upon the pebble stones it ran over, the field itself being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing green; the roses added such a ruddy show unto it as though the field were bashful at his own beauty about it. As if it had been to inclose a theatre, grew such sort of trees as either excellency of fruit, stateliness of growth, continual greenness, or poetical fancies have made at any time famous; in most part of which there had been framed by art such pleasant arbours that, one answering another, they became a gallery aloft from tree to tree almost round about, which below gave a perfect shadow—a pleasant refuge then from the choleric look of Phœbus.

In this place, while Gynecia walked hard by them, carrying many unquiet contentions about her, the ladies sat them down, inquiring divers questions of the shepherd Dorus, who, keeping his eye still upon Pamela, answered with such a trembling voice and abashed countenance, and oftentimes so far from the matter, that it was some sport to the young ladies, thinking it want of education which made him so discountenanced with unwonted presence. But Zelmane, that saw in him the glass of her own misery, taking the hand of Philoclea, and with burning kisses setting it close to her lips, as if it should stand there like a hand in the margin of a book, to note some saying worthy to be marked, began to speak these words: "O Love, since thou art so changeable in men's estates, how art thou so constant in their torments?"

when suddenly there came out of a wood a monstrous lion, with a she-bear not far from him, of little less fierceness, which, as they guessed, having been hunted in forests far off, were by chance come thither, where before such beasts had never been seen. Then care, not fear, or fear not for themselves, altered something the countenances of the two lovers; but so, as any man might perceive, was rather an assembling of powers than dismayedness of courage. Philoclea no sooner espied the lion, but that, obeying the commandment of fear, she leapt up and ran to the lodge-ward as fast as her delicate legs could carry her, while Dorus drew Pamela behind a tree, where she stood quaking like the partridge on which the hawk is even ready to seize. But the lion, seeing Philoclea run away, bent his race to herward, and was ready to seize himself on the prey, when Zelmane, to whom danger then was a cause of dreadlessness, all the composition of her elements being nothing but fiery, with swiftness of desire crossed him, and with force of affection strake him such a blow upon his chine that she opened all his body, wherewith the valiant beast turning her with open jaws, she gave him such a thrust through his breast that all the lion could do was with his paw to tear off the mantle and sleeve of Zelmane with a little scratch, rather than a wound, his death-blow having taken away the effect of his force; but therewithal he fell down, and gave Zelmane leisure to take off his head, to carry it for a present to her lady Philoclea, who all this while, not knowing what was done behind her, kept on her course, like Arethusa when she ran from Alpheus. Zelmane, carrying the lion's head in her hand, did not fully overtake her till they came to the presence of Basilius. Neither were they long there but that Gynecia came thither also, who had been in such a trance of musing that Zelmane was fighting with the lion before she knew of

any lion's coming ; but then affection resisting, and the soon ending of the fight preventing all extremity of fear, she marked Zelmane's fighting, and when the lion's head was off, as Zelmane ran after Philoclea, so she could not find in her heart but run after Zelmane.

Being all come before Basilius, amazed with this sight, and fear having such possession in the fair Philoclea that her blood durst not yet come to her face to take away the name of paleness from her most pure whiteness, Zelmane kneeled down and presented the lion's head unto her. "Only lady," said she. "here see you the punishment of that unnatural beast,* which, contrary to his own kind, would have wronged prince's blood, guided with such traitorous eyes as durst rebel against your beauty." "Happy am I, and my beauty both," answered the sweet Philoclea, then blushing—for Fear had bequeathed his room to his kinsman Bashfulness—"that you, excellent Amazon, were there to teach him good manners." "And even thanks to that beauty," answered Zelmane, "which can give an edge to the bluntest swords." There Philoclea told her father how it had happened, but as she had turned her eyes in her tale to Zelmane, she perceived some blood upon Zelmane's shoulder, so that starting with the lovely grace of pity, she showed

* *Unnatural beast*—i.e., to assault a legitimate prince. It was fabled by the old heralds that the lion would not attack a prince of blood royal. Hence, in coat armour, that charge signifies not only valour but royalty. Shakespeare refers to this when Falstaff makes his admirable excuse for cowardice, Henry IV., Part I., act ii. sc. 4: "Why, hear ye, my masters ; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules ; but beware instinct : *the lion will not touch the true prince.* Instinct is a great matter ; I was a coward upon instinct ; I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life : I for a valiant lion, thou for a *true* prince." The excuse is excellent, because so delicately complimentary.

it to her father and mother, who 'as the 'nurse sometimes with over-much kissing may forget to give the babe suck, so had they, with too much delighting in beholding and praising Zelmane, left off to mark whether she needed succour. But then they ran both unto her, like a father and mother to an only child, and, though Zelmane assured them it was nothing, would needs see it, Gynecia having skill in chirurgery, an art in those days much esteemed, because it served to virtuous courage, which even ladies would, ever with the contempt of cowards, seem to cherish. But, looking upon it, which gave more inward bleeding wounds to Zelmane, for she might sometimes feel Philoclea's touch while she helped her mother, she found it was indeed of no importance; yet applied she a precious balm unto it, of power to heal a greater grief.

But even then, and not before, they remembered Pamela, and, therefore, Zelmane, thinking of her friend Dorus, was running back to be satisfied, when they might all see Pamela coming between Dorus and Dametas, having in her hand the paw of a bear, which the shepherd Dorus had newly presented unto her, desiring her to accept it, as of such a beast, which, though she deserved death for her presumption, yet was her wit to be esteemed, since she could make so sweet a choice. Dametas for his part came piping and dancing, the merriest man in a parish; and when he came so near as he might be heard of Basilius, he would needs break through his ears with a joyful song of their good success.

Being all now come together, and all desirous to know each other's adventures, Pamela's noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant mean of her safety, which, directing her speech to her mother, she did in this manner: "As soon," said she, "as ye were all run away, and that I hoped to be in safety, there came out of the same woods a horrible fowl bear, which, fearing, belike, to deal

while the lion was present, as soon as he was gone, came furiously towards the place where I was, and this young shepherd left alone by me. I truly, not guilty of any wisdom, which since they lay to my charge, because they say it is the best refuge against that beast, but even pure fear bringing forth that effect of wisdom, fell down flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for, indeed, I was little better. But this young shepherd, with a wonderful courage, having no other weapon but that knife you see, standing before the place where I lay, so behaved himself that the first sight I had, when I thought myself already near Charon's ferry, was the shepherd showing me his bloody knife in token of victory." "I pray you," said Zelmane, speaking to Dorus, whose valour she was careful to have manifested, "in what sort, so ill weaponed, could you achieve this enterprise?"

"Noble lady," said Dorus, "the manner of these beasts' fighting with any man is to stand up upon their hinder feet; and so this did; and being ready to give me a shrewd embracement, I think the god Pan (ever careful of the chief blessing of Arcadia) guided my hand so just to the heart of the beast that neither she could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the princess. For my part, I am rather, with all subjected humbleness, to thank her excellencies, since the duty thereunto gave me heart to save myself, than to receive thanks for a deed which was her only inspiring." And this Dorus spoke, keeping affection as much as he could back from coming into his eyes and gestures. But Zelmane, that had the same character in her heart, could easily decipher it, and therefore, to keep him the longer in speech, desired to understand the conclusion of the matter, and how the honest Dametas was escaped. "Nay," said Pamela, "none shall take that office from myself, being so much bound to him as

I am for my education.” And with that word, scorn borrowing the countenance of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on :—“When,” said she, “Dorus made me assuredly perceive that all cause of fear was passed, the truth is, I was ashamed to find myself alone with this shepherd ; and therefore, looking about me if I could see anybody, at length we both perceived the gentle Dametas lying with his head and breast as far as he could thrust himself into a bush, drawing up his legs as close unto him as he could ; for, like a man of a very kind nature, soon to take pity of himself, he was full resolved not to see his own death. And when this shepherd pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheer, it was a great while ere we could persuade him that Dorus was not the bear, so that he was fain to pull him out by the heels and show him the beast as dead as he could wish it, which, you may believe me, was a very joyful sight unto him. But then he forgot all courtesy, for he fell upon the beast, giving it many a manful wound, swearing by much it was not well such beasts should be suffered in a commonwealth ; and then my governor, as full of joy as before of fear, came dancing and singing before, as even now you saw him.”

“Well, well,” said Basilius, “I have not chosen Dametas for his fighting, nor for his discoursing, but for his plainness and honesty ; and therein I know he will not deceive me.” But then he told Pamela (not so much because she should know it as because he would tell it) the wonderful act Zelmane had performed. Poor Dorus, though of equal desert, yet not proceeding of equal estate, would have been left forgotten had not Zelmane again, with great admiration, begun to speak of him, asking whether it were the fashion or no in Arcadia that shepherds should perform such valorous enterprises.

This Basilius, having the quick sense of a lover, took as though his mistress had given him a secret reprehension that he had not showed more gratefulness to Dorus, and therefore, as nimbly as he could, inquired of his estate, adding promise of great rewards, among the rest offering to him, if he would exercise his courage in soldiery, he would commit some charge unto him under his lieutenant Philanax. But Dorus, whose ambition climbed by another stair, having first answered touching his estate, that he was brother to the shepherd Menalcas, who among other was wont to resort to the prince's presence, and excused his going to soldiery by the unaptness he found in himself that way, he told Basilius that his brother in his last testament had willed him to serve Dametas, and therefore for due obedience thereunto he would think his service greatly rewarded if he might obtain by that means to live in the sight of his prince, and yet practise his own chosen vocation. Basilius, liking well his goodly shape and handsome manner, charged Dametas to receive him like a son into his house, saying that his valour and Dametas' truth would be good bulwarks against such mischiefs as, he sticked not to say, were threatened to his daughter Pamela.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had been said, because he had no worse to fall into than his own, accepted Dorus, and withal telling Basilius that some of the shepherds were come, demanded in what place he would see their sports, who first curious to know whether it were not more requisite for Zelmane's hurt to rest than sit up at those pastimes, and she (that felt no wound but one) earnestly desired to have the pastorals, Basilius commanded it should be at the gate of the lodge, where the throne of the prince being, according to the ancient manner, he made Zelmane sit between him and his wife therein, who thought herself between drowning and burning, and the two young ladies of

either side the throne, and so prepared their eyes and ears to be delighted by the shepherds.

But before all of them were assembled to begin their sports, there came a fellow who, being out of breath, or seeming so to be, for haste, with humble hastiness told Basilius that his mistress the lady Cecropia had sent him to excuse the mischance of her beasts ranging in that dangerous sort, being happened by the folly of the keeper, who, thinking himself able to rule them, had carried them abroad, and so was deceived, whom yet, if Basilius would punish for it, she was ready to deliver. Basilius made no other answer but that his mistress, if she had any more such beasts, should cause them to be killed ; and then he told his wife and Zelmane of it, because they should not fear those woods, as though they harboured such beasts where the like had never been seen.

The First Eclogue.

BASILIUS, because Zelmane so would have it, used the artificial day of torches to lighten the sports their inventions could minister ; and, because many of the shepherds were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chastise their negligence with making them (for that night) the torch-bearers ; and the other he willed with all freedom of speech and behaviour to keep their accustomed method, which while they prepared to do, Dametas, who much disdained, since his late authority, all his old companions, brought his servant Dorus in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himself stood like a director over them, with nodding, gaping winking, or stamping, showing how he did like or dislike those things he did not understand. The first sports the shepherds showed were full of such leaps and gambols as

being according to the pipe (which they bare in their mouths, even as they danced), made a right picture of their god Pan, and his companions the satyrs. Then would they cast away their pipes, and, holding hand in hand, dance, as it were, in a broul,* by the only cadence of their voices, which they would use in singing some short couplets, whereto the one half beginning, the other half should answer, saying—

“ We love, and have our loves rewarded :”

the others would answer—

“ We love, and are no whit regarded ;”

the first again—

“ We find most sweet affection’s snare ;”

with like tune it should be, as in a quire, sent back again—

“ That sweet, but sour, despairful care.”

A third time, likewise, thus—

“ Who can despair whom hope doth bear ?”

the answer—

“ And who can hope that feels despair ?”

Then, joining all their voices, and dancing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words—

“ As without breath no pipe doth move,
No music kindly without love.”

Having varied both their song and dances into divers sorts of inventions, their last sport was, one of them to provoke another to a more large expressing of his passions ; which Thyrsis (accounted one of the best singers amongst them), having marked in Dorus’ dancing no less good grace and handsome behaviour than extreme tokens of a troubled mind,

* A dance imported from France, spelt at first *bransle*.

“ Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. c. 10.

began first with his pipe, and then with his voice, to challenge Dorus in song, and was by him answered in the like sort.

But before any other came in to supply the place, Zelmane, having heard some of the shepherds by chance name Strephon and Claius, supposing thereby they had been present, was desirous both to hear them for the sake of their friendly love, and to know them for their kindness towards her best-loved friend. Much grieved was Basilius that any desire of his mistress should be unsatisfied; and, therefore, to represent them unto her (as well as in their absence it might be), he commanded one Lamon, who had at large set down their country pastimes and first love to Urania, to sing the whole discourse, which he did in this manner* :—

“ A SHEPHERD’S tale no height of style desires,
 To raise in words what in effect is low ;
 A plaining song plain-singing voice requires,
 For warbling notes from cheering [heart do] flow.

* *In this manner.* Much of the poetry which abounds in this part of the book the Editor has found it necessary, in compressing the romance, to excise. It is believed that this will not be regretted by the reader, because, to speak with critical truth, but due reverence, by far the greater part—nearly all that is omitted—is somewhat wearisome and tedious. The verses seem to be poetical exercises of Sidney; some are Sapphics, *e.g.*, printed *literatim*—

“ If mine eyes can speak, to do heartie errand,
 Or mine eyes language she do hap to judge of,
 So that eie’s message be of her received,
 Hope we do live yet.”

Others are “songs” of Hexameters, in which Dorus and Zelmane answer each other, “in like tune (?) and verse,” and too often make the verse halt for it. Thus—

“ Here you fully do find the strange operation of love,
 How to the woods love run’s, as well as ride’s to the Palace ;
 Neither he bear’s reverence to a Prince, nor pitie to beggar.”

It is presumed that few readers will regret the omission of some pages of such matter; especially since the delightful love episode, which is worthy of Spenser, has been retained.

I, then, whose burden'd breast but thus aspires
 Of shepherds two the seely cause to show,
 Need not the stately Muses' help invoke
 For creeping rimes, which often sighings choke.
 But you, O you, that think not tears too dear
 To spend for harms, although they touch you not,
 And deign to deem your neighbours' mischief near,
 Although they be of meaner parents got :
 You I invite with easy ears to hear
 The poor-clad truth of love's wrong-order'd lot.

 Who may be glad, be glad you be not such ;
 Who share in woe, weigh others have as much.

There was (O seldom-blessed word of "was" !)

↓ A pair of friends, or rather one call'd two,
 Train'd in the life which on short-bitten grass
 In shine or storm must set the clouted shoe.

He that the other in some years did pass,
 And in those gifts that years distribute do,

 Was Claius call'd (ah, Claius, woeful wight !);

 The later born, yet too soon, Strephon hight.

Epeirus high was honest Claius' nest;

To Strephon Æole's land first breathing lent :

But east and west were join'd by friendship's
 hest.

As Strephon's ear and heart to Claius bent,

So Claius' soul did in his Strephon rest.

Still both their flocks flocking together went,

 As if they would of owners' humour be,

 As eke their pipes did well as friends agree.

Claius for skill of herbs and shepherd's art

Among the wisest was accounted wise,

Yet not so wise as of unstained heart :

Strephon was young, yet mark'd with humble eyes

How elder rul'd their flocks, and cur'd their smart,
So that the grave did not his words despise.

Both free of mind, both did clear dealing love, ✓

And both had skill in verse their voice to move.

Their cheerful minds, till poisoned was their cheer,

The honest sports of earthly lodging prove :

Now for a clod-like hare in form they peer ;

Now bolt and cudgel squirrel's leap do move ;

Now the ambitious lark with mirror clear

They catch, while he (fool !) to himself makes love ;

And now at keels* they try a harmless chance,

And now their cur they teach to fetch and dance.

When merry May first early calls the morn,

With merry maids a-Maying they do go :

Then do they pull from sharp and niggard thorn

The plenteous sweets (can sweets so sharply grow ?),

Then some green gowns are by the lasses worn

In chastest plays, till home they walk arow ;

While dance about the May-pole is begun,

When, if need were, they could at quintin run.

While thus they ran a low but levell'd race, "

While thus they liv'd (this was indeed a life),

* *Keels*—*keel*, *calan*, Sax., is "to cool;" and a "keel," a vessel wherein liquors stand to cool. Probably Sidney, who adopted a phonetic spelling, intends by this word "keels" the French game of *quilles*, in Saxon *kayles*, which was similar to our nine-pins, save that the pins were set up not in three rows, but in a line, and at these the player threw a cudgel; so that it has been suggested that, with the variation of having the pins (sticks) crowned with toys, the game is still common at our fairs and races. In the Royal MS. 2, b. vii. there is an illumination of this game—eight pins, whereof three have been knocked down standing in a row. In Devonshire, a "keel-alley" is a bowling-alley. I have not thought it worth while to explain more known games, as running at quintin (quintain), &c., believing such would be diverting the attention of the intelligent reader to no purpose.

With nature pleas'd, content with present case,
 Free of proud fears, brave begg'ry, smiling strife
 Of climb-fall court, the envy-hatching place ;
 While those restless desires in great men rife,
 To visit so low folks did much disdain :

This while, though poor, they in themselves did reign.
 One day (O day that shin'd to make them dark !),
 While they did ward sun-beams with shady bay,
 And Claius, taking for his youngling cark [care]
 (Lest greedy eyes to them might challenge lay),
 Busy with ochre did their shoulders mark
 (His mark a pillar was devoid of stay,
 As bragging that free of all passions' moan,
 Well might he others bear, but lean to none),
 Strephon with leafy twigs of laurel tree
 A garland made on temples for to wear ;
 For him then chosen was the dignity
 Of village lord that Whitsuntide to bear,
 And full, poor fool ! of boyish bravery,
 With triumph's shows would show he nought did fear.

But fore-accounting oft makes builders miss :
 They found, they felt, they had no lease of bliss ;
 For ere that either had his purpose done,
 Behold (beholding well it doth deserve)
 They saw a maid, who thitherward did run
 To catch her sparrow, which from her did swerve
 As she a black silk cap on him begun
 To set for foil of his milk-white to serve.

She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
 Till hard by them both he and she did stay.
 Well for to see, they kept themselves unseen,
 And saw this fairest maid, of fairer mind ;
 By fortune mean, in nature born a queen ;

How well apaid she was her bird to find ;
 How tenderly her tender hands between,
 In ivory cage, she did the micher* bind ;
 How rosy, moisten'd lips about his beak
 Moving, she seem'd at once to kiss and speak.
 This done—but done with captive-killing grace—
 Each motion seeming shot from Beauty's bow,
 With length laid down she deck'd the lovely place.
 Proud grew the grass that under her did grow,
 The trees spread out their arms to shade her
 face ;
 But she, on elbow lean'd, with sighs did show
 No grass, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might
 The long-perplexed mind breed long delight.
 She troubled was (alas that it mought be !)
 With tedious brawlings of her parents dear,
 Who would have her in will and word agree ✓
 To wed Antaxius, their neighbour near.
 A herdman rich, of much account was he,
 In whom no evil did reign, nor good appear.
 In sum, such one she lik'd not his desire :
 Fain would be free, but dreadeth parents' ire. ✓
 Kindly, sweet soul ! she did unkindness take,
 That bagged baggage of a miser's mud
 Should price of her, as in a market, make ;
 But gold can gild a rotten piece of wood.
 To yield she found her noble heart did ache ;
 To strive she fear'd how it with virtue stood.
 Thus doubting clouds o'ercasting heav'nly brain,
 At length in rows of kiss-cheeks tears they rain.

* *Micher*—idler, still preserved as *mike* in our slang.

“ Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher* ? ”

SHAKS. Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Cupid, the wag that lately conquer'd had
 Wise counsellors, stout captains, puissant kings,
 And tied them fast to lead his triumph bad,
 Glutted with them, now plays with meanest things.
 So oft in feasts with costly changes clad
 To crammed maws a sprat new stomach brings :
 So lords, with sport of stag and heron full,
 Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull.

So now for prey these shepherds two he took,
 Whose metal stiff he knew he could not bend
 With hearsay pictures or a window-look ;
 With one good dance, or letter finely penn'd,
 That were in court a well-proportion'd hook,
 Where piercing wits do quickly apprehend,
 ✓ Their senses rude plain objects only move,
 And so must see great cause before they love.
 Therefore Love, arm'd in her now, takes the field,
 Making her beams his bravery and might ;
 Her hands, which pierc'd the soul's sev'n-double
 shield,

Were now his dart, leaving his wonted fight.
 Brave crest to him her scorn-gold hair did yield ;
 His complete harness was her purest white.

But, fearing lest all white might seem too good,
 In cheeks and lips the tyrant threatens blood.
 Besides this force, within her eyes he kept
 A fire, to burn the prisoners he gains,
 Whose boiling heart increased as she wept ;
 For ev'n in forge cold water fire maintains.
 Thus proud and fierce unto the hearts he stept
 Of them poor souls ; and, cutting reason's reins,
 Made them his own before they had it wist.
 But, if they had, could sheep-hooks this resist ?

Claius straight felt, and groaned at the blow,
 And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aid ;
 Strephon, fond boy, delighted, did not know
 That it was Love that shin'd in shining maid ;
 But, lick'rous-poison'd, fain to her would go,
 If him new learned manners had not stay'd.

For then Urania homeward did arise,

Leaving in pain their well-fed hungry eyes.

She went, they stay'd, or, rightly for to say,
 She stay'd in them, they went in thought with her ;
 Claius, indeed, would fain have pull'd away
 This mote from out his eye, the inward burr ;
 And now, proud rebel, 'gan for to gainsay
 The lesson which but late he learn'd too furr,^{* as}

Meaning with absence to refresh the thought

To which her presence such a fever brought.

Strephon did leap with joy and jollity,
 Thinking it just more therein to delight
 Than in good dog, fair field, or shading tree.
 So have I seen trim books in velvet dight,
 With golden leaves and painted babery,
 Of silly boys please unacquainted sight ;

But when the rod began to play his part,

Fain would, but could not, fly from golden smart.

He quickly learn'd Urania was her name,
 And straight, for failing, grav'd it in his heart ;
 He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,
 And taught his sheep her sheep in food to thwart,

* We have before noticed Sidney's phonetic spelling, hence this word to rhyme with "burr." Mr. Lowell, in his Second Edition of the "Biglow Papers," cites this as an inelegancy, but surely hypercritically. "Far" is continually pronounced "furr" by the Irish, probably from the early English invaders; just as they call "tea" "tay" (*thé*), as did Swift, Pope, and all the best society of Queen Anne's time.

Which soon as it did bateful question frame,
 He might on knees confess his faulty part,
 And yield himself unto her punishment,
 While nought but game the self-hurt wanton meant.
 Nay, even unto her home he oft would go,
 Where, bold and hurtless, many play he tries,
 Her parents liking well it should be so—
 For simple goodness shined in his eyes.
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,
 While into none doubt of his love did sink,
 For not himself to be in love did think.
 But glad desire, his late embosom'd guest,
 Yet but a babe, with milk of sight he nurst.
 Desire, the more he suck'd, more sought the breast,
 Like dropsy-folk still drink to be athirst.
 Till one fair ev'n, an hour ere sun did rest,
 Who then in Lion's cave did enter first,
 By neighbours pray'd, she went abroad thereby,
 At barley-break* her sweet, swift foot to try.

* *Barley-break*—Gifford says that this game, to which many allusions occur in the old dramatists, was played by six persons, three of each sex, coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, divided into three parts, the middle of which was called Hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others who advanced from the other compartments; when successful, a change took place, and Hell was occupied by the couple excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this "catching" there was, however, some difficulty, as, by the rules, the middle couple were not to separate, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken, the last couple were said to be in Hell, and the game ended. *In tenui labor!* Beaumont and Fletcher, "Scornful Lady," act v. sc. 4, refer thus to the game: "Here's the last couple in Hell." Sir John Suckling prettily moralises the play:—

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
 Three mates to play at barley-break;

Never the Earth on his^r round shoulders bare
 A maid train'd up from high or low degree
 That in her doings better could compare
 Mirth with respect, few words with courtesy,
 A careless comeliness with comely care,
 Self-guard with mildness, sport with majesty,
 Which made her yield to deck this shepherds' band ;
 And still, believe me, Strephon was at hand.
 Afield they go, where many lookers be,
 And thou seek-sorrow Claius them among ;
 Indeed, thou said'st it was thy friend to see,
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd unto thee long : ✓
 While most with her, he less did keep with thee.
 No, no, it was in spite of wisdom's song,
 Which absence wish'd, love play'd a victor's part :
 The heav'n-love loadstone drew thy iron heart.
 Then couples three be straight allotted there,
 They of both ends the middle two do fly ;
 The two that, in mid-place, Hell called were,
 Must strive, with waiting foot and watching eye,

Love Folly took ; and Reason Fancy ;
 And Hate consorts with Pride : so dance they ;
 Love coupled last, and so it fell
 That Love and Folly were in Hell.

“ They break, and Love would Reason meet ;
 But Hate was nimble on her feet :
 Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
 Flies, and they two hug together ;
 Yet this new coupling still doth tell
 That Love and Folly were in Hell.

“ The rest do break again, and Pride
 Hath now got Reason on her side ;
 Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
 Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand ;
 Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
 So Love and Folly were in Hell.” -

ARCADIA.—Book I.

catch of them, and them to Hell to bear,
That they, as well as they, Hell may supply ;
Like some which seek to salve their blotted name
With other's blot, till all do taste of shame.

There may you see, soon as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make.
They, false and fearful, do their hands undo,
Brother his brother, friend doth his friend forsake,
Heeding himself, cares not how fellow do,
But of a stranger mutual help doth take ;
As perjur'd cowards in adversity.

With sight of fear, from friends to fremb'd* do fly.
But never did Medea's golden weed
On Creon's child his poison sooner throw
Than those delights through all their sinews breed
A creeping serpent, like of mortal woe :
Till she brake from their arms (although, indeed,
Going from them, from them she could not go),
And, farewelling the flock, did homeward wend ;
And so that even the barley-break did end.

It ended : but the other woe began—
Began, at least, to be conceiv'd as woe ;
For then wise Claius found no absence can
Help him who can no more her sight forego.
He found man's virtue is but part of man ;
And part must follow where whole man doth go.
He found that Reason's self now reasons found
To faster knots which Fancy first had bound.
So doth he yield, so takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing who did draw with him therein.
Strephon, poor youth, because he saw no smoke,

* *Fremb'd*—Those who were strangers, aliens ; A. S. *from* ; Dutch *Vremb* ; Germ. *Fremde*, a foreigner.

Did not conceive what fire he had within ;
 But after this to greater rage it broke,
 Till of his life it did full conquest win,
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest ;
 Filling his eyes with tears, with sighs his breast.
 Then sports grew pains, all talking tedious ;
 On thoughts he feeds ; his looks their figure change ;
 The day seems long, but night is odious ;
 No sleeps, but dreams ; no dreams, but visions
 strange ;
 Till, finding still his evil increasing thus,
 One day he with his flock abroad did range,
 And, coming where he hop'd to be alone,
 Thus, on a hillock set, he made his moan :
 “ Alas ! what weights are these that load my heart ?
 I am as dull as winter-sterved sheep,
 Tir'd as a jade in over-loaden cart ;
 Yet thoughts do fly, though I can scarcely creep.
 All visions seem : at every bush I start ;
 Drowsy am I, and yet can rarely sleep.
 Sure I bewitched am ; it is even that :
 Late, near a cross, I met an ugly cat.
 For, but by charms, how fall these things on me,
 That from those eyes, where heav'nly apples beam,
 Those eyes which nothing like themselves can see,
 Of fair Urania, fairer than a green
 Proudly bedeckt in April's livery,
 A shot unheard gave me a wound unseen ?
 He was invisible that hurt me so ;
 And none invisible but spirits can go.
 When I see her, my sinews shake for fear ;
 And yet, dear soul, I know she hurteth none.
 Amid my flock with woe my voice I tear ;

And, but bewitch'd, who to his flock would moan ?
 Her cherry lips, milk hands, and golden hair
 I still do see, though I be still alone ;

Now make me think that there is not a fiend
 Who, hid in angel's shape, my life would end.

The sports wherein I wanted to excel,
 Come she and sweet the air with open breast,
 Then so I fail when most I would do well,
 That at me, so amaz'd, my fellows jest.
 Sometimes to her news of myself to tell
 I go about ; but then is all my best

Wry words and stanm'ring, or else doltish dumb.

Say, then, can this but of enchantment come ?

But you, my pipe, whilom my chief delight,
 Till strange delight delight to nothing ware ;
 And you, my flock, care of my careful sight,
 While I was I, and so had cause to care ;
 And thou, my dog, whose ruth and valiant might
 Made wolves, not inward wolves, my ewes to spare :

Go you not from your master in his woe ;

Let it suffice that he himself forego.

For though like wax this magic makes me waste,
 Or like a lamb whose dam away is fet,
 Stolen from her young by thieves' inchoosing haste,
 He treble baas for help, but none can get ;
 Though thus and worse though now I am at last,
 Of all the games that here ere now I met,

Do you remember still you once were mine,

Till mine eyes had their curse from blessed ey'n.

Be you with me while I unheard do cry,
 While I do score my losses on the wind,
 While I in heart my will write ere I die,
 In which by will my will and wits I bind

Still to be hers, about her aye to fly,
 As this same sprite about my fancies blind
 Doth daily haunt, but so that mine become
 As much more loving as less cumbersome.
 Alas ! a cloud hath overcast mine eyes ;
 And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.
 Alas ! of ghosts I hear the ghastly cries ;
 Yet there, meseems, I hear her singing loud.
 This song she sings, in most commanding wise :
 ‘ Come, shepherd’s boy, let now thy heart be bow’d,
 To make itself to my least look a slave ;
 Leave sleep, leave all, I will no piecing have.’
 I will ! I will ! alas ! alas ! I will !
 Wilt thou have more ? more have if more I be.
 Away, ragg’d rams—care I what murrain kill ?
 Out, shrieking pipe, made of some witch’d tree ;
 Go, bawling cur, thy hungry maw go fill
 On you, foul flock, belonging not to me.” ✓
 With that his dog he henc’d, his flock he curst,
 With that (yet kissed [it first]) his pipe he burst.
 This said, this done, he rose, even tir’d with rest,
 With heart as careful as with careless grace,
 With shrinking legs, but with a swelling breast,
 With eyes which threaten’d they would drown his
 face,
 Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,
 And, giving to his sight a wand’ring race,
 He saw behind a bush where Claius sate,
 His well-known friend, but yet his unknown mate :
 Claius, the wretch who lately yelden was
 To bear the bonds which time nor wit could break,
 With blushing soul at sight of judgment’s glass,
 While guilty thoughts accus’d his reason weak,

This morn alone to lonely walk did pass,
Within himself of her dear self to speak ;
Till Strephon's plaining voice him nearer drew,
Where by his words his self-like case he knew.
For hearing him so oft with words of woe
Urania name, whose force he knew so well,
He quickly knew what witchcraft gave the blow,
Which made his Strephon think himself in hell.
Which when he did in perfect image show
To his own wit, thought upon thought did swell,
Breeding huge storms within his inward part,
Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.

As Lamon would have proceeded, Basilius, knowing, by the wasting of the torches, that the night also was far wasted, and withal remembering Zelmane's hurt, asked her whether she thought it not better to reserve the complaint of Claius till another day. Which she, perceiving the song had already worn out much time, and not knowing when Lamon would end, being even now stepping over to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willingly agreed unto. And so of all sides they went to recommend themselves to the elder brother of Death.

The End of the First Book.





The Second Book.

IN these pastoral times a great number of days were sent to follow their flying predecessors, while the cup of poison, which was deeply tasted of the noble company, had left no sinew of theirs without mortally searching into it ; yet never manifesting his venomous work, till once, that the night, parting away angry that she could distil no more sleep into the eyes of lovers, had no sooner given place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the sun bestowed his beams upon the tops of the mountains, but that the woeful Gynecia, to whom rest was no ease, had left her loathed lodging, and gotten herself into the solitary places those deserts were full of, going up and down with such unquiet motions as a grieved and hopeless mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared unto the eyes of her judgment the evils she was like to run into, with ugly infamy waiting upon them ; she felt the terrors of her own conscience. She was guilty of a long-exercised virtue, which made this vice the fuller of deformity. The uttermost of the good she could aspire unto was a mortal wound to her vexed spirits ; and, lastly, no small part of her evils was that she was wise to see her evils. Insomuch, that, having a great while thrown her countenance ghastly about her, as if she had called all the powers of the world to be

witness of her wretched estate, at length casting up her watery eyes to heaven, “O sun,” said she, “whose unspotted light directs the steps of mortal mankind, art thou not ashamed to impart the clearness of thy presence to such a dust-creeping worm as I am? O you heavens, which continually keep the course allotted unto you, can none of your influences prevail so much upon the miserable Gynecia as to make her preserve a course so long embraced by her? O deserts, deserts, how fit a guest am I for you, since my heart can people you with wild ravenous beasts, which in you are wanting? O virtue, where dost thou hide thyself? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipse thee? Or is it true that thou wert never but a vain name, and no essential thing, which hast thus left thy professed servant when she had now need of thy lovely presence? O imperfect proportion of reason, which can too much foresee, and too little prevent? Alas! alas!” said she, “if there were but one hope for all my pains, or but one excuse for all my faultiness! But, wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all succour, and my evil deserving doth exceed my evil fortune. For nothing else did my husband take this strange resolution to live so solitarily; for nothing else have the winds delivered this strange guest to my country; for nothing else have the destinies reserved my life to this time, but that only I, most wretched I, should become a plague to myself, and a shame to womankind. Yet if my desire, how unjust soever it be, might take effect, though a thousand deaths followed it, and every death followed with a thousand shames, yet should not my sepulchre receive me without some contentment. But, alas! though sure I am that Zelmane is such as can answer my love, yet as sure I am that this disguising must needs come for some foretaken conceit; and then, wretched Gynecia, where canst thou find any small ground-plot for hope to

dwell upon? No, no, it is Philoclea his heart is set upon. Is my daughter I have borne to supplant me? But, if it be so, the life I have given thee, ungrateful Philoclea, I will sooner with these hands bereave thee of, than my birth shall glory she hath bereaved me of my desire. In shame there is no comfort but to be beyond all bounds of shame.”

Having thus spoken, the hapless Gynecia, wandering still further, hears a lute, and to it Zelmane singing; and, coming to the little arbour whence proceeded this sorrowful music, she found her love, and, sinking before her on the ground, she cried, “O Zelmane, have pity on me.” Zelmane ran to her, marvelling what sudden sickness possessed her; and Gynecia would fully have discovered her passion to her, and her knowledge that she was no Amazon, but a man, when they both heard footsteps, and presently saw old Basilius approach, complaining of love very freshly, and thus singing :

“ Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
 O heavenly shape, in human soul contain'd :
 Old wood inflam'd doth yield the bravest fire,
 When younger doth in smoke his virtue spend.

“ Ne let white hairs, which on my face do grow,
 Seem to your eyes of a disgraceful hue ;
 Since whiteness doth present the sweetest show,
 Which makes all eyes do homage unto you.”

Which being done, he looked very curiously upon himself, sometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him. But Zelmane having in this time gotten some leisure to think for an answer, looking upon Gynecia as if she thought she did her some wrong, “Madam,” said she, “I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an Amazon, neither are you a party with whom it is to be used; if my

service may please you, employ it, so long as you do me no wrong in misjudging of me." "Alas! Zelmane," said Gynecia, "I perceive you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true lover: there is no one beam of those thoughts you have planted in me but is able to discern a greater cloud than you do go in. Seek not to conceal yourself further from me, nor force not the passion of love into violent extremities."

Zelmane, now brought to an exigent, was speedily rescued therefrom by Basilius, who, perceiving both his wife and his mistress together, despatched his wife to the lodge-ward, and, falling down on his knees, proffered his love to Zelmane, as to a lady who only had power to stir up more flames in so aged a breast. "Worthy prince," said Zelmane, taking him up from his knees, "both your manner and your words are so strange to me that I know not how to answer you; I disdain not to speak to you, mighty prince, but I disdain to speak of any matter which may bring my honour into question." And there, with a brave counterfeited scorn, she departed from the king, and, thus being rid of this loving but little-loved company, she longed to meet with, and she sought, her friend Dorus, that she might lay by the burden of sorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where, among certain beeches, she found Dorus, appalled in flannel, with a goat's-skin cast upon him, and a garland of laurel mixed with cypress leaves on his head, waiting on his master Dametas, who at that time was teaching him how with his sheephook to catch a wanton lamb, and how with the same to cast a little clod at any one that strayed out of company. And, while Dorus was practising, one might see Dametas holding his hands under his girdle behind him, nodding from the waist upwards, and swearing he never knew man go more awkwardly to work, and that they might talk of book-

learning what they would, but, for his part, he never saw more unfeaty [clumsy] fellows than great clerks were.

But Zelmane's coming saved Dorus from further chiding. And so she, beginning to speak with him of the number of his master's sheep, and which province of Arcadia bare the finest wool, drew him on to follow her in such country discourses, till, being out of Dametas' hearing, with such vehemency of passion as though her heart would climb into her mouth, to take her tongue's office, she declared unto him upon what briers the roses of her affections grew ; how time still seemed to forget her, bestowing no one hour of comfort upon her, she remaining still in one plight of ill-fortune, saving so much worse as continuance of evil doth in itself increase evil.

And thus having poured into the friendly bosom of Dorus her many chances and her ill-success, Zelmane prayed her friend also to unburthen his griefs and to bestow upon her a map of his little world, that she might judge whether he had been equally the spite and plaything of fortune. Thus besought, Dorus entered to the description of his fortune:—

“After that by your means I was exalted to serve in yonder blessed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my agonies this refreshing, that, because of the service I had done in killing of the bear, it pleased the princess—in whom, indeed, stateliness shines through courtesy—to let fall some gracious look upon me ; sometimes to see my exercises, sometimes to hear my songs. For my part, my heart would not suffer me to omit any occasion whereby I might make the incomparable Pamela see how much extraordinary devotion I bare to her service ; and withal strave to appear more worthy in her sight ; that small desert, joined to so great affection, might prevail something in the wisest lady. But too well, alas ! I found that a shepherd's service was but

considered of as from a shepherd, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion than of a good servant. And when my countenance had once given notice that there lay affection under it, I saw straight majesty, sitting in the throne of beauty, draw forth such a sword of just disdain that I remained as a man thunder-stricken, not daring—no, not able to behold that power.

“Now to make my estate known seemed again impossible, by reason of the suspiciousness of Dametas, Miso, and my young mistress Mopsa ; for Dametas, according to the constitution of a dull head, thinks no better way to show himself wise than by suspecting everything in his way ; which suspicion Miso, for the hoggish shrewdness of her brain, and Mopsa, for a very unlikely envy she hath stumbled upon against the princess’s unspeakable beauty, were very glad to execute ; so that I, finding my service by this means lightly regarded, my affection despised, and myself unknown, remained no fuller of desire than void of counsel how to come to my desire. At last I lighted and resolved on this way, which yet perchance you will think was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extremest love toward Mopsa that might be ; and as for the love, so lively it was indeed within me, although to another subject, that little I needed to counterfeit any notable demonstrations of it ; and so making a contrariety the place of my memory, in her foulness I beheld Pamela’s fairness, still looking on Mopsa, but thinking on Pamela ; as if I saw my sun shine in a puddled water. I cried out of nothing but Mopsa ; to Mopsa my attendance was directed ; to Mopsa the best fruits I could gather were brought ; to Mopsa it seemed still that mine eye conveyed my tongue, so that Mopsa was my saying, Mopsa was my singing, Mopsa—that is only suitable in laying a foul complexion upon a filthy favour, setting forth both in sluttishness

—she was the load-star of my life, she the blessing of mine eyes, she the overthrow of my desires and yet the recompense of my overthrow, she the sweetness of my heart, even sweetening the death which her sweetness drew upon me. In sum, whatsoever I thought of Pamela that I said to Mopsa, whereby, as I gat my master's good-will, who before spited me, fearing lest I should win the princess's favour from him, so did the same make the princess the better content to allow me her presence ; whether indeed it were that a certain spark of noble indignation did rise in her not to suffer such a baggage to win away anything of hers, how meanly soever she reputed of it, or rather, as I think, my words being so passionate and shooting so quite contrary from the marks of Mopsa's worthiness, she perceived well enough whither they were directed, and therefore, being so masked, she was contented, as a sport of wit, to attend them. Whereupon one day, determining to find some means to tell, as of a third person, the tale of mine own love and estate, finding Mopsa, like a cuckoo by a nightingale, alone with Pamela, I came in unto them, and with a face, I am sure, full of cloudy fancies, took a harp and sung this song :—

“ “ Since so mine eyes are subject to your sight,
That in your sight they fixed have my brain ;
Since so my heart is filled with that light,
That only light doth all my life maintain ;

“ “ Since in sweet you all goods so richly reign,
That where you are no wished good can want ;
Since so your living image lives in me,
That in myself yourself true love doth plant ;
How can you him unworthy then decree
In whose chief part your worths implanted be ?

“The song being ended, I let fall my harp from me, and, casting mine eye sometime on Mopsa, I fixed my look upon

Pamela, ‘O Mopsa, Mopsa,’ said I, ‘if my heart could be as manifest to you as it is uncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well countervail the lowness of my quality. But let not an excellent spirit do itself such wrong as to think where it is placed, embraced, and loved there can be any unworthiness, since the weakest mist is not easilier driven away by the sun than that is chased away with so high thoughts.’

“‘I will not deny,’ answered the gracious Pamela, ‘but that the love you bear to Mopsa hath brought you to the consideration of her virtues, and that consideration may have made you the more virtuous, and so the more worthy; but even that then, you must confess, you have received of her, and so are rather gratefully to thank her than to press any further till you bring something of your own whereby to claim it. And truly, Dorus, I must, in Mopsa’s behalf, say thus much to you, that, if her beauties have so overtaken you, it becomes a true lover to have your heart more set upon her good than your own, and to bear a tenderer respect to her honour than your satisfaction.’ ‘Now, by my hallidame, madam,’ said Mopsa, throwing a great number of sheep’s-eyes upon me, ‘you have even touched mine own mind to the quick, forsooth.’

And this policy of mine meeting with good hap, I had one day a chance, while railing at filthy fortune, to picture my own misfortunes and the high estate of the princess, while I had a shrewd care of the jealous Mopsa; for, while Pamela graciously hearkened, I told my tale in this sort:—

“In the country of Thessalia—alas! why name I that accursed country, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies? but name it I must—in Thessalia, I say, there was—well may I say there was!—a prince; no, no prince whom bondage wholly possessed, but yet accounted a prince,

and named Musidorus. O Musidorus ! Musidorus ! But to what serve exclamations, where there are no ears to receive the sound ? This Musidorus being yet in the tenderest age, his worthy father paid to Nature, with a violent death, her last duties, leaving his child to the faith of his friends and the proof of time. Death gave him not such pangs as the foresightful care he had of his silly successor ; and yet if in his foresight he could have seen so much, happy was that good prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his son's miseries, which his knowledge could neither have prevented nor relieved. The young Musidorus, being thus, as for the first pledge of the destinies' good-will, deprived of his principal stay, was yet for some years after, as if the stars would breathe themselves for a greater mischief, lulled up in as much good luck as the heedful love of his doleful mother and the flourishing estate of his country could breed unto him.

“ But when the time now came that misery seemed to be ripe for him, because he had age to know misery, I think there was a conspiracy in all heavenly and earthly things to frame fit occasions to lead him unto it. His people, to whom all foreign matters in foretime were odious, began to wish in their beloved prince experience by travel ; his dear mother, whose eyes were held open only with the joy of looking upon him, did now dispense with the comfort of her widowed life, desiring the same her subjects did, for the increase of her son's worthiness.

“ And hereto did Musidorus' own virtue—see how virtue can be a minister to mischief—sufficiently provoke him ; for, indeed, thus much must I say for him, although the likeness of our mishaps makes me presume to pattern myself unto him, that well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could withhold him. But the present occa-

sion which did knit all this together was his uncle the king of Macedon, who having lately before gotten such victories as were beyond expectation, did at this time send both for the prince his son, brought up together, to avoid the wars, with Musidorus, and for Musidorus himself, that his joy might be the more full, having such partakers of it. But, alas! to what a sea of miseries my plaintful tongue doth lead me?—And thus out of breath, rather with that I thought than that I said, I stayed my speech, till Pamela showing by countenance that such was her pleasure, I thus continued it:

“These two young princes, to satisfy the king, took their way by sea, towards Thrace, whither they would needs go with a navy to succour him, he being at that time before Byzantium with a mighty army besieging it, where at that time his court was. But when the conspired heavens had gotten this subject of their wrath upon so fit a place as the sea was, they straight began to breathe out in boisterous winds some part of their malice against him, so that with the loss of all his navy, he only, with the prince his cousin, were cast aland,* and far off. O cruel winds, in your unconsiderate rages, why either began you this fury, or why did you not end it in his end? But your cruelty was such as you would spare his life for many deathful torments. To tell you what pitiful mishaps fell to the young prince of Macedon his cousin, I should too much fill your ears with strange horrors; neither will I stay upon those laboursome adventures, nor loathsome misadventures, to which and through which his fortune and courage conducted him. My speech hasteneth itself to come to the full point of Musidorus’ infortunes. For, as we find the most pestilent diseases do gather into themselves all the infirmities with which the body before was

* “Where, as ill-fortune would, the Dane, with fresh supplies,
Was lately come aland.”—DRAYTON, “Polyolbion.”

annoyed, so did his last misery embrace in extremity of itself all his former mischiefs. Arcadia, Arcadia was the place prepared to be the stage of his endless overthrow; Arcadia was, alas!—well might I say it is—the charmed circle where all his spirits for ever should be enchanted. For here, and nowhere else, did his infected eyes make his mind know what power heavenly beauty had to throw it down to hellish agonies. Here, here did he see the Arcadian king's eldest daughter, in whom he forthwith placed so all his hopes of joy, and joyful parts of his heart, that he left in himself nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of sorrow. But, alas! what can saying make them believe whom seeing cannot persuade? Those pains must be felt before they can be understood; no outward utterance can command a conceit. Such was as then the state of the king as it was no time by direct means to seek her. And such was the state of his captived will as he could delay no time of seeking her.

“In this entangled cause, he clothed himself in a shepherd's weed, that, under the baseness of that form, he might at least have free access to feed his eyes with that which should at length eat up his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifested, that this estate is not always to be rejected, since under that veil there may be hidden things to be esteemed. And if he might, with taking on a shepherd's look, cast up his eyes to the fairest princess nature in that time created, the like, nay, the same, desire of mine need no more to be disdained or held for disgraceful. But now, alas! mine eyes wax dim, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to help either, with the feeling remembrance I have in what heap of miseries the caitiff prince lay at this time buried. Pardon, therefore, most excellent princess, if I cut off the course of my dolorous tale, since, if I be under-

stood, I have said enough for the defence of my baseness : and for that which after might befall to that pattern of ill-fortune, the matters are too monstrous for my capacity ; his hateful destinies must best declare their own workmanship.

“ Thus having delivered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the princess might judge that he meant himself who spake so feelingly, her answer was both strange and, in some respect, comfortable. For—would you think it?—she hath heard heretofore of us both, by means of the valiant Prince Plangus, and particularly of our casting away, which she, following mine own style, thus delicately brought forth : ‘ You have told,’ said she, ‘ Dorus, a pretty tale ; but you are much deceived in the latter end of it. For the Prince Musidorus, with his cousin Pyrocles, did both perish upon the coast of Laconia, as a noble gentleman, called Plangus, who was well acquainted with the history, did assure my father.’ Oh, how that speech of hers did pour joys into my heart ! Oh, blessed name, thought I, of mine, since thou hast been in that tongue, and passed through those lips, though I can never hope to approach them.

“ ‘ As for Pyrocles,’ said I, ‘ I will not deny it but that he is perished ;’ which I said, lest sooner suspicion might arise of your being here than yourself would have it, and yet affirmed no lie unto her, since I only said I would not deny it. ‘ But for Musidorus,’ said I, ‘ I perceive, indeed, you have either heard or read the story of that unhappy prince ; for this was the very objection which that peerless princess did make unto him when he sought to appear such as he was before her wisdom ; and thus as I have read it fair written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might answer her that indeed the ship wherein he came by a treason was perished, and therefore that Plangus might easily be deceived ; but that he himself was cast upon the coast of Laconia, where he was

taken up by a couple of shepherds who lived in those days famous ; for that, both loving one fair maid, they yet remained constant friends, one of whose songs not long since was sung before you by the shepherd Lamon, and brought by them to a nobleman's house, near Mantinea, whose son had, a little before his marriage, been taken prisoner, and, by the help of this prince, Musidorus (though naming himself by another name) was delivered.' Now these circumlocutions I did use, because of the one side I knew the princess would know well the parties I meant, and of the other, if I should have named Strephon, Claius, Kalander, and Clitophon, perhaps it would have rubbed some conjecture into the heavy head of mistress Mopsa.

“Therefore, most divine lady, Plangus might well err who knew not of any's taking up. Lastly, for a certain demonstration, he presumed to show unto the princess a mark he had on his face, ‘as I might,’ said I, ‘show this of my neck to the rare Mopsa ;’ and, withal, showed my neck to them both, where, as you know, there is a red spot bearing figure, as they tell me, of a lion's paw ; ‘that she may ascertain herself that I am Menalcas' brother. And so did he, beseeching her to send some one she might trust into Thessalia, secretly to be advertised whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable sign did not fully agree with their Prince Musidorus.’ ‘Do you not know further,’ said she, with a settled countenance, not accusing [betraying] any kind of inward emotion, ‘of that story?’ ‘Alas, no,’ said I, ‘for even here the historiographer stopped, saying, The rest belonged to astrology.’ And therewith, partly to bring Mopsa again to the matter, lest she should too much take heed to our discourses, but principally, if it were possible, to gather some comfort out of her answers, I kneeled down to the princess and humbly besought her to move Mopsa in my behalf, that

she would unarm her noble heart of that steely resistance against the sweet blows of Love ; that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament—her face with beauty, her head with wisdom, her eyes with majesty, her countenance with gracefulness, her lips with loveliness—that she would make her heart the throne of pity, being the most excellent raiment of the most excellent part.

“ But Pamela, without any show of favour or disdain, either of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to Mopsa with such a voice and action as showed she spake of a matter which did little concern her, so that I was well-nigh driven to submit to the tyranny of despair.”

But as Dorus was about to tell further, Dametas, who came whistling, and counting upon his fingers how many load of hay seventeen fat oxen eat up in a year, desired Zelmane, from the king, that she would come into the lodge, where they stayed for her. “ Alas !” said Dorus, taking his leave, “ the sum is this, that you may well find you have beaten your sorrow against such a wall, which with the force of a rebound may well make your sorrow stronger.” But Zelmane turning her speech to Dametas, “ I shall grow,” said she, “ skilful in country matters, if I have often conference with your servant.” “ In sooth,” answered Dametas, with a graceless scorn, “ the lad may prove well enough, if he over-soon think not too well of himself, and will bear away that he heareth of his elders.” And therewith, as they walked to the other lodge, to make Zelmane find she might have spent her time better with him, he began with a wild method to run over all the art of husbandry, especially employing his tongue about well dunging of a field ; while poor Zelmane yielded her ears to those tedious strokes, not warding them so much as with any one answer, till they came to Basilius and Gynecia, who attended for her in a coach, to carry her

abroad to see some sports prepared for her. Basilius and Gynecia, sitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left side to Philoclea. Zelmane was moved in her mind to have kissed their feet for the favour of so blessed a seat, for the narrowness of the coach made them join, from the foot to the shoulders, very close together; the truer touch whereof, though it were barred by their envious apparel, yet, as a perfect magnet, though but in an ivory box, will through the box send forth his embracing virtue to a beloved needle, so this imparadised neighbourhood made Zelmane's soul cleave unto her, both through the ivory case of her body, and the apparel which did overcloud it.

The sports having been witnessed, the awkward Dametas, who drove home half sleeping, half musing about the mending of a wine-press, overturned the coach on the great stub of a tree. Gynecia was only hurt,* having her shoulder put out of joint, which, though it were well set by one of the falconers' cunning, yet gave her much pain, and drave her to her bed. Misdoubting that this might give occasion to Zelmane, whom she misdoubted, therefore she called Philoclea to her, and, though it were late in the night, commanded her in her ear to go to the other lodge, and send Miso to her, with whom she would speak, and she to lie with her sister Pamela. The meanwhile Gynecia kept Zelmane with her, because she would be sure she should be out of the lodge before she licensed [permitted] Zelmane. Philoclea, not skilled in anything better than obedience, went quietly down, and the moon, then full, not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty, guided her steps. And, alas! sweet Philoclea, how hath my pen till now forgot thy passions, since to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended; pardon

* That is, in modern construction, "only was hurt;" a little further on we have "therefore she called"—*vice* she therefore called.

the slackness to come to those woes which, having caused in others, thou didst feel in thyself.

The sweet-minded Philoclea was in their degree of well-doing to whom the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better form with an unspotted simplicity than many who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But, as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it, so now the lady Philoclea—whose eyes and senses had received nothing but according as the natural course of each thing required, whose tender youth had obediently lived under her parents' behests, without framing out of her own will the forechoosing of anything—when now she came to a point wherein her judgment was to be practised, in knowing faultiness by his first tokens, she was like a young fawn who, coming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or no to be eschewed, whereof at this time she began to get a costly experience; for after that Zelmane had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kind of heedful attention, her coming to that lonely place, where she had nobody but her parents, a willingness of conversation, her wit and behaviour a liking and silent admiration, at length the excellency of her natural gifts, joined with the extreme shows she made of most devout honouring Philoclea (carrying thus in one person the only two bands of good-will, loveliness and lovingness), brought forth in her heart a yielding to a most friendly affection, which, when it had gotten to full possession of the keys of her mind, that it would receive no message from her senses without that affection were the interpreter, then straight

grew an exceeding delight still to be with her, with an unmeasurable liking of all that Zelmane did. Matters being so turned in her that where at first liking her manners did breed goodwill, now goodwill became the chief cause of liking her manners; so that within a while Zelmane was not prized for her demeanour, but the demeanour was prized because it was Zelmane's. Then followed that most natural effect of conforming herself to that which she did like, and not only wishing to be herself such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority. At last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger—wishing. First she would wish that they two might live all their lives together, like two of Diana's nymphs; but that wish she thought not sufficient, because she knew there would be more nymphs besides them, who also would have their part in Zelmane. Then would she wish that she were her sister, that such a natural band might make her more special to her; but against that she considered that, though being her sister, if she happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then, grown bolder, she would wish either herself or Zelmane a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage between them; but when that wish had once displayed his ensign in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings that so it might be, with a main battle of mislikings and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. But as some diseases when they are easy to be cured they are hard to be known, but when they grow easy to be known they are almost impossible to be cured, so the sweet Philoclea, while she might prevent it she did not feel it, now she felt it when it was past preventing, like a river, no rampiers [ramparts] being built against it till already it have overflowed; for now, indeed, Love pulled off his mask and showed his face unto her, and told her plainly that she was his prisoner.

But the principal cause that invited her remembrance was a goodly white marble stone, that should seem had been dedicated in ancient time to the silvan gods ; which she finding there a few days before Zelmane's coming, had written these words upon it, a testimony of her mind against the suspicion her captivity made her think she lived in. The writing was this:—

“ You living powers enclos'd in stately shrine
Of growing trees, you rural gods that wield
Your sceptres here, if to your ears divine
A voice may come, which troubled soul doth yield,
This vow receive, this vow, O gods, maintain :
My virgin life no spotted thought shall stain.

“ Thou purest stone, whose pureness doth present
My purest mind, whose temper hard doth show
My temper'd heart, by thee my promise sent
Unto myself let after-livers know,
No fancy mine, nor other's wrong suspect,
Make me, O virtuous shame, thy laws neglect.

“ O Chastity, the chief of heavenly lights,
Which mak'st us most immortal shape to wear,
Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprites ;
To only thee my constant course I bear,
Till spotless soul unto thy bosom fly :
Such life to lead, such death I vow to die.”

“Alas, then, O love, why dost thou in thy beautiful sampler set such a work for my desire to take out [copy] which is as much impossible. And yet, alas, why do I thus condemn my fortune before I hear what she can say for herself? What do I, silly wench, know what love hath prepared for me? Do I not see my mother as well, at least as furiously, as myself love Zelmane ; and should I be wiser than my mother? Either she sees a possibility in that which I think impossible, or else impossible loves need not misbecome me. And do I not see

Zelmana, who doth not think a thought which is not first weighed by wisdom and virtue—doth not she vouchsafe to love me with like ardour? I see it, her eyes depose it to be true. What then? and if she can love poor me, shall I think scorn to love such a woman as Zelmana? Away then, all vain examinations of why and how. Thou lovest me, most excellent Zelmana, and I love thee;” and with that, embracing the ground whereon she lay, she said to herself (for even to herself she was ashamed to speak it out in words), “O my Zelmana, govern and direct me; for I am wholly given over unto thee.” ✓

And now Dametas and Miso, who were round about to seek her, having found her, Miso swearing that, were it her daughter Mopsa, she would give her a lesson for walking so late, Philoclea went alone to her sister’s—Pamela’s—chamber, where she found her sitting in a chair, lying backward with her head almost over the back of it, and looking upon a wax-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her handkerchief, which had lately drunk up the tears of her eyes, leaving instead of them crimson circles, like red flakes in the element when the weather is hottest, which Philoclea finding—for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow—she earnestly intreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort or accompany her doleful humour. But Pamela, rather seeming sorry that she had perceived so much than willing to open any further, “O my Pamela,” said Philoclea, “who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsel, a princess by the law of our country, and—which name, methinks, of all other is the dearest—a friend by my choice and your favour, what means this banishing me from your counsels? Do you love your sorrow so well as to grudge me part of it? Or do you think I shall not love a sad Pamela so well as a joyful? Or be my ears unworthy, or my tongue suspected? What is it,

my sister, that you should conceal from your sister, yea, and servant, Philoclea?" X

These words wan no further of Pamela, but that telling her they might talk better as they lay together, they impoverished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorn the shrine of Venus ; and there cherishing one another with dear, though chaste embracements, with sweet, though cold kisses, it might seem that love was come to play him there without dart, or that, weary of his own fires, he was there to refresh himself between their sweet breathing lips. But Philoclea earnestly again intreated Pamela to open her grief, who at first dissembled, but at last adjured Philoclea to take warning by her example. "Alas," thought Philoclea to herself, "your shears come too late to clip the bird's wings that already is flown away." But then Pamela, being once set in the stream of her love, went away amain, withal telling her how his noble qualities had drawn her liking towards him, but yet ever weighing his meanness, and so held continually in due limits ; till, seeking many means to speak with her, and ever kept from it, as well because she shunned it, seeing and disdainng his mind, as because of her jealous jailors, he had at length used the finest policy that might be in counterfeiting love to Mopsa, and saying to Mopsa whatever he would have her know ; and in how passionate manner he had told his own tale in a third person, making poor Mopsa believe that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. "And in the end, because you shall know my tears come not neither of repentance nor misery, who, think you, is my Dorus fallen out to be ? Even the Prince Musidorus, famous over all Asia for his heroical enterprises, of whom you remember how much good the stranger Plangus told my father ; he not being drowned, as Plangus thought, though his cousin Pyrocles indeed perished.

Ah, my sister, if you had heard his words, or seen his gestures, when he made me know what and to whom his love was, you would have matched in yourself those two rarely matched together—pity and delight.

“A few days since he and Dametas had furnished themselves very richly to run at the ring before me. Oh, how mad a sight it was to see Dametas, like rich tissue furred with lambs’-skins! But, oh, how well it did with Dorus—to see with what a grace he presented himself before me on horseback, making majesty wait upon humbleness; how, at the first, standing still with his eyes bent upon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he so stayed till I caused Mopsa bid him do something upon his horse, which no sooner said but, with a kind rather of quick gesture than show of violence, you might see him come towards me, beating the ground in so due time as no dancer can observe better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once when the sea went high upon the coast of Argos; so went the beast. But he, as if, centaur-like, he had been on piece[one] with the horse, was no more moved than one with the going of his own legs, and in effect so did he command him as his own limbs; for though he had both spurs and wand, they seemed rather marks of sovereignty than instruments of punishment; his hand and leg, with most pleasing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chastising; at least, if sometimes he did, it was so stolen as neither our eyes could discern it nor the horse with any change did complain of it, he ever going so just with the horse, either forthright or turning, that it seemed, as he borrowed the horse’s body, so he lent the horse his mind. In the turning, one might perceive the bridle-hand something gently stir; but, indeed, so gently as it did rather distil virtue than use violence. Himself, which methinks is strange, showing at

one instant both steadiness and nimbleness ; sometimes making him turn close to the ground, like a cat when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse ; sometimes with a little more rising before ; now like a raven, leaping from ridge to ridge, then, like one of Dametas' kids, bound over the hillocks ; and all so done as neither the lusty kind showed any roughness, nor the easier any idleness, but still like a well-obeyed master, whose beck is enough for a discipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to meweards, as if thence came not only the beginning but ending of his motions. The sport was to see Dametas—how he was tossed from the saddle to the mane of the horse, and thence to the ground, giving his gay apparel almost as foul an outside as it had an inside. But, as before he had ever said he wanted but horse and apparel to be as brave a courtier as the best, so now, bruised with proof, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisdom to put himself under the tuition of a beast ; so as Dorus was fain alone to take the ring ; wherein truly at least my womanish eyes could not discern but that taking his staff from his thigh, the descending it a little down, the getting of it up into the rest, the letting of the point fall, and taking the ring, was but all one motion ; at least, if they were divers motions, they did so stealingly slip one into another as the latter part was ever in hand before the eye could discern the former was ended. Indeed, Dametas found fault that he showed no more strength in shaking of his staff, but to my conceit the fine cleanness of bearing it was exceeding delightful.

“ One time he danced the *matachin* dance* in armour—oh, with what a graceful dexterity !—I think to make me see that he had been brought up in such exercises. Another time he persuaded his master, to make my time seem shorter,

* *Matachin* dance—see note previously given, p. 88.

in manner of a dialogue, to play Priamus, while he played Paris. Tell me, sweet Philoclea, did you ever see such a shepherd? Tell me, did you ever hear of such a prince? And then tell me if a small or unworthy assault have conquered me. Truly, I would hate my life if I thought vanity led me. See what a letter this is, which to-day he delivered me, pretending before Mopsa that I should read it unto her, to mollify, forsooth, her iron stomach;" with that she read the letter, containing thus much:—

““ Most blessed paper, which shalt kiss that hand whereto all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not disdain to carry with thee the woeful words of a miser [wretch] now despairing; neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the base title of the sender; for no sooner shall that divine hand touch thee but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourn boldly, my ink; for while she looks upon you your blackness will shine: cry out boldly, my lamentation; for while she reads you your cries will be music. Say, then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too soon born and too late dying creature, which dares not speak—no, not look—no, not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness, only presumes to desire thee, in the times that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say, not from him — oh, no! that were not fit — but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment: — O you, the only honour to women, to men the only admiration; you that, being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence; and let me remember him who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch—yet your wretch—though with languishing steps, runs fast to his

grave ; and will you suffer a temple—how poorly built soever, but yet a temple of your deity—to be razed ? But he dieth, it is most true, he dieth ; and he in whom you live, to obey you, dieth. Whereof, though he plain, he doth not complain ; for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, because, in woeful language, all his senses tell him that such is your pleasure ; for, since you will not that he live, alas ! alas ! what followeth—what followeth of the most ruined Dorus but his end ? End, then, evil-destined Dorus, end ; and end, thou woeful letter, end ; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.'

“ O my Philoclea, is he a person to write these words ? and are these words lightly to be regarded ? But if you had seen, when, with trembling hand, he had delivered, how he went away, as if he had been but the coffin that carried himself to his sepulchre. Two times, I must confess, I was about to take courtesy into mine eyes ; but both times the former resolution stopped the entry of it, so that he departed without obtaining any further kindness. But he was no sooner out of the door but that I looked to the door kindly ; and truly the fear of him ever since hath put me into such perplexity as now you found me.”

“ Ah, my Pamela, leave sorrow. The river of your tears will soon lose his fountain. It is in your hand as well to stitch up his life again as it was before to rend it.” And so, though with self-grieved mind, she comforted her sister, till sleep came to bathe himself in Pamela's fair weeping eyes. Which when Philoclea found, wringing her hands, “ O me,” said she, “ indeed the only subject of the destinies' displeasure, whose greatest fortunateness is more unfortunate than my sister's greatest unfortunateness. Alas ! she weeps because she would be no sooner happy ; I weep because I

can never be happy ; her tears flow from pity, mine from being too far lower than the reach of pity. Yet do I not envy thee, dear Pamela, I do not envy thee ; only I could wish that, being thy sister in nature, I were not so far off akin in fortune.” ✓

But the darkness of sorrow overshadowing her mind, as the night did her eyes, they were both content to hide themselves under the wings of sleep till the next morning had almost lost his name, when Miso came with a slaving good morrow, telling them it was a shame to mar their conditions, and their complexions too, with lying too long abed ; that, when she was of their age, she would have made a handkerchief by that time a day. The two sweet princesses, with a smiling silence, answered her entertainment, and, obeying her direction, covered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But, as soon as Pamela was ready—and sooner she was than her sister—of the agony of Dorus giving a fit to herself, which the words of his letter, lively imprinted in her mind, still remembered her of, she called to Mopsa, and willed her to fetch Dorus to speak with her ; because, she said, she would take further judgment of him before she would move Dametas to grant her in marriage unto him. Mopsa, as glad as of sweetmeat to go of such an errand, quickly returned with Dorus to Pamela, who intended both, by speaking with him, to give some comfort to his passionate heart, and withal to hear some part of his life past, which, although fame had already delivered unto her, yet she desired in more particular certainties to have it from so beloved an historian. Yet the sweetness of virtue's disposition, jealous even over itself, suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of Musidorus, whom she was half ashamed she did love so well, and more than half sorry she could love no better, but thought best first to make her talk arise of Pyrocles and his virtuous father, which thus she did :—

“Dorus,” said she, “you told me the last day that Plangus was deceived in that he affirmed the Prince Musidorus was drowned ; but withal you confessed his cousin Pyrocles perished, of whom certainly in that age there was a great loss, since, as I have heard, he was a young prince of whom all men expected as much as man’s power could bring forth ; and yet virtue promised for him their expectation should not be deceived.”

“Most excellent lady,” said Dorus, “no expectation in others, nor hope in himself, could aspire to a higher mark than to be thought worthy to be praised by your judgment, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is that, as his fame could by no means get so sweet and noble air to fly in as in your breath, so could not you, leaving yourself aside, find in the world a fitter subject of commendation ; as noble as a long succession of royal ancestors, famous, and famous for victories, could make him ; of shape most lovely, and yet of mind more lovely ; valiant, courteous, wise. What should I say more ? Sweet Pyrocles, excellent Pyrocles ! what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I would to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that ever must have thy virtues in admiration, that masked, at least, in them I might have found some more gracious acceptance ?” With that he imprisoned his look for a while upon Mopsa, who thereupon fell into a very wide smiling.

“Truly,” said Pamela, “Dorus, I like well your mind, that can raise itself out of so base a fortune as yours is to think of the imitating so excellent a prince as Pyrocles was. Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush. But I pray you, Dorus,” said she, “tell me, since I perceive you are well acquainted with that

story, what prince was that Euarchus, father to Pyrocles, of whom so much fame goes for his rightly royal virtues, or by what ways he got that opinion ; and then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him, for that excellent son of his, with the discourse of his life and loss ; and therein you may, if you list, say something of that same Musidorus his cousin, because, they going together, the story of Pyrocles—which I only desire—may be the better understood.”

“Incomparable lady,” said he, “your commandment doth not only give me the will, but the power to obey you, such influence hath your excellency. This king, left orphan both of father and mother, whose father and grandfather likewise had died young, he found his estate, when he came to the age which allowed his authority, so disjointed even in the noblest and strongest limbs of government, that the name of a king was grown even odious to the people, his authority having been abused by those great lords and little kings who, in those between-times of reigning, by unjust favouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their liberty against them, had brought in, by a more felt than seen manner of proceeding, the worst kind of oligarchy ; that is, when men are governed indeed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be to whom they should obey. For they, having the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, use the authority as men do their farms, of which they see within a year they shall go out ; and so there were offices sold, public defences neglected, and, in sum, wit abused, rather to feign reason why it should be amiss, than how it should be amended. In short, peerless princess, I might easily set down the whole art of government, but must tell you the history of King Euarchus.

“He had only one sister, a lady—lest I should too easily fall

to partial praises of her—of whom it may be justly said, that she was no unfit branch to the noble stock whereof she was come. Her he had given in marriage to Dorilaus, prince of Thessalia, not so much to make a friendship as to confirm the friendship between their posterity, which between them, by the likeness of virtue, had been long before made: for certainly Dorilaus could need no amplifier's mouth for the highest point of praise. Dorilaus, having married his sister, had his marriage in short time blest (for so are folks wont to say, how unhappy soever the children after grow) with a son, whom they named Musidorus: of whom I must needs first speak before I come to Pyrocles, because, as he was born first, so upon his occasion grew—as I may say, accidentally—the other's birth. For scarcely was Musidorus made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of soothsayers who affirmed strange and incredible things should be performed by that child. Whether the heavens at that time listed to play with ignorant mankind, or that flattery be so presumptuous as even at times to borrow the face of divinity, but certainly, so did the boldness of their affirmation accompany the greatness of what they did affirm—even descending to particularities, what kingdoms he should overcome—that the king of Phrygia, who over-superstitiously thought himself touched in the matter, sought by force to destroy the infant, to prevent his after-expectations; because a skilful man, having compared his nativity with the child, so told him. Foolish man! either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that, if it were a work of the superior powers, the heavens at length are never children. But so he did, and by the aid of the kings of Lydia and Crete, joining together their armies, invaded Thessalia, and brought Dorilaus to some behind-hand of fortune; when his faithful friend and brother Euarchus came so mightily to his

succour that, with some interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a just war the best child—peace. In which time Euarchus made a cross marriage also with Dorilaus his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous Pyrocles, driven to return to the defence of his own country, which in his absence, helped with some of the ill-contented nobility, the mighty king of Thrace and his brother king of Pannonia had invaded. The success of those wars was too notable to be unknown to your ears, to which it seems all worthy fame hath glory to come unto. But there was Dorilaus, valiantly requiting his friend's help, in a great battle deprived of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the tears of his partakers* than the blood of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of Euarchus, that the news of his son's birth could lighten his countenance with no show of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child truth itself in him forthwith delivered. For what fortune only soothsayers foretold of Musidorus, that all men might see prognosticated in Pyrocles, both heavens and earth giving tokens of the coming forth of an heroic virtue. The senate-house of the planets† was at no time so set for the decreeing perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilful therein did acknowledge; only love was threatened and promised to him, and so to his cousin, as both the tempest and haven of their best years. But, as death may have prevented Pyrocles, so unworthiness must be the death of Musidorus.

“But the mother of Pyrocles, shortly after her childbirth, dying, was cause that Euarchus recommended the care of his only son to his sister; doing it the rather because the war continued in cruel heat, betwixt him and those ill neigh-

* *Partakers*—Those who took part with him; assistants, friends.

† “*The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.*”—Pericles, i. 1.

bours of his. In which mean time those young princes, the only comforters of that virtuous widow, grew on so, that Pyrocles taught admiration to the hardest conceits; Musidorus, perchance because among his subjects, exceedingly beloved; and, by the good order of Euarchus—well performed by his sister—they were so brought up that all the sparks of virtue which nature had kindled in them were so blown to give forth their uttermost heat, that justly it may be affirmed they inflamed the affections of all that knew them.

“Among which nothing I so much delight to recount as the memorable friendship that grew betwixt the two princes, such as made them more like than the likeness of all other virtues, and made them more near one to the other than the nearness of their blood could aspire unto, which I think grew the faster, and the faster was tied between them, by reason that Musidorus being elder by three or four years, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in society, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occasion of childish contentions, till they had both past over the humour of such contentions. For Pyrocles bare reverence full of love to Musidorus, and Musidorus had a delight full of love in Pyrocles. Musidorus what he had learned either for body or mind would teach it to Pyrocles, and Pyrocles was so glad to learn of none as of Musidorus; till Pyrocles being come to sixteen years of age, he seemed so to overrun his age in growth, strength, and all things following it, that not Musidorus, no, nor any man living, I think, could perform any action, either on horse or foot, more strongly, or deliver that strength more nimbly, or become the delivery more gracefully, or employ all more virtuously, which may well seem wonderful: but wonders are not wonders in a wonderful subject.

“At which time, understanding that the king Euarchus,

after so many years' war, and the conquest of all Pannonia, and almost Thrace, had now brought the conclusion of all to the siege of Byzantium, to the raising of which siege great forces were made, they would needs fall to the practice of those virtues which they before learned. And therefore the mother of Musidorus, nobly yielding over her own affects to her children's good (for a mother she was in effect to them both), the rather that they might help her beloved brother, they brake off all delays; which Musidorus for his part thought already had devoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boon, before he knew what it was, to his dear friend Pyrocles, that he would never seek the adventures of arms until he might go with him; which having fast bound his heart a true slave to faith, he had bid* a tedious delay of following his own humour for his friend's sake, till now, being both sent for by Euarchus, and finding Pyrocles able every way to go through with that kind of life, he was as desirous for his sake as for his own to enter into it. So, therefore, preparing a navy, that they might go like themselves, and not only bring the comfort of their presence, but of their power to their dear parent Euarchus, they recommended themselves to the sea, leaving the shore of Thessalia full of tears and vows, and were received thereon with so smooth and smiling a face as if Neptune had as then learned falsely to fawn on princes. The wind was like a servant; waiting behind them so just that they might fill the sails as they listed; and the best sailers, showing themselves less covetous of his liberality, so tempered it that they all kept together like a beautiful flock, which so well could obey their master's pipe; without, sometimes, to delight the prince's eyes, some two or three of them would strive who

* "He had *bid* a tedious delay." Here used as a past participle; *i. e.*, he had endured.

could, either by the cunning of well spending the wind's breath, or by the advantageous building of their moving houses, leave their fellows behind them in the honour of speed, while the two princes had leisure to see the practice of that which before they had learned by books—to consider the art of catching the wind prisoner to no other end but to run away with it ; to see how beauty and use can so well agree together that, of all the trinkets wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serves to some necessary purpose. And, O Lord, to see the admirable power and noble effects of love, whereby the seeming insensible loadstone, with a secret beauty holding the spirit of iron in it, can draw that hardhearted thing unto it, and, like a virtuous mistress, not only make it bow itself, but with it make it aspire to so high a love as of the heavenly poles, and thereby to bring forth the noblest deeds that the children of the earth can boast of !

“ But by the next morning, even as the sun began to make a gilded show of good meaning, there arose before his face a dark veil of clouds, which blackened all the heavens, preparing a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. The traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, and such a storm played his direful part as sundered all the vessels, driving the good ship of the two princes on a rock, which, hidden with those outrageous waves, did, as it were, closely dissemble his [its] cruel mind. The ship broke herself in pieces and, as it were, tore out her own bowels to feed the sea's greediness. The princes, alas ! were sundered as the wreck, Musidorus driven out to sea on a piece of the ship, while, contrariwise, Pyrocles was shortly brought out of the sea's fury to the land's comfort.

“ Being cast on land, much bruised and beaten both with the sea's hard farewell and the shore's rude welcome, and even almost deadly tired with the length of his uncomfortable

labour, as he was walking up to discover somebody to whom he might go for relief, there came straight running unto him certain, who, as it was after known, by appointment watched, with many others, in divers places along the coast, who laid hands on him, and, without either questioning with him or showing will to hear him, like men fearful to appear curious, or, which was worse, having no regard to the hard plight he was in, being so wet and weak, they carried him some miles thence, to a house of a principal officer of that country ; who, with no more civility, though with much more business, than those under-fellows had showed, began, in captious manner, to put interrogatories unto him. To which he, unused to such entertainment, did shortly and plainly answer what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner known, with numbers of armed men to guard him—for mischief, not from mischief—he was sent to the king's court, which, as then, was not above a day's journey off, with letters from that officer containing his own serviceable diligence in discovering so great a personage, adding, withal, more than was true of his conjectures, because he would endear his own service.

“ This country whereon he fell was Phrygia, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was sent, a prince of a melancholy constitution both of body and mind ; wickedly sad, ever musing of horrible matters ; suspecting, or, rather, condemning, all men of evil, because his mind had no eye to espy goodness ; and, therefore, accusing sycophants, of all men, did best sort to his nature. And this king, with a toad-like retiredness of mind, had suffered, and well remembered what he had suffered, from the war in Thessalia. But when this bloody king knew what he was, and in what order he and his cousin Musidorus, so much of him feared, were come out of Thessalia, assuredly thinking, because ever thinking the worst, that those forces were provided against him, glad

of the perishing, as he thought, of Musidorus, determined in public sort to put Pyrocles to death ; for, having quite lost the way of nobleness, he strave to climb to the height of terribleness, and, thinking to make all men adread* to make such one an enemy who would not spare nor fear to kill so great a prince, and, lastly, having nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things prepared for that cruel blow, in so solemn an order as if they would set forth tyranny in most gorgeous decking ; the princely youth of invincible valour, yet so unjustly subjected to such outrageous wrong, carrying himself in all his demeanour so constantly, abiding extremity, that one might see it was the cutting away of the greatest hope of the world, and destroying virtue in his sweetest growth.

“ But so it fell out that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendship in Musidorus, who, being almost drowned, had been taken up by a fisherman belonging to the kingdom of Bithynia ; and being there, and understanding the full discourse (as fame was very prodigal of so notable an accident) in what case Pyrocles was, learning, withal, that his hate† was far more to him than to Pyrocles, he found means to acquaint himself with a nobleman of that country, to whom largely discovering what he was, he found him a most fit instrument to effectuate his desire ; for this nobleman had been one who in many wars, had served Euarchus, and had been so mindstricken by the beauty of virtue in that noble king that, though not born his subject, he ever professed himself his servant. His desire, therefore, to him was to keep Musidorus in a strong castle of his, and then to

* *Adread*—Afrail.—“ I am *adrad*, by saynt Thomas.”

—CHAUCER, C. T. l. 3425.

† *His hate*—The king of Phrygia's.

make the king of Phrygia understand that, if he would deliver Pyrocles, Musidorus would willingly put himself into his hands, knowing well that how thirsty soever he was of Pyrocles' blood, he would rather drink that of Musidorus.

“The nobleman was loth to preserve one by the loss of another ; but time urging resolution, the importunity of Musidorus, who showed a mind not to overlive Pyrocles, with the affection he bare to Euarchus, so prevailed that he carried this strange offer of Musidorus, which by the tyrant was greedily accepted. ✓

“And so, upon security of both sides, they were interchanged. Where I may not omit the work of friendship in Pyrocles, who, both in speech and countenance to Musidorus, well showed that he thought himself injured, and not relieved by him, asking him what he had ever seen in him why he could not bear the extremities of mortal accidents as well as any man ; and why he should envy him the glory of suffering death for his friend's cause, and, as it were, rob him of his own possession. But in this notable contention, where the conquest must be the conqueror's destruction, and safety the punishment of the conquered, Musidorus prevailed, because he was a more welcome prey to the unjust king ; and as cheerfully going towards, as Pyrocles went frowardly fromward his death, he was delivered to the king, who could not be enough sure of him without he fed his own eyes upon one whom he had began to fear as soon as the other began to be. Yet, because he would in one act both make ostentation of his own felicity, into whose hands his most feared enemy was fallen, and withal cut off such hopes from his suspected subjects, when they should know certainly he was dead, with much more skilful cruelty and horrible solemnity he causeth each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyranny. And so, the day being come, he was led forth by many armed

men, who often had been the fortifiers of wickedness, to the place of execution, where, coming with a mind comforted in that he had done such service to Pyrocles, this strange encounter he had.

“The excelling Pyrocles was no sooner delivered by the king’s servants to a place of liberty than he bent his wit and courage—and what would not they bring to pass?—how either to deliver Musidorus or to perish with him. And, finding he could get in that country no forces sufficient by force to rescue him, to bring himself to die with him, little hoping of better event, he put himself in poor raiment, and, by the help of some few crowns he took of that nobleman, who, full of sorrow, though not knowing the secret of his intent, suffered him to go in such order from him, he, even he, born to the greatest expectation, and of the greatest blood that any prince might be, submitted himself to be servant to the executioner that should put to death Musidorus; a far notabler proof of his friendship, considering the height of his mind, than any death could be. That bad officer not suspecting him, being arrayed fit for such an estate, and having his beauty hidden by many foul spots he artificially put upon his face, gave him leave not only to wear a sword himself, but to bear his sword prepared for the justified murder. And so Pyrocles taking his time when Musidorus was upon the scaffold, separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something, he stept unto him, and, putting the sword into his hand not bound, a point of civility the officers used towards him, because they doubted no such enterprise, ‘Musidorus,’ said he, ‘die nobly.’ In truth, never man between joy before knowledge what to be glad of, and fear after considering his case, had such a confusion of thoughts as I had when I saw Pyrocles so near me.” But with that Dorus blushed, and Pamela smiling, Dorus the

more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing, because he had, with the remembrance of that plight he was in, forgotten, in speaking of himself, to use the third person. But Musidorus turned her thoughts at this stay of his story in rough sort, being with sword in hand, by laying heartily about him; and Pyrocles, the excellent Pyrocles did such wonders as had made Musidorus full of courage had he been born a coward.

“But as they were still fighting, with weak arms and strong hearts, it happened that one of the soldiers, commanded to go up after his fellows against the princes, having received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went back with as much diligence as he came up with modesty, which another of his fellows seeing, to pick a thank of the king, strake him upon the face, reviling him, that so accompanied he would run away from so few. But he, as many times it falls out, only valiant when he was angry, in revenge thrust him through, which with his death was straight revenged by a brother of his, and that again requited by a fellow of the other's. There began to be a great tumult amongst the soldiers, which seen, and not understood, by the people, used to fears, but not used to be bold in them, some began to cry treason; and that voice straight multiplying itself, the king—O the cowardice of a guilty conscience!—before any man set upon him, fled away. ✓
Wherewith a bruit, either by art of some well-meaning men, or by some chance, as such things often fall out by, ran from one to the other, that the king was slain; wherewith certain young men of the bravest minds cried with a loud voice, ‘Liberty!’ and, encouraging the other citizens to follow them, ✓ set upon the guard and soldiers, as chief instruments of tyranny; and, quickly aided by the princes, they had left none of them alive, nor any other in the city who they thought had in any sort set his hand to the work of their

servitude, and, God knows, by the blindness of rage, killing many guiltless persons, either for affinity to the tyrant or enmity to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser, seeing that a popular license is indeed the many-headed tyranny, prevailed with the rest to make Musidorus their chief, choosing one of them, because princes, to defend them, and him because elder and most hated of the tyrant, and by him to be ruled, whom forthwith they lifted up; Fortuné, I think, smiling at her work therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow to a scaffold of coronation.

“But by-and-by came news that the tyrant was not dead, but had fled to a strong place, and was gathering his forces with all speed; but those collected were dispersed as soon, and the king killed in the fight by the two princes. Thereon the chief rule and kingship was offered to Musidorus; but he, thinking it a greater greatness to give a kingdom than to get a kingdom, bestowed it on one who was left of the blood royal, an aged gentleman of approved goodness. And soon by this king and his people the kingdom next joining was added to his, and the country well cleared of monsters and cruel giants of hugeness and greatness, and therefore well called giants, who did trouble it.

“It were the part of a very idle orator to set forth the numbers of well-devised honours done unto them; but, as high honour is not only gotten and borne by pain and danger, but must be nursed by the like, or else vanisheth as soon as it appears to the world, so the natural hunger thereof, which was in Pyrocles, suffered him not to account a resting seat of that which either riseth or falleth, but still to make one occasion beget another; whereby his doings might send his praise to others' mouths, to rebound again true contentment to his spirit. And, therefore, having well established those kingdoms under good governors, and rid them by their valour of

such giants and monsters as before-time armies were not able to subdue, they determined, in unknown order, to see more of the world, and to employ those gifts esteemed rare in them to the good of mankind; and therefore would themselves, understanding that the king Euarchus was passed all the cumber of his wars, go privately to seek exercises of their virtue, thinking it not so worthy to be brought to heroical effects by fortune or necessity, like Ulysses and Æneas, as by one's own choice and working. And so went they away from very unwilling people to leave them,* making time haste itself to be a circumstance of their honour, and one place witness to another of the truth of their doings. For scarcely were they out of the confines of Pontus but that, as they rid alone armed—for alone they went, one serving the other—they met an adventure, which, though not so notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembered, for the unused examples therein, as well of true natural goodness as of wretched ungratefulness.

“And now being in the country of Galatia, and in mid-winter, the princes were condemned by the pride of the wind which blew into their faces to some shrouding place, a hollow rock; and under that rude canopy they found an aged man,

* *Leave them*—i. e., people very unwilling to let them go. Although few dictionary-makers give the sense, it is evident that “leave” was used as we now use “let,” and at a time when that meant “to hinder.” “Leave me do it,” used by peasants and vulgar street boys, is old English for asking permission. Here follow examples of the verb and noun used in this sense:—

“This old Pandion, this king gan wepe
 For tendernesse of hertē, for to *leve*
 His doughter gon, and for to geve her *leve*.
 Of all this world he loveth nothing so.
 But at the last *leave* hath she to go.”

—CHAUCER, “Legend of Philomene.”
 “For to leve his doughter gon” means, in Latinised English, that he should permit his daughter's departure.

and a young scarcely come to the age of man, the old man blind, the young man leading him, and their doleful speeches were such as moved the princes to ask the younger who they were. ‘Sirs,’ answered he with a good grace, ‘your presence promiseth that cruelty shall not overrun hate; and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear. This old man whom I lead was lately rightful prince of this country of Paphlagonia, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his deprived not only of his kingdom, whereof no foreign forces were ever able to spoil him, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures, whereby and by other his unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such grief as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock,* thence to cast himself headlong to death, and so would have made me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But, noble gentlemen,’ said he, ‘if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is ingrafted in a son’s heart, let me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security; amongst your worthy acts it shall be none of the least that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.’

“But, before they could make him answer, his father began to speak. ‘Ah, my son,’ said he, ‘how evil an historian are you, that leave out the chief knot of all the discourse—my wickedness, my wickedness! and if thou doest it to spare my ears, the only sense now left me proper for knowledge, assure

* It is pretty generally agreed by commentators that Shakespeare, who was evidently a reader of the *Arcadia*, and has indeed borrowed (assuming “Pericles” to be his) one of his lines from it (see note, p. 149), took the underplot of *Gloster and his sons*, or at least the most striking incident of it, in his tragedy of “*King Lear*,” from this story of the king of Paphlagonia. If we read “top of this rock” as relating to Dover, that chalky elevation has another link to bind it to English literature.

thyself thou doest mistake me ; and I take witness of that sun which you see'—with that he cast up his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light—'and wish myself in worse case than I do wish myself, which is as evil as may be, if I speak untruly, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts as the publishing of my shame. Therefore, know you, gentlemen—to whom, from my heart, I wish that it may not prove some ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with such a miser* as I am—that whatsoever my son—O God, that truth binds me to reproach him with the name of my son!—hath said is true. But, besides those truths, this also is true, that having had, in lawful marriage, of a mother fit to bear royal children, this son—such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration—and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was grown to justify their expectations, so as I needed envy no father for the chief comfort of mortality, to leave another oneself after me, I was carried by a bastard son of mine—if at least I be bound to believe the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother—first to dislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy, this son—I think you think—undeserving destruction. What ways she used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisy, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envy, as in any living person could be harboured ; but I list it not, no remembrance of naughtiness delights me but mine own, and methinks the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loathe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as

* *Miser*—Used in its true sense—a poor wretch.

“He stayd his steed for humble *misers* sake.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, II. i. 9.

myself, to lead him out into a forest, and there to kill him. But those thieves, better natured to my son than myself, spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly ; which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country hereby. But as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble pieces of service which he did, he heard news of me, who, drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural son of mine, suffered myself so to be governed by him that all favours and punishments passed by him, all offices and places of importance distributed to his favourites ; so that, ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the name of a king, which he shortly weary of too, with many indignities, if anything may be called an indignity which was laid upon me, threw me out of my see, and put out my eyes, and then, proud in his tyranny, let me go, neither imprisoning nor killing me, but rather delighting to make me feel misery,—misery indeed, if ever there were any ; full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as he came to the crown by so unjust means, as unjustly he kept it, by force of stranger soldiers in citadels, the nests of tyranny and murderers of liberty ; disarming all his own countrymen, that no man durst show himself a well-willer of mine : to say the truth, I think, few of them being so, considering my cruel folly to my good son, and foolish kindness to my unkind bastard. But if there were any who felt pity of so great a fall, and had yet any sparks of unslain duty left in them towards me, yet durst they not show it, scarcely with giving me alms at their doors—which yet was the only sustenance of my distressed life—nobody daring to show so much charity as to lend me a hand to guide my dark steps. Till this son of mine—God knows, worthy of a more virtuous and more fortunate father—forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good way he was

doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office you see him perform towards me, to my unspeakable grief ; not only because his kindness is a glass even to my blind eyes of my naughtiness, but that, above all griefs, it grieves me he should desperately adventure the loss of his well-deserving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would carry mud in a chest of crystal ; for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much soever, and with good reason, he despiseth me, of all men despised, yet he will not let slip any advantage to make away him whose just title, ennobled by courage and goodness, may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyranny. And for this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock ; indeed, I must confess, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, only therein since he was born showed himself disobedient unto me. And now, gentlemen, you have the true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great a merit. And if it may be, let me obtain that of you which my son denies me ; for never was there more pity in saving any than in ending me, both because therein my agony shall end, and so you shall preserve this excellent young man, who else wilfully follows his own ruin.'

“The matter, in itself lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince—which needed not to take to himself the gestures of pity, since his face could not put off the marks thereof—greatly moved the two princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedy. But by-and-by Plexirtus—so was the bastard called—came thither with forty horse of purpose to murder his brother ; yet, notwithstanding help given to the usurper by Tydeus and Telenor, two brothers of the noblest house of that

country, and forty or fifty of their suite, Pyrocles and Musidorus, and the king of Pontus, who had come unlooked for to their succour, so reduced the usurper that they left him but that strong place wherein he was. In which season, too, the blind king, his heart broken with affliction, having in the chief city of his realm placed the crown upon his son Leonatus' head, even in a moment, as it should seem, died. Plexirtus, reduced by famine, came, cunningly dissembling, bare-footed, and with a rope about his neck, to Leonatus, seeming to desire nothing but death, as, ashamed to live, he begged the life in refusing it. In the noble breast of Leonatus he begat not only pity, but pardon, and the ministers of his cruelty being punished, he was forgiven.

✓ “In such sort the princes left these reconciled brothers, Plexirtus in all his behaviour carrying him in far lower degree of service than the ever-noble nature of Leonatus would suffer him, and taking likewise their leaves of their good friend the king of Pontus, who returned to enjoy some benefit, both of his wife and kingdom, they privately went thence, having only with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompany them through divers places, they four doing acts more dangerous, though less famous, because they were but private chivalries; till, hearing of the fair and virtuous Queen Erona of Lycia, besieged by the puissant king of Armenia, they bent themselves to her succour, both because the weaker—and weaker, as being a lady—and partly because they heard the king of Armenia had in his company three of the most famous men living, for matters of arms, that were known to be in the world; whereof one was the Prince Plangus, whose name was sweetened by your breath, peerless lady, when the last day it pleased you to mention him unto me; the other two were two great princes—though holding of him—Barzanes and Euardes, men of giantlike

both hugeness and force ; in which two especially the trust the king had of victory was reposed. And of them those brothers Tydeus and Telenor, sufficient judges in warlike matters, spake so high commendations that the two princes had even a youthful longing to have some trial of their virtue. And, therefore, as soon as they were entered into Lycia, they joined themselves with them that faithfully served the poor queen, at that time besieged ; and ere long animated in such sort their almost overthrown hearts, that they went by force to relieve the town, though they were deprived of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all haste to return to their old friend and master Plexirtus, who, willingly hoodwinking themselves from seeing his faults, and binding themselves to believe what he said, often abused the virtue of courage to defend his foul vice of injustice. But now they were sent for to advance a conquest he was about, while Pyrocles and Musidorus pursued the delivery of the queen Erona.”

“ I have heard,” said Pamela, “ that part of the story of Plangus when he passed through this country, therefore you may, if you list, pass over that war of Erona’s quarrel, lest, if you speak too much of war matters, you should wake Mopsa, which might haply breed a great broil.” He looked and saw that Mopsa indeed sate swallowing of sleep with open mouth, making such a noise withal as nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to use that occasion, I* kneeled down, and, with humble-heartedness and hearty earnestness printed in my graces, “ Alas !” said I, “ divine lady, who have wrought such miracles in me as to make a prince—none of the basest—to think

* There is here a confusion of persons, not uncommon with Sidney and the older writers.

all principalities base, in respect of the sheepphook which may hold him up in your sight, vouchsafe now, at last, to hear in direct words my humble suit, while this dragon sleeps that keeps the golden fruit. If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination feign to myself anything which may be the least spot to that heavenly virtue which shines in all your doings, I pray the eternal powers that the words I speak may be deadly poisons while they are in my mouth, and that all my hopes, all my desires, all my imaginations may only work their own confusion. But if love, love of you, love of your virtues, seek only that favour of you which becometh that gratefulness which cannot misbecome your excellency, O do not——” He would have said further, but Pamela calling aloud “Mopsa !” she suddenly start up, staggering, and rubbing her eyes, ran first out of the door, and then back to them, before she knew how she went out or why she came in again ; till at length, being fully come to her little self, she asked Pamela why she had called her. “For nothing,” said Pamela, “but that ye might hear some tales of your servant’s telling ; and therefore now,” said she, “Dorus, go on.” But as I, who found no so good sacrifice as obedience, was returning to the story of myself, Philoclea came in, and by-and-by after her, Miso : so as for that time they were fain to let Dorus depart.

Pamela and Philoclea, their sober dinner being come and gone, resolved to beg Zelmane’s company and to go, while the heat of the day lasted, to bathe themselves, as the Arcadian nymphs often do, in the river Ladon, which of all the rivers of Greece had the price for excellent pureness and sweetness, insomuch as the very bathing in it was accounted exceeding healthful. It ran upon so fine and delicate a ground as one could not easily judge whether the river did more wash

the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river, the river not running forth-right,* but almost continually winding, as if the lower streams would return to their spring, or that the river had a delight to play with itself. The banks of either side seeming arms of the loving earth that fain would embrace it, and the river a wanton nymph which still would slip from it, either side of the bank being fringed with most beautiful trees, which resisted the sun's darts from over-much piercing the natural coldness of the river.

Zelmane, whose passion was so great that she was obliged to lean against a tree, as the raiments of these damsels fell off, to receive the kisses of the ground, retired ; while Philoclea, who blushing, and withal smiling, making shamefastness pleasant, and pleasure shamefast, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feel the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of shrugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed stars. But the river itself gave way unto her, so that she was straight breast high, which was the deepest that thereabout she could be ; and when cold Ladon had once fully embraced them, himself was no more so cold to those ladies, but, as if his cold complexion had been heated with love, so seemed he to play about every part he could touch.

Zelmane, in retirement taking up a lute, with her panting heart dancing to the music, gave utterance and invention to a song in honour of her mistress, when, coming to the latter end of it, she saw a water-spaniel come and fetch away one of Philoclea's gloves, whose fine proportion showed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to Zelmane to see that the dog was therewith

* Straightforward ; sometimes used as a noun.

“Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders.”—Tempest iii. 3.

delighted, and so let him go a little way withal, who quickly carried it out of sight among certain trees and bushes, which were very close together. But by-and-by he came again, and, amongst the raiment, the dog lighted upon a little book of four or five leaves of paper, and was bearing that away too. But when Zelmane, not knowing what importance it might be of, ran after the dog, who going straight to those bushes, she might see the dog deliver it to a gentleman who secretly lay there. But she hastily coming in, the gentleman rose up, and, with a courteous, though sad countenance, presented himself unto her. Zelmane's eyes straight willed her mind to mark him, for she thought in herself she had never seen a man of a more goodly presence, in whom strong making took not away delicacy, nor beauty fierceness; being indeed such a right man-like man as Nature, often erring, yet shows she would fain make. But when she had a while, not without admiration, viewed him, she desired him to deliver back the glove and paper, because they were the lady Philoclea's, telling him withal that she would not willingly let them know of his close lying in that prohibited place while they were bathing of themselves, because she knew they would be mortally offended withal.

“Fair lady,” answered he, “the worst of the complaint is already passed, since I feel of my fault in myself the punishment. But for these things, I assure you, it was my dog's wanton boldness, not my presumption.” With that he gave her back the paper. “But for the glove,” said he, “since it is my lady Philoclea's, give me leave to keep it, sith my heart cannot persuade itself to part from it. And I pray you tell the lady—lady indeed of all my desires—that owes* it,

* *Owes*—“Owe” *v.*, “own” *adj.* “To owe” is to have, to possess. “Ought” the *p. perfect.*; “that man *ought* 500 pence.”

“Loke thu bere nat there awaye bote yt be thyne *owe*.”

—Piers Ploughman, p. 122.

that I will direct my life to honour this glove with serving her."

"O villain!" cried out Zelmane, maddened with finding an unlooked-for rival, and that he would make her a messenger, "despatch, and deliver it, or, by the life of her that owes it, I will make thy soul, though too base a price, pay for it;" and with that drew out her sword, which, Amazon-like, she ever wore about her. The gentleman retired himself into an open place from among the bushes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliver it unto her, saying withal, "God forbid I should use my sword against you, sith, if I be not deceived, you are the same famous Amazon that both defended my lady's just title of beauty against the valiant Phalantus, and saved her life in killing the lion; therefore I am rather to kiss your hands, with acknowledging myself bound to obey you." But this courtesy was worse than a bastinado to Zelmane, so that again, with rageful eyes, she bad him defend himself, for no less than his life should answer it. "A hard case," said he, "to teach my sword that lesson, which hath ever used to turn itself to a shield in a lady's presence." But Zelmane, hearkening to no more words, began with such witty fury to pursue him with blows and thrusts that nature and virtue commanded the gentleman to look to his safety. Yet still courtesy, that seemed incorporate in his heart, would not be persuaded by danger to offer any offence, but only to stand upon the best defensive guard he could; sometimes going back, being content, in that respect, to take on the figure of cowardice, sometime with strong and well-met wards, sometimes cunning avoidings of his body, and sometimes feigning some blows, which himself pulled back before they needed to be withstood. And so, with play, did he a good while fight against the fight of Zelmane, who, more spited with that courtesy, that one that did nothing should be able to resist

her, burned away with choler any motions which might grow out of her own sweet disposition, determining to kill him if he fought no better ; and so, redoubling her blows, drave the stranger to no other shift than to ward and go back, at that time seeming the image of innocency against violence. But at length he found that, both in public and private respects, who stands only upon defence stands upon no defence ; for Zelmane seeming to strike at his head, and he going to ward it, withal stepped back, as he was accustomed, she stopped her blow in the air, and, suddenly turning the point, ran full at his breast, so as he was driven with the pommel of his sword, having no other weapon of defence, to beat it down ; but the thrust was so strong that he could not so wholly beat it away but that it met with his thigh, through which it ran. But Zelmane retiring her sword, and seeing his blood, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pity, and heartily sorry, and even ashamed with herself, she was considering how little he had done who well, she found, could have done more ; insomuch that she said, “ Truly I am sorry for your hurt ; but yourself gave the cause, both in refusing to deliver the glove, and yet not fighting as I know you could have done. But,” said she, “ because I perceive you disdain to fight with a woman, it may be, before a year come about, you shall meet with a near kinsman of mine, Pyrocles, prince of Macedon ; and I give you my word, he, for me, shall maintain this quarrel against you.” “ I would,” answered Amphialus, “ I had many more such hurts to meet and know that worthy prince, whose virtue I love and admire, though my good destiny hath not been to see his person.”

But, as they were so speaking, the young ladies came, to whom Mopsa, curious in anything but her own good behaviour, having followed and seen Zelmane fighting, had

cried what she had seen. But they, careful of Zelmane, Pamela with a noble mind, and Philoclea with a loving, made quick work to come to save her. But already they found them in talk, and Zelmane careful of his wound ; and, when they saw him, they knew it was their cousin-german, the famous Amphialus, whom, yet with a sweet-graced bitterness, they blamed for breaking their father's commandment, especially while themselves were in such sort retired. But he craved pardon, protesting unto them that he had only been to seek solitary places by an extreme melancholy that had a good while possessed him, and guided to that place by his spaniel, where, while the dog hunted in the river, he had withdrawn himself to pacify with sleep his over-watched eyes, till a dream waked him. But Philoclea, that was even jealous of herself for Zelmane, would needs have her glove, and not without so mighty a lower [frown] as that face could yield. As for Zelmane, when she knew it was Amphialus, "Lord Amphialus," said she, "I have long desired to know you heretofore, I must confess, with more good-will, but still with honouring your virtue, though I love not your person ; and at this time, I pray you, let us take care of your wound, upon condition you shall hereafter promise that a more knightly combat shall be performed between us." Amphialus answered in honourable sort, but with such excusing himself that more and more accused his love to Philoclea, and provoked more hate in Zelmane. But Mopsa had already called certain shepherds, not far off, who knew and well observed their limits, to come and help to carry away Amphialus, whose wound suffered him not without danger to strain it ; and so he, leaving himself with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his heart than at his wound.

He being gone, the ladies—with merry anger talking in

what naked simplicity their cousin had seen them—returned to the lodge-ward. Yet thinking it too early, as long as they had any day, to break off so pleasing a company with going to perform a cumbersome obedience, Zelmane invited them to the little arbour, only reserved for her, which they willingly did ; and there sitting, Pamela having a while made the lute in his* language show how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, Zelmane delivered up the paper which Amphialus had at first yielded unto her ; and, seeing written upon the back side of it the complaint of Plangus, remembering what Dorus had told her, and desiring to know how much Philoclea knew of her estate, she took occasion, in presenting of it, to ask whether it were any secret or no.

“ No, truly,” answered Philoclea, “ ’tis even an exercise of my father’s writing, a story of a gentleman whom he met as he lay under a tree while his servants gat fresh post horses for him. His pitiful motions, and even groans, moved my father to talk to him, and he afterwards set down his story in such a form as you see.”

The quick eyes of Zelmane, leave being given them to overrun the paper, perceived it to be a kind of tuneful dialogue between a certain Plangus and Basilius, relating the love torments of Plangus and a fair queen named Erona, in this sad world,

“ Where death is fear’d and life is held with pain,
Like players† plac’d to fill a filthy stage ;
Where change of thoughts one fool to other shows,
And all but jests save only sorrow’s rage ;”

where the body is, indeed, but a shop of shame, a book

* *His*—Here used for “ its ;” in the language of the lute.

† So Shakespeare—

“ Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.”—Macbeth, act v. s. 5.

where blots be rife. Little else learned she from it, and, therefore, thus she spake to Philoclea: "Most excellent lady! one may be little wiser for this dialogue, since it neither sets forth what Plangus, nor what Erona is; wherefore I would humbly crave to understand the particular discourse thereof."

"With my sister's leave and help," answered Philoclea, "I will at once declare it. Of late there reigned a king in Lydia, who had for the blessing of his marriage this only daughter of his, Erona*; a princess worthy, for her beauty, as much praise as beauty may be praiseworthy. This princess Erona, being nineteen years of age, seeing the country of Lydia so much devoted to Cupid as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored, either moved thereunto by the esteeming that it could be no god-head which could breed wickedness, or the shamefast consideration of such nakedness, procured so much of her father as utterly to pull down and deface all those statues and pictures.† Which how terribly he punished—for to that the Lydians impute it—quickly after appeared.

"For she had not lived a year longer when she was stricken with most obstinate love to a young man, but of mean parentage, in her father's court, named Antiphilus; so

* *Erona*—Whether by this name Sidney intends to lead the mind towards Eros, the God of Love, in the Orphic hymns the son of Kronos, is a question. Sometimes, as in *Gynecia*, there seems to be a distinct suggestion of the nature of the bearer of the name, and these characters were evidently drawn from life; but, as Sidney never finished this work, nor prepared it for publication, it is now impossible to assign the real characters to the puppets in his fiction. The better way to enjoy the romance is to read it for its intrinsic beauty and the charm of its language, and to let the hidden allegory lie forgotten and undisturbed.

† This profanation of Cupid's shrines, and the consequent events, suggested to Beaumont and Fletcher the groundwork of the plot of "Cupid's Revenge."—Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. 351.

mean as that he was but the son of her nurse, and by that means, without other desert, became known of her. Now so evil could she conceal her fire, and so wilfully persevered she in it, that her father offering her the marriage of the great Tiridates, king of Armenia, who desired her more than the joys of heaven, she, for Antiphilus' sake, refused it. Many ways her father sought to withdraw her from it; sometimes by persuasions, sometimes by threatenings; once hiding Antiphilus, and giving her to understand that he was fled the country; lastly, making a solemn execution to be done of another, under the name of Antiphilus, whom he kept in prison. But neither she liked persuasions, nor feared threatenings, nor changed for absence; and when she thought him dead, she sought all means, as well by poison as knife, to send her soul at least to be married in the eternal Church with him. This so brake the tender father's heart that, leaving things as he found them, he shortly after died. Then forthwith Erona, being seized* of the crown, and arming her will with authority, sought to advance her affection to the holy title of matrimony.

“But before she could accomplish all the solemnities, she was overtaken with a war the king Tiridates made upon her, only for her person; towards whom, for her ruin, Love had kindled his cruel heart, indeed cruel and tyrannous; for, being far too strong in the field, he spared no man, woman, nor child; but, as though there could be found no foil to set

* *Seized*—Possessed of, used in the present law sense. In the third book of the *Arcadia* there is a fine use of the word. “They could scarcely understand his last words, for Death began to *seize* himself of his heart.”

“Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,—
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,—
Defeated of his *seizure*, many days
Given thee of grace.”—MILTON, P. L. b. xi. 251.

forth the extremity of his love, but extremity of hatred, wrote, as it were, the sonnets of his love in the blood, and tuned them in the cries of her subjects; although his fair sister Artaxia, who would accompany him in the army, sought all means to appease his fury; till, lastly, he besieged Erona in her best city, vowing to win her or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a woeful consent, or a ruinous denial, when there came thither, following the course which Virtue and Fortune led them, two excellent young princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, the one prince of Macedon, the other of Thessalia; two princes, as Plangus said—and he witnessed his saying with sighs and tears—the most accomplished both in body and mind that the sun ever looked upon.” While Philoclea spake those words, “O sweet words,” thought Zelmane to herself, “which are not only a praise to me, but a praise to praise itself, which out of that mouth issueth.”

“These two princes,” said Philoclea, “as well to help the weaker, especially being a lady, as to save a Greek people from being ruined by such, whom we call and count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest Lydians as would venture their lives to succour their princess, giving order by a secret message they sent into the city, that they should issue with all force at an appointed time, they set upon Tiridates’ camp with so well-guided a fierceness, that being of both sides assaulted, he was like to be overthrown; but that this Plangus, being general of Tiridates’ horsemen, especially aided by the two mighty men Euardes and Barzanes, rescued the footmen, even almost defeated; but yet could not bar the princes, with their succours both of men and victual, to enter the city.

“Which when Tiridates found would make the war long, which length seemed to him worse than a languishing con-

sumption, he made a challenge of three princes in his retinue against those two princes and Antiphilus ; and that thereupon the quarrel should be decided, with compact that neither side should help his fellow ; but of whose side the more overcame, with him the victory should remain. Antiphilus, though Erona chose rather to bide the brunt of war than venture him, yet could not for shame refuse the offer, especially since the two strangers that had no interest in it did willingly accept it ; besides that, she saw it like enough that the people, weary of the miseries of war, would rather give him up if they saw him shrink than for his sake venture their ruin, considering that the challengers were of far greater worthiness than himself. So it was agreed upon, and against Pyrocles was Euardes, king of Bithynia, Barzanes of Hircania against Musidorus—two men that thought the world scarce able to resist them—and against Antiphilus he placed this same Plangus, being his own cousin-german, and son to the king of Iberia. Now so it fell out that Musidorus slew Barzanes, and Pyrocles Euardes, which victory those princes esteemed above all that ever they had ; but of the other side Plangus took Antiphilus prisoner ; under which colour, as if the matter had been equal, though, indeed, it was not, the greater part being overcome of his side, Tiridates continued his war, and to bring Erona to a compelled yielding, sent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walls of the town, strike off Antiphilus' head, without his suit in that space were granted, adding withal, because he had heard of her desperate affection, that if in the meantime she did herself any hurt, what tortures could be devised should be laid upon Antiphilus.

“ Then lo* if Cupid be a god, or that [by] the tyranny of our own thoughts seem as a god unto us ; but whatsoever it was,

* *Lo*—Used in the sense of see, behold.

then it did set forth the miserableness of his effects, she being drawn to two contraries by one cause ; for the love of him commanded her to yield to no other, the love of him commanded her to preserve his life, which knot might well be cut, but united [untied] it could not be. So that love in her passions, like a right make-bate,* whispered to both sides arguments of quarrel.

“At length, even the evening before the day appointed for his death, the determination of yielding prevailed, especially growing upon a message of Antiphilus, who, with all the conjuring† terms he could devise, besought her to save his life upon any conditions. But she had no sooner sent her messenger to Tiridates but her mind changed, and she went to the two young princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, and, falling down at their feet, desired them to try some way for her deliverance, showing herself resolved not to overlive Antiphilus, nor yield to Tiridates. ✓

“They, that knew not what she had done in private, prepared that night accordingly ; and, as sometimes it falls out that what is inconstancy seems cunning, so did this change, indeed, stand in as good stead as a witty dissimulation ; for it made the king as reckless as them diligent ; so that, in the dead time of the night, the princes issued out of the town, with whom she would needs go, either to die herself or rescue Antiphilus, having no armour or weapon but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what device (though Plangus at large described it), the conclusion was, the wonderful valour

* *Make-bate*—“To bate” means “to quarrel;” hence “make-bate,” a maker of quarrels. In a similar way Shakespeare has “make-peace:” “To be a *make-peace* shall become my age” (Richard II. i. 1).

† *Conjuring*—“To conjure” is to call upon one with great earnestness and entreaty. “And in the end he repeateth how he *conjured* God in Horeb, and overcame Him with prayer.”—TYNDAL, *Workes*, p. 22.

✓ of the two princes so prevailed that Antiphilus was succoured and the king slain. Plangus was then the chief man left in the camp ; and therefore, seeing no other remedy, conveyed in safety into her country Artaxia, now queen of Armenia, who, being at home, proclaimed great rewards to any private man, and herself in marriage to any prince, that would destroy Pyrocles and Musidorus. But thus was Antiphilus redeemed, and, though against the consent of all her nobility, married to Erona ; in which case the two Greek princes, being called away by another adventure, left them.

“ But now, methinks, as I have read some poets, who, when they intend to tell some horrible matter, they bid men shun the hearing of it, so, if I do not desire you to stop your ears from me, yet may I well desire a breathing time before I am to tell the execrable treason of Antiphilus, that brought her to great misery, and, withal, wish you all that from all mankind, indeed, you stop your ears. Oh, most happy were we if we did set our loves one upon another ;”—and as she spake that word her cheeks in red letters writ more than her tongue did speak ;—“ and, therefore, since I have named Plangus, I pray you, sister,” said she, “ help me with the rest ; for I have held the stage long enough ; and if it please you to make his fortune known, as I have done Erona’s, I will after take heart again to go on with his [Antiphilus’] falsehood ; and so, between us both, my lady Zelmane shall understand both the cause and parties of this lamentation.”

“ Nay, beshrew me,” said Miso, “ I will have none of that ; I will first have my tale ; you all and my daughter Mopsa may draw cuts,* and the shortest cut speak first ;

* *Cuts*—Lots; so Chaucer makes his pilgrims draw cuts who shall tell the first tale.

“ Now draweth cut, er that we forther twynne ;
Which that hath the schortest schal bygynne.”

—Cant. Tales, Prologue, l. 838.

for I tell you—and this may be suffered—when you are married, you will have first and last word of your husbands.” The ladies laughed to see with what an eager earnestness she looked, having threatening, not only in her ferret eyes, but, while she spake, her nose seeming to threaten her chin, and her shaking limbs one to threaten another. But there was no remedy ; they must obey. And Miso, sitting on the ground, with her knees up, and her hands upon her knees, tuning her voice with many a quavering cough, thus discoursed unto them :—“I tell you true,” said she, “whatsoever you think of me, you will one day be as I am ; and I, simple though I sit here,* thought once my penny as good silver as some of you do ; and, if my father had not played the hasty fool—it is no lie I tell you—I might have had another-gains† husband than Dametas. But let that pass. God amend him ! And yet I speak it not without good cause. You are full in your tittle-tattlings of Cupid ; here is Cupid, and there is Cupid. I will tell you now what a good old woman told me, what an old wise man told her, what a great learned clerk told him, and gave it him in writing, and here I have in my prayer-book.” “I pray you,” said Philoclea, “let us see it, and read it.” “No haste, but good,” said Miso, “you shall first know how I came by it. I was a young girl of seven-and-twenty year old, and I could not go through the street of our village but I might hear the young men talk : ‘Oh, the pretty little eyes of Miso !’ ‘Oh, the fine thin lips of Miso !’ ‘Oh, the goodly fat hands of Miso !’ besides how well a certain wrying I had of my neck became me.

* A phrase common in Shakespeare’s time. “He’s a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.”—Mer. Wives, i. 1.

† *Another-gains*—This may be a misprint for “another-gates,” another sort.

“When Hudibras about to enter
Upon an *othergates* adventure.”—Hudibras, P. I. c. iii.

Then the one would wink with one eye, and the other cast daisies at me. I must confess, seeing so many amorous, it made me set up my peacock's tail with the highest. Which, when this good old woman perceived—O the good wold* woman! well may the bones rest of the good wold woman!—she called me to her into her house. I remember full well, it stood in the lane as you go to the barber's shop; all the town knew her; there was a great loss of her. She called me to her, and, taking first a sop of wine to comfort her heart—it was of the same wine that comes out of Candia, which we pay so dear for nowadays, and in that good world was very good cheap†—she called me to her. 'Minion,' said she—indeed, I was a pretty one in those days, though I say it—'I see a number of lads that love you. Well,' said she, 'I say no more. Do you know what Love is?' With that she brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foul fiend, I trow; for he had a pair of horns like a bull, his feet cloven, as many eyes upon his body as my gray mare hath dapples, and for all the world so placed. This monster sate like a hangman upon a pair of gallows. In his right hand he was painted holding a crown of laurel; in his left hand a purse of money; and out of his mouth hung a lace‡ of two

* *Good wold woman*—An intentional and mocking alliteration.

† *Good cheap*—"Chepe" is Saxon for "market;" hence "good cheap," good market. The French have an equivalent for this in their expression *bon marché*.

"Until thy death thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy purchase be *good cheap* or no;
And at that day, believe it, 'twill appear,
If not extremely cheap, extremely dear."

—QUARLES, Div. Fancies, xcix., On Buying a Bible.

‡ *Lace*—From A.S. *Lace-an*, prehendere, to catch hold of, anything which catches or holds.

"I know of lovë's peine,
As he that oft has been caught in his *las*."

—CHAUCER, *Knights Tale*, v. 1888.

fair pictures of a man and a woman ; and such a countenance he showed, as if he would persuade folks by those allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender-hearted wench, skrieked out for fear of the devil. ‘Well,’ said she, ‘this same is even Love ; therefore do what thou list with all those fellows one after another ; and it recks not much what they do to thee, so it be in secret ; but, upon my charge, never love none of them.’ ”

Then Miso, making a face to weep as if it were sorrow for the remembrance of her youth, sent forth her tears like rain falling on dirty furrows, while the ladies read from her book a description of Cupid, which Zelmane took to be blasphemy against that god, and humbly besought Pamela to go on with the story. Pamela persisted to have Fortune their judge ; and blind Fortune, that saw not the colour of them, gave Mopsa the pre-eminence. Wiping her mouth, for which there was good cause, she thus tumbled into her matter :—“In time past,” said she, “there was a king, the mightiest man in all his country, that had by his wife the fairest daughter that did ever eat pap. Now this king did keep a great house, that everybody might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing upon a harp, as sweet as any rose, and combing her head with a comb all of precious stones, there came in a knight into the court, upon a goodly horse, one hair of gold, and the other of silver ; *and so* the knight, casting up his eyes to the window, did fall into such love with her that he grew not worth the bread he eat ; till many a sorry day going over his head, with daily diligence and grisly* groans, he wan her affection,

* *Grisly*, from “*greslich*,” is, says Mr. Morris, in his *Specimens of Early English*, “horrid, horrible.” We find it frequently in Chaucer.

“Her othes been so greet and so dampnable
That it is *grisly* for to hiere hem swere.”

—Pardoneres Tale, v. 10.

so that they agreed to run away together. *And so* in May, when all true hearts rejoice, they stole out of the castle, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now, forthwith, as they went together, often all to-kissing* one another, the knight told her he was brought up among the water-nymphs, who had so bewitched him that, if he were ever asked his name, he must presently vanish away, and therefore charged her upon his blessing never to ask him what he was, nor whither he would. *And so* a great while she kept his commandment ; till once, passing through a cruel wilderness as dark as pitch, her mouth so watered that she could not choose but ask him the question. And then he, making the grievousest complaints that would have melted a tree to have heard them, vanished quite away ; and she lay down casting forth such pitiful cries as any shrich-owl. But having lain so, wet by the rain, and burnt by the sun, five days and five nights, she gat up, and went over many a high hill, and many a deep river, till she came to an aunt's house of hers, and came and cried to her for help, and she for pity gave her a nut, and bade her never open her nut till she was come to the extremest misery that ever tongue could speak of. *And so*† she went, and she went, and never rested the evening where she went in the morning, till she came to a second aunt, and she gave her another nut."

"Keep this tale till my marriage day, good Mopsa," said the sweet Philoclea, "and I will give thee the best gown that I wear that day." Mopsa was glad of the bargain, and Pamela related at some length the misfortunes of Prince Plangus ; the base intrigues of his step-mother, the second wife of his

* *All to-kissing*—The prefix *all to* before a verb is frequently to be met with in our old writers used as an augmentative. It also occurs in the authorized version of the Bible (Judges ix. 53).

† *And so*—I have preserved these italics, which indicate and satirize Mopsa's method of narration.

father, the king of Iberia, who loved, and in a guilty way, the prince himself; and forced by this love, and the plots by which the queen sought to entrap him, and render him guilty in his father's eyes, who, urged by his wife, attended but some fit occasion to lay hands on his son, he—Plangus—chose a voluntary exile, and went to Tiridates, living in his court eleven or twelve years, at the end of which time the war of Erona happened. His father had suspicion so deeply engraved on his heart, that he caused the son of the second wife, called Palladius, to be proclaimed successor, and Plangus quite excluded, so that Plangus was driven to continue serving Tiridates, when Erona, by the treason of Antiphilus—

But at that word she stopped. For Basilius, not able longer to abide their absence, came suddenly among them, and, with smiling countenance, telling Zelmane he was afraid she had stolen away his daughters, invited them to follow the sun's counsel in going then to their lodging, for indeed the sun was ready to set. They yielded, Zelmane meaning some other time to understand the story of Antiphilus' treason, and Erona's danger, whose cause she greatly tendered.* Now Miso had no sooner espied Basilius, but, as spitefully as her rough voice could utter it, she set forth the sauciness of Amphialus. But Basilius only attended what Zelmane's opinion was, who, though she hated Amphialus, yet the nobility of her courage prevailed over it, and she desired he might be pardoned that youthful error, considering the reputation he had to be one of the best knights in the world, so as hereafter he governed himself as one remembering his fault. Basilius, giving the infinite terms of praises to Zelmane's both valour in conquering and pitifulness in pardoning,

* *Tendered*—French, *tendre*, to heed or care for. “Here was a sore ponnyshemête for so horryble a myschefe, but that they somewhat *tēdered* them selues in the same, as occupyers in one arte.”—BALE, English Votaries, pt. ii.

commanded no more words to be made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure.

So brought he them up to visit his wife, where, between her and him, the poor Zelmane received a tedious entertainment, oppressed with being loved almost as much as with loving. But the night coming on with her silent steps upon them, they parted each from other—if at least they could be parted, of whom every one did live in another—and went about to flatter sleep in their beds, that disdained to bestow itself liberally upon such eyes, which by their will would ever be looking.

On the next morn, Basilius having combed and tricked himself more curiously than at any time forty winters before, coming where Zelmane was, and loth to lose the precious fruit of time, he presented himself unto her, falling down upon both his knees, and holding up his hands, as the old governess of Danaë is painted, when she suddenly saw the golden shower. “O heavenly woman, or earthly goddess,” said he, “let not my presence be odious unto you, nor my humble suit seem of small weight in your ears. Vouchsafe your eyes to descend upon this miserable old man, whose life hath hitherto been maintained but to serve as an increase of your beautiful triumphs. You only have overthrown me, and in my bondage consists my glory. Suffer not your own work to be despised of you, but look upon him with pity, whose life serves for your praise.” Zelmane, keeping her countenance ascanses*, she understood him not, told him it became her

* *Ascanses*—This is manifestly a printer’s error. The passage means Zelmane kept her countenance askance, as [though] she understood him not. Askance—Dutch, *schuins*, to cut sloping.

“For as she lookte a *skance*,

Under a stole she spied two stemming eyes.”

—WYATT, *The Meane Estate*.

I can find no instance of *askanses* used as it is in the text above.

evil to suffer such excessive reverence of him, but that it worse became her to correct him, to whom she owed duty ; that the opinion she had of his wisdom was such as made her esteem greatly of his words, but that the words themselves sounded so as she could not imagine what they might intend. “ Intend !” said Basilius, proud that that was brought in question ; “ what may they intend but a refreshing of my soul, and a suaging of my heat, and enjoying those your excellencies, wherein my life is upheld, and my death threatened ?” Zelmane, lifting up her face as if she had received a mortal injury of him, “ And is this the devotion your ceremonies have been bent to ?” said she ; “ is it the disdain of my estate, or the opinion of my lightness, that have emboldened such base fancies towards me ? Enjoying, quoth you ? now little joy come to them that yield to such enjoying !” Poor Basilius was so appalled that his legs bowed under him ; his eyes looked as though he would gladly hide himself ; and his old blood going to his heart,* a general shaking all over his body possessed him. At length, with a wan mouth, he was about to give a stammering answer, when it came into Zelmane’s head by this device to make her profit of his folly ; and, therefore, with a relented countenance, thus said unto him : “ Your words, mighty prince, were unfit either for me to hear, or you to speak ; but yet, the large testimony I see of your affection makes me willing to suppress a great number of errors. Only thus much I think good to say, that the same words in my lady Philoclea’s mouth, as from one woman to another, so as there were no other body by, might have had a better grace ; and perchance have found a gentler receipt.”

* *Going to his heart*—This and many other passages in the Elizabethan writers might be cited to prove that, long before Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood to King Charles I., a partial belief in the fact was general with educated people.

Basilus, whose senses by desire were held open, scarce heard her answer out ; but, running to Philoclea, conjured her by the love she held to her father, with all the words desire could indite, and authority utter, not to disdain any service to Zelmane. Philoclea, glad to enjoy the private conference of Zelmane, said she would in all virtuous sort lay his case before her, and, going forth, after some time found Zelmane on a river's bank, who, after a pause, brought forth in this manner :—

“ Most beloved lady, the incomparable excellencies of yourself, waited on by the greatness of your estate, and the importance of the thing, whereon my life consisteth, doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning and many circumstances in the uttering my speech, both bold and fearful. But the small opportunity of envious occasion, by the malicious eye hateful love doth cast upon me, and the extreme bent of my affection, which will either break out in words, or break my heart, compel me not only to embrace the smallest time, but to pass by the respect due unto you, in respect of your poor caitiff's life, who is now or never to be preserved. I do therefore vow unto you hereafter never more to omit all dutiful form ; do you only now vouchsafe to hear the matter of a mind most perplexed. If ever the sound of love hath come to your ears, or if ever you have understood what force it hath had to conquer the strongest hearts, and change the most settled estates, receive here an example of those strange tragedies ; one that in himself containeth the particularities of all those misfortunes ; and from henceforth believe that such a thing may be, since you shall see it is. You shall see, I say, a living image, and a present story of what love can do when he is bent to ruin.

“ But, alas ! whither goest thou, my tongue ? or how doth my heart consent to adventure the revealing his nearest-touching

secret? But peace, Fear, thou comest too late, when already the harm is taken. Therefore, I say again, O only princess, attend here a miserable miracle of affection; behold here before your eyes Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon, whom you only have brought to this game of fortune, and unused metamorphosis, whom you only have made neglect his country, forget his father, and lastly forsake to be Pyrocles; the same Pyrocles who, you heard, was betrayed by being put in a ship, which being burned, Pyrocles was drowned. O most true presage! for these traitors, my eyes, putting me into a ship of desire which daily burneth—those eyes, I say, which betrayed me, will never leave till they have drowned me. But be not, be not, most excellent lady, you that nature hath made to be the load-star of comfort, be not the rock of shipwreck: you whom virtue hath made the princess of felicity, be not the minister of ruin: you whom my choice hath made the goddess of my safety, O let not, let not from you be poured upon me destruction; your fair face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words. Think, then, what his amazement is from whence they come. Since no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling, I desire that my desire may be weighed in the balances of honour, and let Virtue hold them; for if the highest love in no base person may aspire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be without pity. If otherwise you be—alas! but let it not be so!—resolved, yet shall not my death be comfortless, receiving it by your sentence.”

The joy which wrought into Pygmalion's mind while he found his beloved image was softer and warmer in his folded arms, till at length it accomplished his gladness with a perfect woman's shape, still beautified with the former perfections, was even such as by each degree of Zelmane's words creeping entered into Philoclea, till her pleasure was fully

made up with the manifesting of his being, which was such as in hope did overcome hope. Yet doubt would fain have played his part in her mind, and called in question how she should be assured that Zelmane was Pyrocles; but Love straight stood up and deposed that a lie could not come from the mouth of Zelmane. Besides, a certain spark of honour, which rose in her well-disposed mind, made her fear to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be (with all the other contradictions growing in those minds which neither absolutely climb the rock of virtue nor freely sink into the sea of vanity); but that spark soon gave place, or at least gave no more light in her mind than a candle doth in the sun's presence. But, even sick with a surfeit of joy, and fearful of she knew not what, as he that newly finds huge treasures doubts whether he sleep or no, or like a fearful deer, which then looks most about when he comes to the best feed, with a shrugging* kind of tremor through all her principal parts, she gave these affectionate words for answer—

“Alas! how painful a thing it is to a divided mind to make a well-joined answer; how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession; and what handsomeness, trow you, can be observed in that speech which is made one knows not to whom? Shall I say O Zelmane? Alas! your words be against it. Shall I say Prince Pyrocles? Wretch that I am, your show is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say: If I had continued as I ought, Philoclea, you had either never been, or ever been Zelmane; you had either never attempted this change, set on with hope, or never

* *Shrugging*—Written by Holland *shrigging*; “forth he shrigged” (constrictæ). “Shrug” is a motion or action of the shoulders.

“His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug
How much his feelings suffered, sat Sir Snug.”

—COWPER, Hope.

discovered it, stopped with despair. But, I fear me, my behaviour, ill governed, gave you the first comfort ; I fear me, my affection, ill hid, hath given you this last assurance ; I fear, indeed, the weakness of my government before made you think such a mask would be grateful unto me ; and my weaker government since makes you to pull off the visor. What should I do then ? Shall I seek far-fetched inventions ? shall I labour to lay marble colours over my ruinous thoughts ? or rather, though the pureness of my virgin mind be stained, let me keep the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas ! too true it is, Zelmane—for so I love to call thee, since in that name my love first began, and in the shade of that name my love shall best lie hidden—that, even while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not), my passions were fitter to desire than to be desired. Shall I say, then, I am sorry, or that my love must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to Pyrocles ? How may that well be, since, when thou wert Zelmane, the despair thou mightest not be thus did most torment me. Thou hast, then, the victory : use it with virtue. Thy virtue wan me ; with virtue preserve me. Dost thou love me ? keep me, then, still worthy to be loved.”

Then held she her tongue, and cast down a self-accusing look, finding that in herself she had, as it were, shot out of the bow of her affection a more quick opening of her mind than she minded to have done. But Pyrocles, so carried up with joy that he did not envy the Gods’ felicity, presented her with some jewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his love and quality ; and withal showed her letters from his father, King Euarchus, unto him, which, even in the sea, had amongst his jewels been preserved. But little needed those proofs to one who would have fallen out with herself rather than make any contrary conjectures to Zelmane’s speeches ; so that, with such embracements as it seemed their souls

desired to meet, and their hearts to kiss, as their mouths did, they passed the promise of marriage, which fain Pyrocles would have sealed with the chief arms of her desire ; but Philoclea commanded the contrary.

Then did Pyrocles, without disguise and at Philoclea's intreaty, tell the story of her life* from the time of his departing from Erona ; and, though he knew that this discourse was but to entertain him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kiss his rod and gladly make much of his entertainment.

“ Sweet princess of my life,” said he, “ what trophies, what triumphs, what monuments, what histories might ever make my fame yield so sweet a music to my ears as that it pleaseth you to lend your mind to the knowledge of anything touching Pyrocles, only, therefore, of value because he is your Pyrocles? and, therefore, grow I now so proud as to think it worth the hearing, since you vouchsafe to give it the hearing. Therefore, only height of my hope, vouchsafe to know that, after the death of Tiridates, and settling Erona in her government—for settled we left her—howsoever since, as I perceived by your speech the last day, ungrateful treason of her ill-chosen husband overthrew her—a thing, in truth, never till this time by me either heard or suspected ; for who could think, without having such a mind as Antiphilus, that so great a beauty as Erona's (indeed excellent) could not have held his affection? so great goodness could not have bound gratefulness? and high advancement could not have satisfied his ambition? But, therefore, true it is that wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is far easier to keep one's self from falling, than, being fallen, to give one's self any

* *Her life*—A confusion of the sexes, consequent upon Pyrocles being still disguised as the Amazon Zelmane.

stay from falling infinitely ; but, for my cousin and me, upon this cause we parted from Erona.

“ Euardes, the brave and mighty prince whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for Erona, had three nephews, sons to a sister of his ; all three set among the foremost ranks of fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to perform what they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name Anaxius, to whom all men would willingly have yielded the height of praise, but that his nature was such as to bestow it upon himself before any could give it ; for of so unsupportable a pride he was, that where his deeds might well stir envy, his demeanour did rather breed disdain. And if it be true that the giants ever made war against heaven, he had been a fit ensign-bearer for that company ; for nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible, and nothing unjust, while his liking was his justice. Now he in these wars had flatly refused his aid, because he could not brook that the worthy Prince Plangus was by his cousin Tiridates preferred before him. For, allowing no other weights but the sword and spear in judging of desert, how much he esteemed himself before Plangus in that, so much would he have had his allowance in his service.

“ But, now that he understood that his uncle was slain by me, I think rather scorn that any should kill his uncle than any kindness, an unused guest to an arrogant soul, made him seek his revenge, I must confess in manner gallant enough ; for he sent a challenge unto me to meet him at a place appointed in the confines of the kingdom of Lydia, where he would prove upon me that I had by some treachery overcome his uncle, whom else many hundreds such as I could not have withstood. Youth and success made me willing enough to accept any such bargain, especially because I heard that your cousin Amphialus, who for some years hath borne

universally the name of the best knight in the world, had divers times fought with him, and never been able to master him, but so had left him, that every man thought Anaxius, in that one virtue of courtesy far short of him, in all other his match, Anaxius still deeming himself for his superior. Therefore to him I would go, and I would needs go alone, because so I understood for certain he was, and, I must confess, desirous to do something without the company of the incomparable Prince Musidorus, because in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his presence than to anything in myself whatever before I had done; for of him, indeed, as of any worldly cause, I must grant, as received, whatever there is or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and best by example, giving me in him so lively an image of virtue as ignorance could not cast such a mist over mine eyes as not to see and to love it, and all with such dear friendship and care as, O heaven! how can my life ever requite to him; which made me indeed find in myself such a kind of depending upon him as without him I found a weakness and a mistrustfulness of myself, as one stayed from his best strength, when at any time I missed him; which humour perceiving to overrule me, I strave against it, not that I was unwilling to depend upon him in judgment, but by weakness I would not, which, though it held me to him, made me unworthy of him. Therefore I desired his leave, and obtained it, such confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderness; and so privately went from him, he determining, as after I knew, in secret manner, not to be far from the place where we appointed to meet, to prevent any foul play that might be offered unto me. Full loth was Erona to let us depart from her, as it were, fore-feeling the harms which after fell to her.

“Passing through a land full of timber-trees, where I might

look for no companions but the wild burgesses* of the forest, I heard cries coming by pauses to mine ears from a gentleman, whom I found bound and stripped from his waist upwards, who was continually pricked by nine gentlewomen—truly such, they were handsome—who held bodkins in their hands, and who said they were executing vengeance on this naughty man for deceiving women, who had said there was no inconstancy to change one love to another, but great constancy; ‘therefore,’ said they, ‘we are about to mangle him, so that he shall have lost his credit for beauty. His name is Pamphilus.’ Him I rescued from these gentlewomen and their servants; and as I did so, speaking with one lady who had told this story, named Dido, who thus would have punished this false Æneas, there comes a number of his friends, and I was forced to forsake the ensign under which I had served, and spend my uttermost force in protecting her. And so I, leaving her in a place of security, as she thought, went on my journey towards Anaxius, for whom I was fain to stay two days in the appointed place, he disdainingly to wait for me till he was sure I were there.

“I did patiently abide his angry pleasure, till about that space of time he came, indeed, according to promise, alone. And as soon as ever he came near me in fit distance for his purpose, he, with much fury, but with fury skilfully guided, ran upon me; which I, in the best sort I could, resisted, having kept myself ready for him, because I had understood that he observed few compliments in matter of arms but such as a proud anger did indite unto him. And so, putting our horses into a full career, we hit each other upon the head with our lances. I think he felt my blow; for my

* *Burgesses of the forest*—The deer—a simile used frequently by Sidney in his poems, and also by Shakespeare and other poets; the “fat and greasy citizens” of Jaques.

part, I must confess I never received the like ; but I think, though my senses were astonied, my mind forced them to quicken themselves, because I had learned of him how little favour he is wont to show in any matter of advantage. And indeed he was turned and coming upon me with his sword drawn, both our staves* having been broken at that encounter; but I was so ready to answer him that truly I know not who gave the first blow. But whosoever gave the first was quickly seconded by the second. And indeed, excellentest lady, I must say true, for a time it was well fought between us, he undoubtedly being of singular valour—I would God it were not abased by his too much loftiness ; but as, by the occasion of the combat, winning and losing ground, we changed places, his horse happened to come upon the point of the broken spear, which, fallen to the ground, chanced to stand upward, so as it lighting upon his heart, the horse died. He, driven to dismount, threatened, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horse as fortune had done for his. But, whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to fortune for any part of the victory, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entered to blood of both sides, when there comes by that unconstant Pamphilus, whom I had delivered (easy to be known, for he was barefaced), with a dozen armed men after him ; but before him he had Dido, that lady who had most sharply punished him, riding upon a palfrey, he following her with most unmanlike cruelty, beating her with wands he had in his hand, she crying for sense of pain, or hope of succour, which was so pitiful a sight unto me that it moved me to require Anaxius to defer our combat till another day, and now to perform the duties of knighthood in helping this distressed lady. But he, that disdains to obey anything but his passion, which he calls

* *Our staves*—The staves of the two knights' lances.

his mind, bade me leave off that thought ; but when he had killed me he would then, perhaps, go to her succour. But I, well finding the fight would be long between us—longing in my heart to deliver poor Dido—giving him so great a blow as somewhat stayed him, (to term it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armour I was put to some pain, but that use made me nimble unto it. But as I followed my horse, Anaxius followed me ; but his proud heart did so disdain that exercise that I had quickly over-run him, and overtaken my horse, being, I must confess, ashamed to see a number of country folks, who happened to pass thereby, who halloed and hooted after me as at the arrantest coward that ever showed his shoulders to his enemy. But when I had leaped on my horse, with such speedy agility that they all cried, ‘O ! see how fear gives him wings,’ I turned to Anaxius and aloud promised him to return thither again, as soon as I had relieved the injured lady. But he, railing at me with all the base words angry contempt could indite, I said no more but, ‘Anaxius, assure thyself I neither fear thy force nor thy opinion.’ And so, using no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurs, I ran, in my knowledge after Pamphilus, but in all their conceits from Anaxius,* which, as far as I could hear, I might well hear testified with such laughters and games that I was some few times moved to turn back again.

“The lady’s misery overbalanced my reputation, and after her I went, and released her from Pamphilus and his friends—injurious wretches, most of whom carried news to the other world, that amongst men secret wrongs are not always left unpunished, Pamphilus escaping in the rearward. The lady invited me to her father’s castle, one of good strength, having a

* Pyrocles knew that he was running to rescue the lady ; but the spectators thought that he was flying from Anaxius.

great moat about it, the work of a noble gentleman, of whose unthrifty son the father of Dido, one Chremes, a drivelling old fellow, lean, shaking of both hands, already half in earth, yet then most greedy of earth, had bought it. He would scarcely give me thanks for what I had done, but talked of nothing but his poverty, for fear, belike, I should prove a borrower. His house was bare—a picture of rich beggary, served with rustical villains full of sweat and dust, and all his preparations would make one detest niggardliness, it is so sluttish a vice. This Chremes, I found, would have sold me to Queen Artaxia, I having slain her brother Tiri-dates, and she offering a hundred thousand crowns for my head. So he surrounded me with his clowns, some upon cart jades, to bear me on my way—which I might have suspected, as a churl's courtesy rarely comes but either for gain or falsehood—until I found myself in the midst of a great troop of enemies, who willed me to yield myself to the Queen Artaxia.

“ But they could not have used worse eloquence ; so, making my necessity both my sword and my shield, I made what use I could of my other weapons to cut my way through them, Chremes having withdrawn, gilding his wicked conceits with the hope of gain. But I was grown so weary that I supported myself more with anger than strength, when the most excellent Musidorus came to my succour, who, having followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with Anaxius, came to the niggard's castle, where he found all burned and spoiled by the country people, who bare mortal hatred to that covetous man, and now took the time, when the castle was left almost without guard, to come in and leave monuments of their malice therein ; which Musidorus not staying either to further or impeach, came upon the spur after me, because with one voice many told him that if I were in his company it was for no good meant

the moat
 the castle
 the niggard's

unto me, and in this extremity found me. But when I saw that cousin of mine, methought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death I now thought of a noble victory; for who can fear that hath Musidorus by him? who, what he did there for me, how many he killed, not stranger for the number than for the strange blows wherewith he sent them to a well-deserved death, might well delight me to speak of, but I should so hold you too long in every particular. But in truth, there, if ever, and ever if ever any man, did Musidorus show himself second to none in able valour.

“Yet what the unmeasurable excess of their number would have done in the end I know not; but the trial thereof was cut off by the chanceable coming thither of the King of Iberia, that same father of the worthy Plangus whom it hath pleased you sometimes to mention, who, not yielding over to old age his country delights, especially of hawking, was, at that time following a merlin, brought to see this injury offered unto us; and, having great numbers of courtiers waiting upon him, was straight known by the soldiers that assaulted us to be their king, and so most of them withdrew themselves.

“He, by his authority, knowing of the captain’s own constrained confession what was the motive of this mischievous practice, misliking much such violence should be offered in his country to men of our rank, but chiefly disdaining it should be done in respect of his niece, whom, I must confess wrongfully, he hated, because he interpreted that her brother and she had maintained his son Plangus against him, caused the captain’s head presently to be stricken off, and the old bad Chremes to be hanged; though, truly, for my part, I earnestly laboured for his life, because I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a conclusion of his miserable life, that neither the death of his daughter—who, alas! poor gentlewoman, was by chance slain among his

clowns, while she, over-boldly for her weak sex, sought to hold them from me—nor yet his own shameful end was so much in his mouth as he was led to execution as the loss of his goods and burning of his house, which often, with more laughter than tears of the hearers, he made pitiful exclamations upon.

“This justice thus done, and we delivered, the king, indeed in royal sort, invited us to his court, not far thence, in all points entertaining us so as truly I must ever acknowledge a beholdingness unto him, although the stream of it fell out not to be so sweet as the spring.* For, after some days being there, curing ourselves of such wounds as we had received, while I, causing diligent search to be made of Anaxius, could learn nothing but that he was gone out of the country, boasting in every place how he had made me run away, we were brought to receive the favour of acquaintance with this Queen Andromana, whom the Princess Pamela did in so lively colours describe the last day, as still, methinks, the figure thereof possesseth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge myself had.

“I must make you to know what kind of woman she was, who greatly affected us both, and who many times tore the veil of her modesty, having the scutcheon of her desires supported† by certain badly diligent ministers, who often cloyed our ears with her praises, and would needs teach us a way of felicity by seeking her favour. Nay, when we were deaf, she would no longer stay in the suburbs of her desires, but directly entered upon them, making herself an impudent suitor, confessing the contention in her mind between the lovely

* *Not so sweet as the spring—i.e.*, The beginning of his kindness was sweeter than its continuation.

† *Scutcheon of her desires supported*—A simile taken from the blazon of heraldry, wherein the shield or escutcheon of achievements is upheld by heraldic animals termed supporters.

brownness of Musidorus his face and this colour of mine. She would begin half her sentence with Musidorus and end the other half to Pyrocles. I do more largely set this proceeding of hers before you, most dear lady, because, by the foil thereof, you may see the nobleness of my desire to you, and the warrantableness of your favour to me."

At that Philoclea smiled a little. "But," said Pyrocles, "when this lady prevailed nought with us, she made herself so absolute a master of her husband's mind that she could obtain the direction of everything, and so she servilely intreated us; and love, that would have poisoned me with roses, healed me with wormwood; for she sauced her desires with threatenings, deprived us of our arms, and threw us into prison. This king by his queen had a son of tender age, but of great expectation, brought up in the hope of themselves, and already acceptance of the inconstant people, as successor of his father's crown, whereof he was as worthy, considering his parts, as unworthy in respect of the wrong which was thereby done against the most noble Plangus, whose great deserts now either forgotten or ungratefully remembered, all men set their sails with the favourable wind, which blew on the fortune of this young prince, perchance not in their hearts, but surely in their mouths, now giving Plangus, who some years before was their only champion, the poor comfort of calamity—pity. This youth, therefore, accounted prince of that region, by name Palladius, did with vehement affection love a young lady, brought up in his father's court, called Zelmane, daughter to that mischievously unhappy Prince Plexirtus, of whom already I have, and sometimes must make, but never honourable mention; left there by her father, because of the intricate changeableness of his estate, he, by the mother's side, being half-brother to this Queen Andromana, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as love, alas!

doth not always reflect itself,* so fell it out that this Zelmane, though truly reason there was enough to love Palladius, yet could not ever persuade her heart to yield thereunto, with that pain to Palladius as they feel that feel an unloved love ; yet, loving indeed, and therefore constant, he used still the intercession of diligence and faith, ever hoping, because he would not put himself into that hell to be hopeless, until the time of our being come and captived there brought forth this end, which truly deserves of me a further degree of sorrow than tears.

“ Such was therein my ill destiny, that this young lady, Zelmane, like some unwisely liberal, that more delight to give presents than pay debts, she chose—alas for the pity!—rather to bestow her love, so much undeserved as not desired, upon me, than to recompense him whose love, besides many other things, might seem, even in the court of honour, justly to claim it of her. But so it was—alas that so it was!—whereby it came to pass that, as nothing doth more naturally follow its cause than care to preserve and benefit, doth follow unfeigned affection, she felt with me what I felt of my captivity, and straight laboured to redress my pain, which was her pain : which she could do by no better means than by using the help therein of Palladius ; who, true lover, considering what, and not why, in all her commandments, and indeed she concealing from him her affection—which she intituled compassion—immediately obeyed to employ his uttermost credit to relieve us ; which though as great as a beloved son with a mother, faulty otherwise, but not hardhearted toward him, yet it could not prevail to procure us liberty. Wherefore he sought to have that by practice† which he could

* *Reflect itself*—A simile taken from a mirror ; love does not always create love in the person upon whom its shadow is thrown.

† *Practice*—Cunning stratagem. “ And in this first yere also this realme was troubled with the ciuile sedition, and the craftie *practises* of the Frenchmen.”—GRAFTON, Hen. IV. an. I.

not by prayer. And so, being allowed often to visit us—for indeed our restraints were more or less, according as the ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission—he used the opportunity of a time thus to deliver us.

“The time of the marrying [of] that queen was every year, by the extreme love of her husband and the serviceable love of the courtiers, made notable by some public honours, which did, as it were, proclaim to the world how dear she was to that people. Among other, none was either more grateful to the beholders or more noble in itself than jousts, both with sword and lance, maintained for a sevensnight together : wherein that nation doth so excel, both for comeliness and ableness, that from neighbour countries they ordinarily come, some to strive, some to learn, some to behold.

“This day it happened that divers famous knights came thither from the court of Helen, queen of Corinth, a lady whom Fame at that time was so desirous to honour that she borrowed all men’s mouths to join with the sound of her trumpet ; for, as her beauty hath won the prize from all women that stand in degree of comparison (for, as for the two sisters of Arcadia, they are far beyond all conceit of comparison), so hath her government been such as hath been no less beautiful to men’s judgments than her beauty to the eyesight. For, being brought, by right of birth, a woman, a young woman, a fair woman, to govern a people in nature mutinously proud, and always before so used to hard governors as they knew not how to obey without the sword were drawn, yet could she for some years so carry herself among them, that they found cause, in the delicacy of her sex, of admiration, not of contempt, and, which was notable, even in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which, for old grudges to Corinth, were thought still would conclude there, yet so handled she the matter that the

threatened ever smarted in the threateners, she using so strange, and yet so well-succeeding a temper that she made her people, by peace, warlike, her courtiers, by sports, learned, her ladies, by love, chaste. For, by continual martial exercises without blood, she made them perfect in that bloody art. Her sports were such as carried riches of knowledge upon the stream of delight; and such the behaviour, both of herself and her ladies, as builded their chastity, not upon waywardness, but choice of worthiness. So as it seemed that court to have been the marriage-place of Love and Virtue, and that herself was a Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus.* And this, which fame only delivered unto me—for yet I have never seen her—I am the willing to speak of to you, who, I know, know her better, being your near neighbour, because you may see by her example, in herself wise and of others beloved, that neither folly is the cause of vehement love, nor reproach the effect; for never, I think, was there any woman that with more unremovable determination gave herself to the counsel of love, after she had once set before her mind the worthiness of your cousin Amphialus; and yet is neither her wisdom doubted of nor honour blemished. For, O God! what doth better become wisdom than to discern what is worthy the loving? What more agreeable to goodness than to love it so discerned? and what to greatness of heart than to be constant in it, once loved? But at that time that love of hers was not so publicly known as the death of Philoxenus and her search of Amphialus hath made it, but then seemed to have such leisure to send thither

* Under this figure of Helen, queen of Corinth, Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus, "building her chastity not upon waywardness, but upon choice of worthiness, and whose court seemed the marriage-place of Love and Virtue," no doubt Sidney allegorizes his great mistress Queen Elizabeth.

divers choice knights of her court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledge, perchance the honour, of that triumph. Wherein so they behaved themselves as for three days they carried the prize, which being come from so far a place to disgrace her servant, Palladius, who himself had never used arms, persuaded the queen Andromana to be content, for the honour's sake of her court, to suffer us two to have our horse and armour, that he, with us, might undertake the recovery of their lost honour; which she granted, taking our oath to go no further than her son, nor ever to abandon him, which she did not more for saving him than keeping us. And yet, not satisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horsemen to have an eye that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratify the young prince, who we saw loved us. And so, the fourth day of that exercise, we came into the field, where, I remember, the manner was that the forenoon they should run at tilt, one after the other, the afternoon in a broad field, in manner of a battle, till either the stranger or that country knights won the field.

“Let it then suffice, most excellent lady, that you know the Corinthians that morning in the exercise, as they had done the days before, had the better, Palladius neither suffering us nor himself to take in hand the party till the afternoon, when we were to fight in troops, not differing otherwise from earnest, but that the sharpness of the weapons was taken away. But in the trial Palladius, especially led by Musidorus, and somewhat aided by me, himself truly behaving himself nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to rest itself that night on the Iberian side, and the next day, both morning and afternoon, being kept by our party, he, that saw the time fit for the delivery he intended, called unto us to follow him, which we, both bound by oath and

willing by good-will, obeyed ; and so, the guard not daring to interrupt us, he commanding passage, we went after him, upon the spur, to a little house in a forest near by, which he thought would be the fittest resting-place, till we might go further from his mother's fury ; whereat he was no less angry and ashamed than desirous to obey Zelmane.

“ But his mother, understanding how we were conveyed away, pursued us, and overtook us in the kingdom of Bithynia, and, regardless of another's dominions, set on us with about threescore horsemen. By Musidorus' incredible valour we had little to do to overcome weak wrong, and Palladius, heated by victory, pursued our assailers, when one of them, a special minion of Andromana's, with a traitorous blow, slew his young prince ; and this so wrought on us that many of his subjects' bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully in another world.

“ All this while disdain, strengthened by the fury of a furious love, made Andromana stay to the last of the combat ; and, when she saw us light down to see what help we might do to the helpless Palladius, she came running madly unto us, then no less threatening when she had no more power to hurt. But when she perceived it was her only son that lay hurt, and that his hurt was so deadly as that already his life had lost the use of the reasonable and almost sensible part, then only did misfortune lay his [its] own ugliness upon her fault, and make her see what she had done, and to what she had come, especially finding in us rather detestation than pity (considering the loss of that young prince), and resolution presently to depart, which still she laboured to stay. But, deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, she ran to her son's dagger, and, before we were aware of it, who else would have stayed it, strake herself a mortal wound. But then her love, though not her person, awaked pity in us, and I went

to her, while Musidorus laboured about Palladius. But the wound was past cure of a better surgeon than myself; so as I could but receive some few of her dying words, which were cursings of her illset affection, and wishing unto me many crosses and mischances in my love, whensoever I should love; wherein I fear, and only fear, that her prayer is from above granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof, being blazed by the country people to some noblemen thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered us, let us go on our journey, we having recommended those royal bodies unto them to be conveyed to the king of Iberia."

With that Philoclea, seeing the tears stand in his eyes with remembrance of Palladius, but much more of that which thereupon grew, she would needs drink a kiss from those eyes, and he suck another from her lips, whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him again to hide her blushing, which had almost brought Pyrocles into another discourse, but that she with so sweet a rigour forbad him that he durst not rebel, though he found it great war to keep that peace, but was fain to go on in his story; for so she absolutely bade him, and he durst not know to disobey.

"Parting before the sun had much abased himself, we met ✓ a fair gentlewoman, one of the lovers of Pamphilus, to whom the inconstant man had betrothed himself, and who was about to slay herself, seeing that before his marriage day* he had taken to wife Baccha, the most impudently unchaste woman of all Asia,† as I had heard much blazed about. This

* *Marriage day*—The day of the marriage which should have followed the betrothal.

† *The most impudently unchaste woman of all Asia*—As Shakespeare has taken some of his names from the Arcadia, so Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have found it a storehouse for hints of plots, titles, and names of the persons. Thus the title of "Cupid's Revenge," one of their tragedies, seems to have been suggested by

lady Leucippe we in some sort comforted and conveyed to a house thereby dedicated to vestal nuns, where she resolved to spend all her years in bewailing the wrong and yet praying for the wrong-doer.

“The next morning there overtook us a young gentleman, for so he seemed to us, but indeed, sweet lady, it was the fair Zelmane, Plexirtus’ daughter, whom unconsulting affection, unfortunately borne to meweards, had made borrow so much of her natural modesty as to leave her more decent raiments, and, taking occasion of Andromana’s tumultuous pursuing us, had apparelled herself like a page, with a pitiful cruelty cutting off her golden hair, leaving nothing but the short curls to cover that noble head, but that she ware upon it a fair head-piece, a shield at her back, and a lance in her hand ; else disarmed. Her apparel of white, wrought upon with broken knots ; her horse fair and lusty, which she rid so as might show a fearful boldness, daring to do that which she knew that she knew not how to do ; and the sweetness of her countenance did give such a grace to what she did, that it did make handsome the unhandsomeness, and make the eye force the mind to believe that there was a praise in that unskilfulness. But she straight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the help of her countenance to make themselves understood, she desired me to accept her into my service, telling me she was a nobleman’s son of Iberia, her name Daïphantus, who, having seen what I had done in that court, had stolen from her father to follow me. I inquired the particularities of the manner of Andromana’s following me, which by her I understood, she hiding nothing but her sex from me. And still methought I had seen that face, but

the story of Erona (see page 173), though the plot is different ; while the names of Leucippus the hero, and his wicked mistress Bacha (so spelt), are drawn from this portion of Sidney’s book.

the great alteration of her fortune made her far distant from my memory ; but, liking very well the young gentleman—such I took her to be—admitted this Daiphantus about me, who well showed *there is no service like his that serves because he loves.** For, though born of princes' blood, brought up with tenderest education, unapt to service because a woman, and full of thoughts because in a strange estate, yet Love enjoined such diligence that no apprentice, no, no bondslave, could ever be by fear more ready at all commandments than that young princess was. How often, alas ! did her eyes say unto me that they loved, and yet I, not looking for such a matter, had not my conceit open to understand them ! How often would she come creeping to me, between gladness to be near me and fear to offend me ! Truly I remember that then I marvelled to see her receive my commandments with sighs, and yet do them with cheerfulness, sometimes answering me in such riddles as I then thought a childish inexperience ; but, since returning to my remembrance, they have come more clear unto my knowledge ; and pardon me, only-dear lady, that I use many words, for her affection to me deserves of me an affectionate speech.

“ In such sort did she serve me in the kingdom of Bithynia, that we brought to an end a cruel war between the king and his brother. This done, we intended to ease the care of our father and mother, when we were guided by the noise of a great fight to a pleasant valley, which, like one of those circuses in great cities, doth give a pleasant sight for running horses, hemmed in by woody hills as if Nature therein had made a place for beholders. There beheld we one of the

* A most charming sentence ; the thought as beautiful as true. It is such as these, and there are many, that more than redeem the involved tediousness of the Arcadia. Of their worth Sidney (or his publisher) seems to have been fully aware, as they were set in italics.

cruellest fights between two knights that ever hath adorned the most martial story. So as I must confess awhile we stood bewildered, another while delighted, with the rare beauty thereof, till, seeing such streams of blood as threatened a drowning of life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were prevented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who, using this time of their extreme feebleness, all together set upon them. But common danger brake off particular discord; so that, though with a dying weakness, with a lively courage they resisted, and by our help drave away or slew those murdering attempters, among whom we hapt to take alive the principal. But, going to disarm those two excellent knights, we found, with no less wonder to us than astonishment to themselves, that they were the two valiant and indeed famous brothers Tydeus and Telenor, whose adventure, as afterwards we made that ungracious wretch confess, had thus fallen out.

“After the noble Prince Leonatus had by his father’s death succeeded in the kingdom of Galatia, he, forgetting all former injuries, had received that naughty Plexirtus into a stray degree of favour, his goodness being as apt to be deceived as the other’s craft was to deceive, till by plain proof finding that the ungrateful man went about to poison him, yet would he not suffer his kindness to be overcome, not by justice itself, but, calling him to him, used words to this purpose: ‘Plexirtus,’ said he, ‘this wickedness is found by thee; no good deeds of mine have been able to keep it down in thee; all men counsel me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing but as dangerous as wicked effects; but I cannot find it in my heart, remembering what father’s son thou art; but since it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine own judgment, I will see whether the satisfying that may quiet the ill-working of thy spirits. Not

far hence is the great city of Trebisond, which, with the territory about it, anciently pertained unto this crown, now unjustly possessed and as unjustly abused by those who have neither title to hold it nor virtue to rule it. To the conquest of that for thyself I will lend thee force and give thee my right. Go, therefore, and with less unnaturalness glut thy ambition there ; and that done, if it be possible, learn virtue.

“Plexirtus, mingling forsworn excuses with false-meant promises, gladly embraced the offer, and, hastily sending back for those two brothers, who at that time were with us succouring that gracious queen Erona, by their virtue chiefly, if not only, obtained the conquest of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gave them such an authority that, though he reigned, they in effect ruled, most men honouring them because they only deserved honour ; and many thinking therein to please Plexirtus, considering how much he was bound unto them, while they likewise, with a certain sincere boldness of self-warranting friendship, accepted all openly and plainly, thinking nothing should ever by Plexirtus be thought too much in them, since all they were was his.

“But he, who by the rules of his own mind could construe no other end of men’s doing but self-seeking, suddenly feared what they could do, and as suddenly suspected what they would do, and as suddenly hated them, as having both might and mind to do. But, dreading their power, standing so strongly in their own valour and others’ affection, he durst not take open way against them, and as hard it was to take a secret, they being so continually followed by the best and every way ablest of that region, and therefore used this devilish sleight, which I will tell you, not doubting, most wicked man, to turn their own friendship toward him to their own destruction. He, knowing that they well knew there

was no friendship between him and the new king of Pontus, never since he succoured Leonatus and us to his overthrow, gave them to understand that of late there had passed secret defiance between them to meet privately at a place appointed ; which though not so fit a thing for men of their greatness, yet was his honour so engaged as he could not go back. Yet feigning to find himself weak by some counterfeit infirmity, the day drawing near, he requested each of them to go in his stead, making either of them swear to keep the matter secret, even from each other, delivering the self-same particularities to both, but that he told Tydeus the king would meet him in a blue armour, and Telenor that it was a black armour ; and with wicked subtilty, as if it had been so appointed, caused Tydeus to take a black armour, and Telenor a blue ; appointing them ways how to go, so as he knew they should not meet till they came to the place appointed, where each promised to keep silence lest the king should discover it was not Plexirtus ; and there in await had he laid these murderers, that who overlived the other should by them be despatched, he not daring trust more than those with that enterprise, and yet thinking them too few till themselves, by themselves, were weakened.

“ This we learned chiefly by the chief of those way-beaters after the death of those two worthy brothers, whose love was no less than their valour ; but well we might find much thereof by their pitiful lamentation, when they knew their mismeting, and saw each other, in despite of the surgery we could do unto them, striving who should run fastest to the goal of death ; each bewailing the other, and more dying in the other than in himself ; cursing their own hands for doing, and their breasts for not sooner suffering, detesting their unfortunately spent time in having served so ungrateful a tyrant, and accusing their folly in having believed he could

faithfully love who did not love faithfulness, wishing us to take heed how we placed our good-will upon any other ground than proof of virtue, since length of acquaintance, mutual secrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a savage heart, no man being good to other that is not good in himself; then, while any hope was, beseeching us to leave the care of him that besought, and only look to the other. But when they found by themselves and us no possibility, they desired to be joined, and so, embracing and craving that pardon each of other which they denied to themselves, they gave us a most sorrowful spectacle of their death, leaving few in the world behind them their matches in anything if they had soon enough known the ground and limits of friendship. But with woeful hearts we caused those bodies to be conveyed to the next town of Bithynia, where we, learning thus much as I have told you, caused the wicked historian to conclude his story with his own well-deserved death.

“But then, I must tell you, I found such woeful countenances in Daïphantus that I could not but much marvel, finding them continue beyond the first assault of pity, how the case of strangers, for further I did not conceive, could so deeply pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorrow she took of her father’s faultiness, partly with the fear that the hate I conceived against him would utterly disgrace her in my opinion, whensoever I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her fair colour decayed, and daily and hastily grew into the very extreme working of sorrowfulness, which oft I sought to learn and help. But she, as fearful as loving, still concealed it; and so decaying still more and more in the excellency of her fairness, but that whatsoever weakness took away pity seemed to add; yet still she forced herself to wait on me with such care and

diligence as might well show had been taught in no other school but love.

“While we, returning again to embark ourselves for Greece, understood that the mighty Otanes, brother to Barzanes slain by Musidorus, in the battle of the six princes, had entered upon the kingdom of Pontus, partly upon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally because he would revenge upon him whom he knew we loved the loss of his brother, thinking, as indeed he had cause, that wheresoever we were, hearing of his extremity, we would come to relieve him, in spite whereof he doubted not to prevail, not only upon the confidence of his own virtue and power, but especially because he had in his company two mighty giants, sons to a couple whom we slew in the same realm; they having been absent at their father’s death, and now returned, willingly entered into his service, hating, more than he, both us and that king of Pontus. We therefore with all speed went thitherward; but by the way this fell out, which whensoever I remember without sorrow, I must forget withal all humanity.

“Poor Daiphantus fell extreme sick, yet would needs conquer the delicacy of her constitution, and force herself to wait on me, till one day, going toward Pontus, we met one who in great haste went seeking for Tydeus and Telenor, whose death as yet was not known unto the messenger, who, being their servant, and knowing how dearly they loved Plexirtus, brought them word how, since their departing, Plexirtus was in present danger of a cruel death, if by the valiantness of one of the best knights of the world he were not rescued. We inquired no further of the matter, being glad he should now to his loss find what an unprofitable treason it had been unto him to dismember himself of two such friends, and so let the messenger part, not sticking to make him know his masters’ destruction by the falsehood of Plexirtus.

“ But the grief of that, finding a body already brought to the last degree of weakness, so overwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in Daïphantus, that she fell suddenly into deadly swoonings, never coming to herself but that withal she returned to make most pitiful lamentations, most strange unto us because we were far from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickness such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to convey her to the next town ; but before we could lay her on a bed, both we and she might find in herself that the harbingers of over-hasty death had prepared his lodging in that dainty body, which she undoubtedly feeling, with a weak cheerfulness showed comfort therein, and then, desiring us both to come near her, and that nobody else might be present, with pale, and yet, even in paleness, lovely lips, ‘ Now or never, and never indeed but now, is it time for me,’ said she, ‘ to speak ; and I thank death, which gives me leave to discover that the suppressing whereof perchance hath been the sharpest spur that hath hastened my race to this end. Know, then, my lords, and especially you, my lord and master Pyrocles, that your page Daïphantus is the unfortunate Zelmane, who for your sake caused my as unfortunate lover and cousin Palladius to leave his father’s court, and, consequently, both him and my aunt his mother to lose their lives. For your sake myself have become of a princess a page, and for your sake have put off the apparel of a woman, and, if you judge not more mercifully, the modesty.’ We were amazed at her speech, and then had, as it were, new eyes given us to perceive that which before had been a present stranger to our minds ; for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of Zelmane, whom before we had known in the court of Iberia. And, sorrow and pity laying her pain upon me, I comforted her the best I could by the tenderness of

good-will, pretending, indeed, better hope than I had of her recovery.

“But she, that had inward ambassadors from the tyrant that shortly would oppress her, ‘No, my dear master,’ said she, ‘I neither hope nor desire to live. I know you would never have loved me’—and with that word she wept—‘nor, alas! had it been reason you should, considering many ways my unworthiness. It sufficeth me that the strange course I have taken shall to your remembrance witness my love; and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would discover my pain, will make you, I hope, think that I was not altogether unmodest. Think of me so, dear master, and that thought shall be my life;’ and with that languishingly looking upon me, ‘and I pray you,’ said she, ‘even by these dying eyes of mine, which are only sorry to die because they shall lose your sight, and by these polled locks of mine, which, while they were long, were the ornament of my sex, now in their short curls, the testimony of my servitude; and by the service I have done you, which God knows has been full of love, think of me after my death with kindness, though you cannot with love. And whensoever ye shall make any other lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you speak of it not with scorn, but with pity.’ I assure you, dear princess of my life—for how could it be otherwise?—her words and her manner, with the lively consideration of her love, so pierced me, that though I had divers griefs before, yet methought I never felt till then how much sorrow enfeebled all resolution; for I could not choose but yield to the weakness of abundant weeping; in truth with such grief that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her.

“But when she saw my tears, ‘O God,’ said she, ‘how largely am I recompensed for my losses! why, then,’ said she, ‘I may take boldness to make some requests unto you.’ I

besought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She showed great joy : ‘The first,’ said she, ‘is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you have justly conceived against him, and for this once succour him out of the danger wherein he is : I hope he will amend : and I pray you, whensoever you remember him to be the faulty Plexirtus, remember withal that he is Zelmane’s father. The second is, that when you come once into Greece, you will take unto yourself this name, though unlucky, of Daïphantus, and vouchsafe to be called by it : for so shall I be sure you shall have cause to remember me ; and let it please your noble cousin to be called Palladius, that I may do that right to that poor prince, that his name yet may live upon the earth in so excellent a person ; and so between you I trust sometimes your unlucky page shall be, perhaps with a sigh, mentioned. Lastly, let me be buried here obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till, when you are safely returned to your own country, you cause my bones to be conveyed thither, and laid, I beseech you, in some place where yourself vouchsafe sometimes to resort.’ Alas ! small petitions for such a suitor ! which yet she so earnestly craved that I was fain to swear the accomplishment. And then kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemn her of lightness, in mine arms she delivered her pure soul to the purest place ; leaving me as full of agony as kindness, pity, and sorrow could make an honest heart. For I must confess for true, that if my stars had not wholly reserved me for you, there else, perhaps, I might have loved, and, which had been most strange, begun my love after death : whereof let it be the less marvel, because somewhat she did resemble you, though as far short of your perfection as herself dying was of herself flourishing ; yet something there was which, when I saw a picture of yours, brought again her figure into

my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receive the wound as the power of your beauty with irresistible force to pierce.*

“But we, in woeful and yet private manner burying her, performed her commandment; and then, inquiring of her father’s estate, certainly learned that he was presently to be succoured, or by death to pass the need of succour. Therefore we determined to divide ourselves; I, according to my

*With the exception of the page Bellario, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Philaster,” perhaps there is no similar character in literature which excites so melancholy a pleasure as that of Daiphantus. Her death, which Beaumont has not copied, is so tenderly described that we feel Charles Lamb was speaking within bounds when he coupled the Arcadia with Milton’s “Comus.” Lamb, a true lover of Sidney, seems to have been unaware that the character of Bellario is borrowed from Daiphantus, and he therefore assigns to Beaumont and Fletcher, although Shakespeare had preceded them, the starting of the fashion of “these women pages;” a fashion which, he says, evidences “the extreme popularity of Bellario.” Women were then played by boys. “What an odd double confusion it must have been,” adds Lamb, “to see a boy play a woman playing a man; one cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination.” This fashion had, in Sidney’s days, a basis of reality; thus Donne wrote a copy of verses addressed to his mistress, dissuading her from a resolution she had taken of following him abroad dressed as a page. She was the daughter of Sir George Moore, and her story ought to be well known, since it is charmingly written in Walton’s Lives:—

“By thy father’s wrath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy
I here unswear, and overswear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O-fair Love, love’s impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.”

From this noble ardour of true love, this heat and glow experienced by such men as Sidney and Donne, to the cold calculations of our youth, which seeks even base ways to place impediments to marriage, what a fall is there! But, indeed, in the great Queen’s days the inhabitants of this island were not politico-economical-calculating machines, but real live, loving, and God-fearing men and women.

vow, to help him, and Musidorus toward the king of Pontus, who stood in no less need than immediate succour; and, even ready to depart one from the other, there came a messenger from him, who, after some inquiry, found us, giving us to understand that he, trusting upon us two, had appointed the combat between him and us against Otanes and the two giants. Now the day was so accorded as it was impossible for me both to succour Plexirtus and be there, where my honour was not only so far engaged, but, by the strange working of unjust fortune, I was to leave the standing by Musidorus, whom better than myself I loved, to go save him whom, for just causes, I hated. But my promise given, and given to Zelmane, and to Zelmane dying, prevailed more with me than my friendship to Musidorus: though certainly I may affirm nothing had so great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promise carried me the easier, because Musidorus himself would not suffer me to break it. And so with heavy minds, more careful each of other's success than of our own, we parted.

“The virtuous Leonatus, understanding two so good friends of his were to be in that danger, would perforce be one himself, where he did valiantly, and so did the king of Pontus. But the truth is, that they both being sore hurt, the incomparable Musidorus finished the combat by the death of both the giants and the taking of Otanes prisoner, to whom as he gave his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gave his word to be, and he is well known to think himself greater in being subject to that, than in the greatness of his principality.

“But thither, understanding of our being there, flocked great multitudes of many great persons and even of princes, especially those whom we had made beholding unto us, as the kings of Phrygia, Bithynia, with those two hurt of Pontus and Galatia, and Otanes, the prisoner by Musidorus set free; and thither came Plexirtus of Trebisonde, and Antiphilus, then king of

Lydia, with as many mo* great princes, drawn either by our reputation or by willingness to acknowledge themselves obliged unto us for what we had done for the others. So as in those parts of the world, I think, in many hundreds of years, there was not seen so royal an assembly, where nothing was let pass to do us the highest honours which such persons, who might command both purses and inventions, could perform ; all from all sides bringing unto us right royal presents, which we, to avoid both unkindness and importunity, liberally received, and, not content therewith, would needs accept as from us their crowns, and acknowledge to hold them of us, with many other excessive honours, which would not suffer the measure of this short leisure to describe unto you.

“But we, quickly aweary thereof, hasted to Greece-ward, led thither partly with the desire of our parents, but hastened principally because I understood that Anaxius, with open mouth of defamation, had gone thither to seek me, and was now come to Peleponnesus, where from court to court he made inquiry of me, doing yet himself so noble deeds as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therefore suffered but short delays, desiring to take this country in our way, so renowned over the world that no prince could pretend height nor beggar lowness to bar him from the sound thereof—renowned indeed, not so much for the ancient

* *Mo*—Our adjective “more,” which Tooke says is the present and past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *maro-an*, *metere*, to measure, has passed through various changes till it stands *mo*, *mo-er* (more), *mo-est* (most), among others, *mokel*, *mykel*, *mochel*, *muchel*, *mochc*, *much*. Some of the above forms are still retained in Scotland. *Mo* is used for “more” by Shakespeare—“Then sigh no *mo*, but let them go,” is a very familiar instance—and by the old dramatists very frequently—“The *mo*e the stronger, if they gree in one” (“*Ferrex and Porrex*,” i. 116)—and in the Bible of 1551—“Agayn he sent othir seruauntes, *moo* then the first, and they serued them lykewyse”—and also in the early editions of the authorized version.

praises attributed thereunto, as for the having in it Argalus and Amphialus, two knights of such rare prowess as we desired especially to know, and yet by far not so much for that as without suffering of the comparison for the beauty of you and your sister, which makes all indifferent judges that speak thereof account this country as a temple of deities. But these causes, indeed, moving us to come by this land, we embarked ourselves in the next port, whither all those princes, saving Antiphilus, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarry longer from Erona, conveyed us ; and there found we a ship most royally furnished by Plexirtus, who had made all things so proper, as well for our defence as ease, that all the other princes greatly commended him for it, who seemed a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendship in his gesture, and virtue in his mouth ; so that we, who had promised the sweet Zelmane to pardon him, now not only forgave, but began to favour, persuading ourselves, with a youthful credulity, that perchance things were not so evil as we took them, and, as it were, desiring our own memory that it might be so. Committing ourselves to the uncertain discretion of the wind, we—then determining, as soon as we came to Greece, to take the names of Daiphantus and Palladius, as well for own promise to Zelmane as because we desired to come unknown into Greece—left the Asian shore, full of princely persons, who even upon their knees recommended our safeties to the devotion of their chief desires, among whom none hath been so officious, though, I dare affirm, all quite contrary to his unfaithfulness, as Plexirtus.

“And so having sailed almost two days, looking for nothing but when we might look upon the land, a grave man, whom we had seen of great trust with Plexirtus, and was sent as our principal guide, came unto us, and, with a certain kind manner, mixed with shame and repentance, began to tell us

that he had taken such a love unto us, considering our youth and fame, that, though he were a servant, and a servant of such trust about Plexirtus as that he had committed unto him even those secrets of his heart which abhorred all other knowledge, yet he rather chose to reveal at this time a most pernicious counsel than, by concealing it, bring to ruin those whom he could not choose but honour. So went he on, and told us that Plexirtus (in hope thereby to have Artaxia, endowed with the great kingdom of Armenia, to his wife) had given him order, when we were near Greece, to find some opportunity to murder us, bidding him to take us asleep, because he had seen what we could do waking.

“‘Now, sirs,’ said he, ‘I would rather lose my life than have my remembrance poisoned with such a mischief. Therefore stand upon your guard ; and what I can do for your help you shall see, if it come to the push, by me performed.’ And truly, when we came within half a day’s sailing of the shore, the captain, who had been a pirate, and in that much blooded, set upon us, crying that if Plexirtus desired he would kill God himself. So straight against the captain we—time being indeed come—went. He was environed with soldiers and mariners. Yet some, either in doubt of the king or in liking for us, drew their swords on our side ; and it quickly grew a confused fight. From the highest to the lowest part of the ship there was no place left without cries of murdering or of murdered persons, and after many were slain, while the little remnant, like the children of Cadmus, continued to slay one another, fire, either by the desperate malice of some, or accidentally, broke out in the ship, and soon the mast fell overboard, and the fire growing nearer us, it was not only terrible in respect of what we were to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it. So that we were constrained to bide it no longer, but disarming and stripping

ourselves, and laying ourselves upon such things as we thought might help our swimming to the land—too far for our own strength to bear us—my cousin and I threw ourselves into the sea. But I had swum a very little way when I felt, by reason of a wound I had, that I should not be able to abide the travel; and, therefore, seeing the mast, whose tackling had been burnt off, float clear from the ship, I swam unto it, and getting on it I found mine own sword, which by chance, when I threw it away, caught by a piece of canvas, had hung to the mast. I was glad, because I loved it well, but gladder when I saw at the other end the captain of the ship, and of all this mischief, who having a long pike, belike had borne himself up with that till he had set himself upon the mast. But when I perceived him, ‘Villain,’ said I, ‘dost thou think to overlive so many honest men whom thy falsehood hath brought to destruction?’ With that bestriding the mast, I gat by little and little towards him, after such manner as boys are wont, if ever you saw that sport, when they ride the wild mare.* And he perceiving my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honesty, set himself to resist; but I had in short space gotten within him,† and, giving him a sound blow, sent him to feed fishes. But there myself remained, until by pirates I was taken up, and among them again taken prisoner and brought into Laconia.” ✓

“But what,” said Philoclea, “became of your cousin

* *Ride the wild mare*—A game common with boys from Saxon times even till now.

“*Doll.* Why does the Prince love him [Poins] so, then?

“*Falstaff.* Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, . . . and *rides the wild mare with the boys.*”—Henry IV. pt. ii. act ii. sc. 4.

† *Gotten within him*—*i.e.*, that he could not strike.

“Hold, hurt him not, for God’s sake! he is mad.

Some *get within him*, take his sword away.”

—Comedy of Errors, v. 1.

Musidorus?" "Lost," said Pyrocles. "Ah! my Pyrocles," said Philoclea, "I am glad I have taken you. I perceive you lovers do not always say truly; as though I knew not your cousin Dorus the shepherd!" "Life of my desires," said Pyrocles, "what is mine, even to my soul, is yours; but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may truly say he is lost, since he is no more his own. But I perceive your noble sister and you are great friends; and well doth it become you so to be." "But go forward, dear Pyrocles; I long to hear out till your meeting me, for there to meward is the best part of your story." "Ah, sweet Philoclea," said Pyrocles, "do you think I can think so precious leisure as this well spent in talking? Are your eyes a fit book, think you, to read a tale upon? Is my love quiet enough to be an historian? Dear princess, be gracious unto me." And then he fain would have remembered to have forgot himself.* But she, with a sweetly disobeying grace, desired him that her desire, once for ever, might serve that no spot might disgrace that love which shortly she hoped should be to the world warrantable. Fain he would not have heard till she threatened anger, and then the poor lover durst not, because he durst not. "Nay, I pray thee, dear Pyrocles," said she, "let me have my story." "Sweet princess," said he, "give my thoughts a little respite, and if it please you, since this time must be so spoiled, yet it shall suffer the less harm if you vouchsafe to bestow your voice and let me know how the good queen Erona was betrayed into such danger, and why Plangus sought me. For indeed I should pity greatly any mischance fallen to that princess." "I will,"

* *Remembered to have forgot himself*—Sidney here anticipates Dr. Young, *Night Thoughts*, IV. l. 57—

"I've been so long remembered I'm forgot;"
or, more closely, Dr. Wolcot's *George III.*: "Remember to forget to ask Mr. Whitbread to dinner."

said Philoclea, smiling, "so you give me your word your hands shall be quiet auditors." "They shall," said he, "because subject." Then began she to speak, but with so pretty and delightful a majesty, when she set her countenance to tell the matter, that Pyrocles could not choose but rebel so far as to kiss her. She would have pulled her head away and spake, but while she spake he kissed, and it seemed he fed upon her words; but she gat away. "How will you have your discourse," said she, "without you let my lips alone?" He yielded, and took her hand. "On this," said he, "will I revenge my wrong," and so began to make much of that hand.

But her tale and his delight were interrupted by Miso, who was sent thither by Gynecia, who had been vexed by a fearful dream of Zelmane. But Philoclea telling her she was there by her father's desire, Miso left them. To them soon came the great and wretched lady Gynecia, divided between those two devils Love and Jealousy. "O jealousy," said she to herself, "the frenzy of wise folks, the well-wishing spite, and unkind carefulness, the self-punishment for other's fault and self-misery in other's happiness, the cousin of envy, daughter of love, and mother of hate, how couldest thou so quietly get thee a seat in the unquiet heart of Gynecia?—Gynecia," said she, sighing, "thought wise, and once virtuous. Alas! it is thy breeder's power which plants thee there; it is the flaming agony of affection that works the chilling access of thy fever, in such sort that nature gives place; the growing of my daughter seems the decay of myself, the blessings of a mother turn to the curses of a competitor; and the fair face of Philoclea appears more horrible in my sight than the image of death." Yet, for Zelmane's sake, she used no harder words to her than to bid her go home and accompany her solitary father.

Then began she to display to Zelmane the storehouse of her deadly desires, when suddenly the confused rumour of a

mutinous multitude gave just occasion to Zelmane to break off any such conference—for well she found they were not friendly voices they heard—and to retire with as much diligence as conveniently they could towards the lodge. Yet, before they could win* the lodge by twenty paces, they were overtaken by an unruly sort of clowns and other rebels, which, like a violent flood, were carried they themselves knew not whither. But, as soon as they came within perfect discerning these ladies, like enraged beasts, without respect of their estates, or pity of their sex, they began to run against them, as right villains, thinking ability to do hurt to be a great advancement; yet so many as they were, so many almost were their minds, all knit together only in madness. Some cried “Take,” some “Kill,” some “Save.” But even they that cried “Save” ran for company with them that meant to kill. Every one commanded, none obeyed; he only seemed chief captain that was most rageful.

Zelmane, whose virtuous courage was ever awake, drew out her sword, which upon those ill-armed churls giving as many wounds as blows, and as many deaths almost as wounds—lightening courage and thundering smart upon them—kept them at a bay, while the two ladies gat themselves into the lodge, out of which Basilius, having put on an armour long untried, came to prove his authority among his subjects, or at least to adventure his life with his dear mistress, to whom he brought a shield, while the ladies, trembling, attended the issue of this dangerous adventure. But Zelmane made them perceive the odds between an eagle and a kite, with such nimble stayedness, and an assured nimbleness, that, while one was running back for fear, his fellow had her sword in his guts.

And by-and-by was both her heart and help well increased

* *Win*, A.S. *winn-an*, to gain, to reach.

by the coming of Dorus, who, having been making of hurdles for his master's sheep, heard the horrible cries of this mad multitude ; and having straight represented before the eyes of his careful love the peril wherein the soul of his soul might be, he went to Pamela's lodge, but found her in a cave hard by with Mopsa and Dametas, who at that time would not have opened the entry to his father. And therefore leaving them there, as in a place safe, both for being strong and unknown, he ran as the noise guided him. But when he saw his friend in such danger among them, anger and contempt, asking no counsel but of courage, made him run among them with no other weapon but his sheephook, and with that overthrowing one of the villains, took away a two-hand sword from him, and withal helped him for ever being ashamed of losing it. Then lifting up his brave head, and flashing terror into their faces, he made arms and legs go complain to the earth how evil their masters had kept them. Yet the multitude still growing, and they—very killing wearying them—fearing lest in long fight they should be conquered by conquering, they drew back towards the lodge, but drew back in such sort that still their terror went forward like a valiant mastiff, whom when his master pulls back by the tail from the bear, with whom he had already interchanged a hateful embracement, though his pace be backward his gesture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatening more in the retiring than they did in the advancing ; so guided they themselves homeward, never stepping step backward but that they proved themselves masters of the ground where they stept.

But the fury of these common men was such that the lodge afforded no security against them. For never bees made such a confused humming: the town dwellers were for putting down imposts, the country fellows for laying out

of commons ; some would have Basilius keep his court in one place, some in another ; all cried to have new counsellors and the treasure looked to. The peasants would have all the gentlemen destroyed ; the citizens, especially the cooks and barbers, and those that lived most on gentlemen, would have them reformed. But no confusion was greater than that of particular men's likings and dislikings, and some went about to destroy the lodge with pickaxe and fire, when Zelmane, used to such humours, with an angerless bravery thus spake to them :—

“An unused thing it is, O Arcadians, and I think not hitherto seen, that a woman should give public counsel to men, and a stranger to the country people. But since it is so, I would tell you that none lodge here but those whom you have cause to love, and no cause to hate—your prince, princess, and their children—excepting myself. Is it I, then, O Arcadians, against whom your anger is turned?” And so she continued, the action that she used being beautified by nature, till the sweet clearness of her voice, rising and falling as the nature of the word and the efficacy of the matter imported, had so persuaded them that some of them began to waver. Then, thinking that in such mutinies it were well some should counter-vail their trespass, “Loyal Arcadians,” said she, “now do I offer unto you the manifesting of your duties : all those that have taken arms for the prince's safety, let them turn their backs to the gate with their weapons bent again such as would hurt his sacred person.” “O weak trust of the many-headed multitude,* whom inconstancy only doth guide to well-doing, who can set confidence there where company takes away

* *Many-headed multitude*—Sidney here anticipates Massinger's “many-headed monster,” *Roman Actor*, act iii., and Sir Walter Scott, “*Lady of the Lake*,” can. v. st. 20—

“Thou many-headed monster thing,
Oh, who would wish to be thy king?”

shame, and each may lay the fault on his fellow?" so said a crafty fellow among them, named Clinias, to himself, when he saw the word no sooner out of Zelmane's mouth but that there were some shouts of joy, with "God save Basilius!" and divers of them with much jollity grown to be his guard that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This Clinias in his youth had been a scholar, so far as to learn rather words than manners, and of words rather plenty than order, and oft had used to be an actor in tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingness of language, acquaintance with many passions, and to frame his face to bear the figure of them, long used to the eyes and ears of men, and to reckon no fault but shamefastness in nature; a most notable coward, and yet more strangely than rarely venturous in privy practices. This fellow was become of near trust to Cecropia, Amphialus his mother, so that he was privy to all the mischievous devices wherewith she went about to ruin Basilius and his children for the advancing of her son; and, though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his love to be doing taught him in any evil to be secret, and had by his mistress been used, ever since the strange retiring of Basilius, to whisper rumours into the people's ears; and this time, finding great aptness in the multitude, was one of the chief that set them in the uproar, though quite without the consent of Amphialus, who would not for all the kingdoms of the world so have adventured the life of Philoclea; but now, perceiving the flood of their fury began to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried louder than he upon Basilius.

Some of the lustiest rebels not agreeing with the rest, a fight again was set up, the king's party driving the rest away, and Zelmane striking a farmer dead with her sword as she had before done with her eyes. Clinias fought on the side of

Basilus, and he imagining him to be one of the chief that had bred the good alteration, after giving the rebels a general pardon, demanded of Clinias how it was that this frenzy had entered into the minds of the people. Whereon Clinias, purposing to tell the truth of all, saving what did touch himself or Cecropia, said that it was chiefly because he (Basilus) retired from the government and withdrew from the people. With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out tears so that Basilus, who was not the sharpest piercer into masked minds, took a good liking to him. But before Clinias went away, certain of the shepherds being come—for that day was appointed for their pastorals—Basilus sent one of them to Philanax, and another to other principal noblemen and cities thereabouts, to make thorough inquiry of this uproar, and withal to place such garrisons in all the towns and villages near unto him, that he might thereafter keep his solitary lodge in more security, upon the making of a fire or ringing of a bell, having them in a readiness for him.

This Clinias, having his ear one way when his eye was another, had perceived, and therefore hasted away with mind to tell Cecropia that she was to take some speedy resolution, or else it were danger those examinations would both discover and ruin her; and so went his way, leaving that little company with embracements, and praising of Zelmane's excellent proceeding, to show that no decking sets forth anything so much as affection.

But as they were in the midst of those unfeigned ceremonies, a gittern* ill played on, accompanied with a hoarse voice, who seemed to sing maugre the Muses, and to be merry in spite of fortune, made them look the way of the ill-

* *Gittern*—Sometimes spelt "cittern;" an instrument similar to a guitar, much favoured by the customers of barbers, while waiting their turns, in early times. Ben Jonson, in his "Vision of Delight," has both forms of the word.

noised song. They had soon found it was Dametas, who came with no less lifted up countenance than if he had passed over the bellies of all his enemies; so wise a point he thought he had performed in using the natural strength of the cave. But never was it his doing to come so soon thence till the coast were more assuredly clear; for it was a rule with him that after a great storm there ever fall a few drops before it be fully finished. But Pamela—who had now experienced how much care doth solicit a lover's heart—used this occasion of going to her parents and sister, indeed as well for that cause as being unquiet till her eye might be assured how her shepherd had gone through the danger. But Basilius, with the sight of Pamela, of whom almost his head, otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance, was suddenly stricken into a devout kind of admiration, remembering the oracle, which, according to the fawning humour of false hope, he interpreted now his own to his own best;* and with the willing blindness of affection, because his mind ran wholly upon Zelmane, he thought the gods in their oracles did principally mind her.

But, as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the shepherds told him that Philanax was already come with an hundred horse in his company. For having by chance rid not far off the little desert, he had heard of this uproar, and so was come upon the spur, gathering a company of gentlemen as fast as he could, to the succour of his master. Basilius was glad of it; but, not willing to have him nor any other of the noblemen see his mistress, he himself went out of the lodge, and so giving order unto him of placing garrisons and examining these matters, and Philanax, with humble earnestness,

* *Own best*—This passage is so involved that it becomes obscure. The meaning is easily seen. Basilius interprets the oracle according to his sinful wishes. Perhaps for *best* we should read *lust*.

beginning to intreat him to leave off this solitary course, which already had been so dangerous unto him, "Well," said Basilius, "it may be ere long I will condescend unto your desire. In the meantime, take you the best order you can to keep me safe in my solitariness. But," said he, "do you remember how earnestly you wrote unto me that I should not be moved by that oracle's authority, which brought me to this resolution?" "Full well, sir," answered Philanax, "for though it pleased you not as then to let me know what the oracle's words were—yet all oracles hold in, in my conceit, one degree of reputation—it sufficed me to know it was but an oracle which led you from your own course." "Well," said Basilius, "I will now tell you the words, which before I thought not good to do, because when all the events fall out, as some already have done, I may charge you with your incredulity." So he repeated them in this sort :—

“ Thy elder care shall from thy careful face
By princely mean be stol'n, and yet not lost ;
Thy younger shall with nature's bliss embrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth most ;
Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
Who at thy bier, as at a bar, shall plead
Why thee, a living man, they had made dead.
In thine own seat a foreign state shall sit ;
And ere that all these blows thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultery shall commit.”

“ For, forsooth,” said he, “ when I told you that some supernatural cause sent me strange visions, which being confirmed with presagious chances, I had gone to Delphos, and there received this answer, you replied unto me that the only supernatural causes were the humours of my body, which bred such melancholy dreams, and that both they framed a mind full of conceits, apt to make presages of things which in

themselves were merely chanceable ; and withal, as I say, you remember what you wrote unto me touching the authority of the oracle. But now I have some notable trial of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely communicate unto you. Only now know that the thing I most feared is already performed ; I mean that a foreign state should possess my throne. For that hath been done by Zelmane, but not as I feared to my ruin, but to my preservation.” But when he had once named Zelmane, that name was as good as a pulley to make the clock of his praises run on in such sort that, Philanax found, was more exquisite than the only admiration of virtue breedeth ; which his faithful heart inwardly repining at made him shrink away as soon as he could to go about the other matters of importance which Basilius had enjoined unto him.

Basilius returned into the lodge, thus by himself construing the oracle : that in that he said his elder care should by princely mean be stolen away from him, and yet not lost, it was now performed, since Zelmane had, as it were, robbed from him the care of his first-begotten child ; yet was it not lost, since in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger should with nature’s bliss embrace the love of Zelmane, because he had so commanded her for his sake to do ; yet should it be with as much hate of nature, for being so hateful an opposite to the jealousy he thought her mother had of him. The sitting in his seat he deemed by her already performed ; but that which most comforted him was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he should commit with Zelmane, whom afterwards he should have to his wife. The point of his daughters’ marriage, because it threatened his death withal, he determined to prevent with keeping them, while he lived, unmarried. But having, as he thought, gotten thus much understanding of the oracle,

he determined for three days after to perform certain rites to Apollo.

As soon as he had ended his devotion, all the privileged shepherds being now come, knowing well enough he might lay all his care upon Philanax, he was willing to sweeten the taste of this passed tumult with some rural pastimes ; for which while the shepherds prepared themselves in the best manner, Basilius took his daughter Philoclea aside, and with such haste as if his ears hunted for words, desired to know how she had found Zelmane. She humbly answered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her sake Zelmane was content to descend from her former resolution as to hear him whensoever he would speak ; and further than that, she said, as Zelmane had not granted, so she neither did nor ever would desire. Basilius kissed her with more than fatherly thanks, and straight, like a hard-kept ward new come to his lands, would fain have used the benefit of that grant in laying his sickness before his only physician. But Zelmane, that had not yet fully determined with herself how to bear herself toward him, made him in few words understand that the time, in respect of the company, was unfit for such a parley ; and, therefore, to keep his brains the busier, letting him understand what she had learned of his daughters touching Erona's distress, whom in her travel she had known and been greatly beholding to, she desired him to finish the rest, for so far as Plangus had told him. Because, she said—and she said truly—she was full of care for that lady, whose desert, only except an over-base choice, was nothing agreeable to misfortune. Basilius, glad that she would command him anything, but more glad that, in excusing the unfitness of that time, she argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner—

“Madam,” said he, “it is very true that, since years enabled me to judge what is or is not to be pitied, I never saw anything that more moved me to justify a vehement compassion in myself than the estate of that prince, whom, strong against all his own afflictions, which yet were great, as I perceive you have heard, yet true and noble love had so pulled down as to lie under sorrow for another. But then, to leave that unrepeatd which I find my daughters have told you, it may please you to understand, since it pleaseth you to demand, that Antiphilus being crowned, and so left by the famous princes Musidorus and Pyrocles, led thence by the challenge of Anaxius, who is now in these provinces of Greece, making a dishonourable inquiry after that excellent Prince Pyrocles already perished—Antiphilus, I say, being crowned and delivered from the presence of those two, whose virtues, while they were present, like good schoolmasters, suppressed his vanities, he had not strength of mind enough in him to make long delay of discovering what manner of man he was. But straight, like one carried up to so high a place that he loseth the discerning of the ground over which he is, so was his mind lifted so far beyond the level of his own discourse that, remembering only that himself was in the high seat of a king, he could not perceive that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorn follies and repine at injuries. But, imagining no so true property of sovereignty as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoever pleased his fancy, he quickly made his kingdom a tennis-court, where his subjects should be the balls, not, in truth, cruelly, but licentiously abusing them, presuming so far upon himself that what he did was liked of everybody; nay, that his disgraces were favours, and all because he was a king.

“Then vainness, a meagre friend to gratefulness, brought him so to despise Erona, as of whom he had received no

benefit, that, within half a year's marriage, he began to pretend barrenness, and, making first an unlawful law of having no wives than one, he, still keeping Erona under hand, by messages sought Artaxia, who, no less hating him than loving (as unlucky a choice) the naughty king Plexirtus, yet, to bring to pass what she purposed, was content to train him into false hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him king of Armenia, and had made that but the foundation of more and more monarchies, as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cherish him. Poor Erona to all this obeyed, either vehemency of affection making her stoop to so over-base a servitude, or, astonished with an unlooked-for fortune, dull to any behoof-full resolution, or, as many times it falls out even in great hearts when they can accuse none but themselves, desperately bent to maintain it. For so went she on in that way of her love that, poor lady, to be beyond all other examples of ill-set affection, she was brought to write to Artaxia that she was content, for the public good, to be a second wife, and yield the first place to her; nay, to extol him, and even woo Artaxia for him.

“But Artaxia, mortally hating them both for her brother's sake, was content to hide her hate till she had time to show it; and, pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of virtue, Musidorus and Pyrocles, even met them half way in excusing her brother's murder, as not being principal actors, and, of the other side, driven to what they did by the ever-pardonable necessity, and so well handled the matter as, though she promised nothing, yet Antiphilus promised himself all that she would have him think. And so a solemn interview was appointed. But, as the poets say, Hymen had not there his saffron-coloured coat; for Artaxia, laying men secretly—and easily they might be secret, since Antiphilus thought she overran him in love—when he came

even ready to embrace her, showing rather a countenance of accepting than offering, they came forth, and, having much advantage both in number, valour, and fore-preparation, put all his company to the sword but such as could fly away. As for Antiphilus, she caused him and Erona both to be put in irons, hasting back towards her brother's tomb, upon which she meant to sacrifice them, making the love of her brother stand between her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

“But great diversity in them two quickly discovered itself for the bearing of that affliction ; for Antiphilus, that had no greatness but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faster than calamity could thrust him, with fruitless begging of life, where reason might well assure him his death was resolved, and weak bemoaning his fortune, to give his enemies a most pleasing music, with many promises and protestations to as little purpose, as from a little mind. But Erona, sad indeed, yet like one rather used than new fallen to sadness, as who had the joys of her heart already broken, seemed rather to welcome than to shun that end of misery, speaking little, but what she spake was for Antiphilus, remembering his guiltiness, being at that time prisoner to Tiridates when the valiant princes slew him ; to the disgrace of men, showing that there are women both more wise to judge what is to be expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened.

“But her wit, endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, and her sadness by her beauty, made this noble Prince Plangus, who—never almost from his cousin Artaxia—was now present at Erona's taking, to perceive the shape of loveliness more perfectly in woe than in joyfulness, as in a picture which receives greater life by the darkness of shadows than by more glittering colours, and seeing to like, and liking to love, and,

loving straight, to feel the most incident effects of love, to serve and preserve : so, borne by the hasty tide of short leisure, he did hastily deliver together his affection and affectionate care. But she, as if he had spoken of a small matter when he mentioned her life, to which she had not leisure to attend, desired him, if he loved her, to show it in finding some way to save Antiphilus. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage unto her, where she played a part against her will, and therefore besought him not to cast his love in so unfruitful a place as could not love itself, but, for a testimony of constancy and a suitableness to his word, to do so much comfort to her mind as that for her sake Antiphilus were saved. He told me how much he argued against her tendering him who had so ungratefully betrayed her and foolishly cast away himself ; but, perceiving she did not only bend her very good wits to speak for him against herself, but, when such a cause could be allied to no reason, yet love would needs make itself a cause, and bar her rather from hearing than yield that she should yield to such arguments, he likewise, in whom the power of love, as they say of spirits, was subject to the love in her, with grief consented ; and, though backwardly, was diligent to labour the help of Antiphilus, a man whom he not only hated, as a traitor to Erona, but envied as a possessor of Erona ; yet love sware his heart, in spite of his heart, should make him become a servant to his rival. And so did he, seeking all the means of persuading Artaxia which the authority of so near and so virtuous a kinsman could give unto him. But she, to whom the eloquence of hatred had given revenge the face of delight, rejected all such motions, but the rather more closely imprisoning them in her chief city, where she kept them with intention at the birthday of Tiridates, which was very near, to execute Antiphilus, and at the day of his death, which was about half a

year after, to use the same rigour towards Erona, Plangus, much grieved, because much loving, attempted the humours of the Lydians, to see whether they could come in with forces to succour their princess ; but there the next inheritor to the crown, with the true play that is used in the game of kingdoms, had no sooner his mistress in captivity but he had usurped her place, and, making her odious to her people, because of the unfit election she had made, had so left no hope there, but, which is worse, had sent to Artaxia, persuading the justicing* her, because that injustice might give his title the name of justice. Wanting that way, Plangus practised with some dear friends of his to save Antiphilus out of prison, whose day, because it was much nearer than Erona's, and that he well found she had twisted her life upon the same thread with his, he determined first to get him out of prison ; and to that end, having prepared all matters as well as in such case he could, where Artaxia had set many of Tiridates' old servants to have well-marking eyes, he conferred with Antiphilus, as, by the authority he had, he found means to do, and agreed with him of the time and manner how he should, by the death of some of his jailors, escape. But all being well ordered, and Plangus willingly putting himself into the greatest danger, Antiphilus—who, like a bladder, swelled ready to break while it was full of the wind of prosperity, that being out, was so abjected as apt to be trod on by everybody—when it came to the point that, with some hazard, he might be in apparent likelihood to avoid the uttermost harm, his heart fainted, and, weak fool, neither hoping nor fearing as he should, gat a conceit that, with bewraying this practice he might obtain pardon, and therefore, even a little before Plangus should have come unto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with unpitied tears idly

* *Justicing*—*i.e.*, sentence being passed upon her.

✓ protesting he had rather die by Artaxia's commandment than against her will to escape ; yet begging life upon any the hardest and wretchedest conditions that she should lay upon him. His keeper provided accordingly, so that when Plangus came he was like himself to have been entrapped, but that, finding, with a lucky insight, that it was discovered, he retired, and, calling his friends about him, stood upon his guard, as he had good cause. For Artaxia, accounting him most ungrateful, considering that her brother and she had not only preserved him against the malice of his father, but ever used him much liker his birth than his fortune, sent forces to apprehend him ; but he among the martial men had gotten so great love that he could not only keep himself from her malice, but work in their minds a compassion of Erona's adversity.

“ But for the succour of Antiphilus he could get nobody to join with him, the contempt of him having not been able to qualify the hatred ; so that Artaxia might easily upon him perform her will, which was, at the humble suit of all the women of that city, to deliver him to their censure, who mortally hated him for having made a law of polygamy, after many tortures, forced him to throw himself from a high pyramid,* which was built over Tiridates' tomb, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be unkind.

✓ “ But Plangus well perceiving that Artaxia stayed only for the appointed day that the fair Erona's body, consumed to ashes, should make a notorious testimony how deeply her brother's death was engraven in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his virtue, though a stranger,

* *Pyramis*—This is the old and correct form of our modern “pyramid.” In the change it has undergone it bears considerable affinity to the old word “magnes,” now modernized into “magnet.”

had tied unto him, by force to give her liberty. Contrariwise, Artaxia, to whom anger gave more courage than her sex did fear, used her regal authority the most she could, to suppress that sedition, and have her will, which, she thought, is the most princely thing that may be. But Plangus, who, indeed, as all men witness, is one of the best captains, both for policy and valour, that are trained in the school of Mars, in a conflict overthrew Artaxia's power, though of far greater number, and there took prisoner a base son of her brother's, whom she dearly affected, and then sent her word that he should run the same race of fortune, whatsoever it was, that Erona did; and happy was that threatening for her, for else Artaxia had hastened the day of her death in respect of those tumults.

“But now, some principal noblemen of that country interposing themselves, it was agreed that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners, except Erona, delivered, she should be put into the hands of a principal nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, by oath, if by the day two year from Tiridates' death Pyrocles and Musidorus did not in person combat and overcome two knights, whom she appointed to maintain her quarrel against Erona and them of having by treason destroyed her brother, that then Erona should be that same day burnt to ashes; but if they came and had the victory, she should be delivered, but upon no occasion neither freed nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides all took solemn oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of Plangus' party forcing him to agree, though he himself the sooner condescended knowing the courtesy of those two excellent princes not to refuse so noble a quarrel, and their power such as two more like the other two were not able to resist. But Artaxia was more, and upon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had even newly received

news from Plexirtus that upon the sea he had caused them both to perish, and therefore she held herself sure of the match.

“ But poor Plangus knew not so much, and therefore, seeing his party, as most times it falls out in like case, hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them; and then obtained leave of the lord that indifferently* kept her to visit Erona, whom he found full of desperate sorrow, suffering neither his [Antiphilus’] unworthiness, nor his wrongs, nor his death, which is the natural conclusion of all worldly acts, either to cover with forgetfulness or diminish with consideration the affection she had borne him, but even glorying in affliction, and shunning all comfort, she seemed to have no delight but in making herself the picture of misery. So that when Plangus came to her she fell in deadly trances, as if in him she had seen the death of Antiphilus, because he had not succoured him; and yet, her virtue striving, she did at one time acknowledge herself bound, and profess herself injured, instead of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the princes, as he wished her to do, craving nothing but some speedy death to follow her, in spite of just hate, beloved Antiphilus.

“ So that Plangus, having nothing but a ravished kiss from her hand at their parting, went away toward Greece, whitherward he understood the princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters written by Artaxia to Plexirtus, wherein she signified her accepting him to her husband, whom she had ever favoured, so much the rather as he had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deserved end her greatest enemies; withal thanking

* *Indifferently*—Impartially.

“ Set honour in one eye and death i’ the other,
And I will look on both *indifferently*.”—Jul. Cæsar, i. 2.

the sea, in such terms as he might well perceive it was by some treason wrought in Plexirtus' ship. Whereupon, to make more diligent search, he took ship himself, and came into Laconia, inquiring, and by his inquiry finding that such a ship was indeed with fight and fire perished, none almost escaping. But for Pyrocles and Musidorus, it was assuredly determined that they were cast away, for the name of such princes, especially in Greece, would quickly else have been a large witness to the contrary. Full of grief with that, for the loss of such who left the world poor of perfection, but more sorry for Erona's sake, who now by them could not be relieved, a new advertisement from Armenia overtook him which multiplied the force of his anguish. It was a message from the nobleman who had Erona in ward, giving him to understand that since his departure Artaxia, using the benefit of time, had besieged him in his castle, demanding present delivery of her, whom yet for his faith given he would not before the day appointed, if possibly he could resist, which, he foresaw, long he should not do for want of victual, which he had not so wisely provided, because he trusted upon the general oath taken for two years' space, and therefore willed him to make haste to his succour, and come with no small forces, for all they that were of his side in Armenia were consumed, and Artaxia had increased her might by marriage of Plexirtus, who, now crowned king there, sticke^d not to glory in the murder of Pyrocles and Musidorus, as having just cause thereto, in respect of the deaths of his sister Andromana, her son, his nephew, and his own daughter Zelmane, all whose loss he unjustly charged them withal, and now openly sticke^d not to confess what a revenge his wit had brought forth. Plangus, much astonished herewith, bethought himself what to do; for to return to Armenia was vain, since his friends there were utterly over-

thrown. Then thought he of going to his father, but he had already, even since the death of his stepmother and brother, attempted the recovering of his favour, and all in vain. For they that had before joined with Andromana to do him the wrong thought now no life for them if he returned, and therefore kept him still with new-forged suspicions odious to his father. So that Plangus, reserving that for a work of longer time than the saving of Erona could bear, determined to go to the mighty and good king Euarchus, who lately having, to his eternal fame, fully not only conquered his enemies, but established good government in their countries, he hoped he might have present succour of him, both for the justness of the cause, and revenge of his children's death, by so heinous a treason murdered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way, passing through my country, it was my hap to find him, the most overthrown man with grief that ever I hope to see again.

“And thus, excellent lady, I have obeyed you in this story, wherein if it well please you to consider what is the strange power of love, and what is due to his authority, you shall exercise therein the true nobleness of your judgment, and do the more right to the unfortunate historian.” Zelmane, sighing for Erona's sake, yet inwardly comforted in that she assured herself Euarchus would not spare to take in hand the just delivering of her, joined with the just revenge of his children's loss, having now what she desired of Basilius, to avoid his further discourses of affection, encouraged the shepherds to begin, whom she saw already ready for them.*

The End of the Second Book.

* The Editor has omitted the “Second Eclogue” for the reasons given in the note to Eclogue I. There is nothing to be regretted

and little remarkable in it, save a skirmish between seven “Reasonable” and seven “Appassionated” shepherds. Of course, in this interlocution—it cannot be called dialogue—“the Reasonable shepherds” get the better of the “rebels vile” who represent Passion, and then “the two square battles meet,” and, instead of fighting, embrace one another, singing thus :—

- “ *R.* We are too strong ; but Reason seeks no blood.
P. Who to be weak do feign they be too good.
R. Though we cannot o’ercome, our cause is just.
P. Let us o’ercome and let us be unjust.
R. Yet Passions yield at length to Reason’s stroke.
P. What shall we win by taking Reason’s yoke ?
R. The joys you have shall be made permanent.
P. But so we shall with grief learn to repent.
R. Repent indeed, but that shall be your bliss.
P. How know we that, since present joys we miss ?
R. You know it not ; of Reason, therefore, know it.
P. No Reason yet had ever skill to show it.
R. Then let us both to heavenly rules give place—
P. Which Passions kill and Reason do deface.”

There is also a double sestina, unrhymed, which contains poetic diction, but is truly a sad and useless interruption to Sidney’s too much interrupted prose poem.





The Third Book.

THIS last day's danger, having made Pamela's love discern what a loss it should have suffered if Dorus had been destroyed, bred such tenderness of kindness in her toward him that she could no longer keep love from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words, whom before as a close prisoner she had to her heart only committed ; so as finding not only by his speeches and letters, but by the pitiful motion of languishing behaviour, and the easily deciphered character of a sorrowful face, that despair began now to threaten him destruction, she grew content both to pity him and let him see she pitied him, as well by making her own beautiful beams to thaw away the former iciness of her behaviour, as by entertaining his discourses, whensoever he did use them, in the third person of Musidorus, to so far a degree that in the end she said that, if she had been the princess whom that disguised prince had virtuously loved, she would have requited his faith with faithful affection ; finding in her heart that nothing could so heartily love as virtue, with many more words to the same sense of noble favour and chaste plainness. Which when at the first it made that unexpected bliss shine upon Dorus, he was like one frozen with extremity of cold overhastily brought to a great fire ; rather oppressed than relieved with such a lightening of felicity.

But after the strength of nature had made him able to feel the sweetness of joyfulness, that again being a child of passion, and never acquainted with mediocrity, could not set bounds upon his happiness, nor be content to give desire a kingdom, but that it must be an unlimited monarchy: so that the ground he stood upon being over-high in happiness and slippery through affection, he could not hold himself from falling into such an error, which with sighs blew all comfort out of his breast, and washed away all cheerfulness of his desire, and Desire considering nothing but opportunity, one time, Mopsa being called away by her mother, and he left alone with Pamela, the sudden occasion called Love, and that never stayed to ask Reason's leave, but made the too-much loving Dorus take her in his arms, offering to kiss her, and as it were to establish a trophy of his victory. But she, as if she had been ready to drink a wine of excellent taste and colour, which suddenly she perceived had poison in it, so did she put him away from her; looking first up to heaven, as amazed to find herself so beguiled in him, then laying cruel punishment upon him of angry love, and lowering beauty, showing disdain, and a despising disdain, "Away!" said she, "unworthy man to love or to be loved. Assure thyself, I hate myself for being so deceived; judge then what I do thee for deceiving me. Let me see thee no more, the only fall of my judgment and stain of my conscience." With that she called Mopsa, not staying for any answer, which was no other but a flood of tears, which she seemed not to mark, much less to pity, and chid her for having so left her alone.

It was not a sorrow, but it was even a death, which then laid hold of Dorus; which certainly at that instant would have killed him, but that the fear to tarry longer in her presence, contrary to her commandment, gave him life to carry himself away from her sight, and to run into the woods, where,

throwing himself down at the foot of a tree, he did not fall into lamentation, for that proceeded of pitying, or grieving for himself, which he did no way, but to curses of his life, as one that detested himself. For, finding himself not only unhappy, but unhappy after being fallen from all happiness, and to be fallen from all happiness, not by any misconceiving, but by his own fault, and his fault to be done to no other but to Pamela, he did not tender his own estate, but despised it, greedily drawing into his mind all conceits which might more and more torment him. And so remained he two days in the woods, disdaining to give his body food or his mind comfort, loving in himself nothing but the love of her.

And indeed that love only strave with the fury of his anguish, telling it that if it destroyed Dorus it should also destroy the image of her that lived in Dorus ; and when the thought of that was crept in unto him, it began to win of him some compassion to the shrine of that image, and to bewail not for himself, whom he hated, but that so notable a love should perish. Then began he only so far to wish his own good as that Pamela might pardon him the fault, though not the punishment ; and the uttermost height he aspired unto was, that after his death she might yet pity his error, and know that it proceeded of love, and not of boldness. That conceit found such friendship in his thoughts that at last he yielded, since he was banished her presence, to seek some means by writing to show his sorrow and testify his repentance. Therefore, getting him his pen, he thought fit to counterfeit his hand, lest she should cast his letter away as soon as she saw it, and writing an elegiac, marring much with mending, he made an end of it, and one day, when all were gone to dinner, he stole up into Pamela's chamber and placed the letter in her standish, which he first kissed, and craved of it a friendly keeping.

Which letter when Pamela found, what it would have wrought in her she herself could not tell ; for, before her reason could moderate the disputation between favour and faultiness, her sister and Miso called her down to entertain Zelmane, who was come to visit the two sisters, about whom, as about two poles, the sky of beauty was turned ; while Gynecia wearied her bed with her melancholy sickness, and made Miso's shrewdness—who, like a Spirit set to keep a treasure, barred Zelmane from any further conference—to be the lieutenant of her jealousy, both she and her husband driving Zelmane to such a strait of resolution, either of impossible granting or dangerous refusing, as the best escape she had was, as much as she could, to avoid their company. So as, this day being the fourth day after the uproar, Basilius being with his sick wife, conferring upon such examinations as Philanax and other of his noblemen had made of this late sedition, all touching Cecropia with vehement suspicion of giving either flame or fuel unto it, Zelmane came with her body to find her mind, which was gone long before her and had gotten his seat in Philoclea, who now, with a bashful cheerfulness, as though she were ashamed that she could not choose but be glad, joined with her sister in making much of Zelmane.

And so, as they sate devising how to give more feathers to the wings of Time,* there came to the lodge-door six maids, all in one livery of scarlet petticoats, which were tucked up almost to their knees, the petticoats themselves being in many places garnished with leaves, their legs naked, saving that above the ankles they had little black silk laces, upon which did hang a few silver bells, like which they had a little above their elbows upon their bare arms. Upon their hair they ware garlands

* *More feathers, &c.*—

“ And then, with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time.”

—MASSINGER, Great Duke of Florence, i. 1.

of roses and gilliflowers, and the hair was so dressed as that came again above the garlands, interchanging a mutual covering ; so as it was doubtful whether the hair dressed the garlands or the garlands dressed the hair. Their breasts liberal to the eye, the face of the foremost of them in excellency fair, and of the rest lovely, if not beautiful ; and beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus, over-often and hard, to kiss them. Their countenances full of a graceful gravity, so as, the gesture matched with the apparel, it might seem a wanton modesty*—an enticing soberness. Each of them had an instrument of music in their hands, which, consorting their well-pleasing tunes, did charge each ear with unsensibleness that did not lend itself unto them. The music entering alone into the lodge, the ladies were all desirous to see from whence so pleasant a guest was come, and therefore went out together, where, before they could take the pains to doubt, much less to ask the question of their quality, the fairest of them, with a gay but yet discreet demeanour, in this sort spake to them—

“Most excellent ladies, whose excellencies have power to make cities envy these woods, and solitariness to be accounted the sweetest company, vouchsafe our message your gracious hearing, which, as it comes from love, so comes it from lovely persons. The maids of all this coast of Arcadia, understanding the often access that certain shepherds of these quarters are allowed to have in this forbidden place, and that their rural sports are not disdained of you, have been stirred up with emulation to them and affection to you to bring forth

* *Wanton modesty*—

“ Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such *sweet neglect* more taketh me
Than all th’ adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.”

—BEN JONSON, *The Silent Woman*.

something which might as well breed your contentment ; therefore, hoping that the goodness of their intention and the hurtlessness of their sex shall excuse the breach of the commandment in coming to this place unsent for, they chose out us to invite both your princely parents and yourselves to a place in the woods, about half a mile hence, where they have provided some such sports as they trust your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightful. We have been at the other lodge ; but, finding them there busied in weightier affairs, our trust is that you will not deny the shining of your eyes upon us.”

The ladies stood in some doubt whether they should go or not, lest Basilius might be angry withal. But Miso, that had been at none of the pastorals, and had a great desire to lead her old senses abroad to some pleasure, told them plainly they should nor will nor choose, but go thither and make the honest country people know that they were not so squeamish as folks thought of them. The ladies, glad to be warranted by her authority, with a smiling humbleness obeyed her, Pamela only casting a seeking look whether she could see Dorus, who, poor wretch, wandered half mad for sorrow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not hear him, but indeed was grieved for his absence, having given the wound to him through her own heart. But so the three ladies and Miso went with those six nymphs, conquering the length of the way with the force of music, leaving only Mopsa behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to show her new-scoured face among them ; but the place appointed, as they thought, met them half in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes and pretty conversation of their inviters. There found they, in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a little square place, not burthened with

trees, but with a board covered and beautified with the pleasantest fruits that sunburned Autumn could deliver to them. The maids besought the ladies to sit down and taste of the swelling grapes, which seemed great with child with Bacchus, and of the diverse coloured plums, which gave the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth. The ladies would not show to scorn their provision, but ate and drank a little of their cool wine, which seemed to laugh for joy to come to such lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the coming forth of such devices as were prepared for them, there rushed out of the woods twenty armed men, who round about environed them, and, laying hold on Zelmane before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoods over the heads of all four, and, so muffled, by force set them on horseback and carried them away, the sisters in vain crying for succour, while Zelmane's heart was rent in pieces with rage of the injury and disdain of her fortune. But when they had carried them four or five mile further, they left Miso with a gag in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, so to take her fortune, and brought the three ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a castle about ten mile from the lodges, where they were fain to take a boat which waited for them ; for the castle stood in the midst of a great lake upon a high rock, where, partly by art, but principally by nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the castle gate their faces were discovered, and there were met with a great number of torches,* after whom the sisters knew their aunt-in-law, Cecropia. But that sight increased the deadly terror of the princesses, looking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked Cecropia, who yet came unto

* *Torches*—Here put for torch-bearers.

them, making courtesy the outside of mischief, and desiring them not to be discomforted ; for they were in a place dedicated to their service. Philoclea, with a look where love shined through the mist of fear, besought her to be good unto them, having never deserved evil of her. But Pamela's high heart disdaining humbleness to injury, "Aunt," said she, "what you have determined of us I pray you do it speedily : for my part, I look for no service where I find violence."

But Cecropia, using no more words with them, conveyed them all three to several[separate]lodgings, Zelmane's heart so swelling with spite that she could not bring forth a word, and so left them, first taking from them their knives, because they should do themselves no hurt before she had determined of them, and then, giving such order that they wanted nothing but liberty and comfort, she went to her son, who yet kept his bed because of his wound he had received of Zelmane, and told him whom now he had in his power. Amphialus was but even then returned from far countries, where he had won immortal fame both of courage and courtesy, when he met with the princesses, and was hurt by Zelmane, so as he was utterly ignorant of all his mother's wicked devices, to which he would never have consented, being—like a rose out of a briar—an excellent son of an evil mother ; and now, when he heard of this, was as much amazed as if he had seen the sun fall to the earth, and therefore desired his mother that she would tell him how all these matters had happened.

"Son," said she, "I will do it willingly, and, since all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howsoever I might be ashamed to tell it strangers, who would think it wickedness, yet what is done for your sake, how evil soever to others, to you is virtue. To begin, then, even with the beginning, this doting fool Basilius that now reigns, having lived unmarried till he was nigh threescore years old, and in

all his speeches affirming, and in all his doings assuring, that he never would marry, made all the eyes of this country to be bent upon your father, his only brother, but younger by thirty years, as upon the undoubted successor, being indeed a man worthy to reign, thinking nothing enough for himself; where this goose,* you see, puts down his head before there be anything near to touch him. So that he holding place and estimation as heir of Arcadia, obtaining me of my father the king of Argos, his brother helping to the conclusion with protesting his bachelry intention;† for else you may be sure the king of Argos, nor his daughter, would have suffered their royal blood to be stained with the base name of a subjection. So that I came into this country as apparent princess thereof, and accordingly was courted and followed of the ladies of this country. My port and pomp did well become a king of Argos' daughter; in my presence their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue; their eyes admired my majesty, and happy was he or she on whom I would suffer the beams thereof to fall. Did I go to church, it seemed the very gods waited for me, their devotions not being solemnised till I was ready. Did I walk abroad to see my delight—nay, my walking was the delight itself, for to it was the concourse, one thrusting upon another who might show himself most diligent and serviceable towards me; my sleeps were inquired after, and my wakings never unsaluted; the very gate of my house full

* *This goose*—That is, Basilius. “Where,” in this place, is used in the sense of “whereas.”

† *Bachelry intention*—His determination to a single life. “Bachelor,” originally a military term, has somehow been detailed to signify a single man. Ben Jonson applies it to an unmarried woman. Bachelry is therefore the state of single life.

“Phebus that was flour of *bachelorie*
As well in fredom as in chivalrie.”

—CHAUCER, Man. Tale, v. 17,074.

of principal persons, who were glad if their presents had received a grateful acceptation. And in this felicity wert thou born, the very earth submitting itself unto thee to be trodden as by his prince ; and to that pass had my husband's virtue, by my good help, within short time brought it, with a plot we laid, as we should not have needed to have waited the tedious work of a natural end of Basilius, when the heavens, I think envying my great felicity, then stopped thy father's breath, when he breathed nothing but power and sovereignty. Yet did not thy orphancy, or my widowhood, deprive us of the delightful prospect which the hill of honour doth yield, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies unto us.

“But before, my son, thou wert come to the age to feel the sweetness of authority, this beast, whom I can never name with patience, falsely and foolishly married this Gynecia, then a young girl, and brought her to sit above me in all feasts, to turn her shoulder to meward in all our solemnities. It is certain it is not so great a spite to be surmounted by strangers as by one's own allies. Think, then, what my mind was, since withal there is no question the fall is greater from the first to the second than from the second to the undermost. The rage did swell in my heart, so much the more as it was fain to be suppressed in silence, and disguised with humbleness. But, above all the rest, the grief of griefs was, when with these two daughters, now thy prisoners, she cut off all hope of thy succession. It was a tedious thing to me that my eyes should look lower than anybody's, that, myself being by, another's voice than mine should be more respected ; but it was insupportable unto me to think that not only I, but thou, shouldst spend all thy time in such misery, and that the sun should see my eldest son less than a prince. And though I had been a saint I could not choose, finding the change this change of fortune bred unto me, for

now from the multitude of followers silence grew to be at my gate, and absence in my presence. The guess of my mind could prevail more before than now many of my earnest requests ; and thou, my dear son, by the fickle multitude no more than an ordinary person, born of the mud of the people, regarded.

“But I, remembering that in all miseries weeping becomes fools and practice* wise folks, have tried divers means to pull us out of the mire of subjection. And, though many times fortune failed me, yet did I never fail myself. Wild beasts I kept in a cave hard by the lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their pastorals, I as then living in my house hard by the place ; and against the hour they were to meet, having kept the beasts without meat, then let them loose, knowing that they would seek their food there, and devour what they found. But blind Fortune, hating sharp-sighted inventions, made them unluckily to be killed. After I used my servant Clinias to stir a notable tumult of country people ; but those louts were too gross instruments for delicate conceits. Now, lastly, finding Philanax his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit, and with a sleight I used of my fine-witted wench Artesia, with other maids of mine, would have sent these goodly inheritrixes of Arcadia to have pleaded their cause before Pluto, but that over-fortunately for them you made me know the last day how vehemently this childish passion of love doth torment you. Therefore I have brought them unto you, yet wishing rather hate than love in you. For hate often begetteth victory ; love commonly is the instrument of subjection. It is true that I would also by the same practice have entrapped

* *Practice* here signifies “artifice,” “stratagem.” “Had gotten great estimation among the rude people, as one that was ever a *practiser* of new devises.”—GOLDINGE, *Cæsar*, fo. 260.

the parents, but my maids failed of it, not daring to tarry long about it. But this sufficeth, since, these being taken away, you are the undoubted inheritor, and Basilius will not long overlive this loss."

"Oh, mother," said Amphialus, "speak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eyes or my heart, or if I have anything more dear than eyes or heart unto me. Let others find what sweetness they will in ever fearing, because they ever are feared; for my part, I will think myself highly entitled if I may be once by Philoclea accepted for a servant."

"Well," said Cecropia, "I would I had borne you of my mind as well as of my body; then should you not have sunk under these base weaknesses. But since you have tied your thoughts in so wilful a knot, it is happy my policy hath brought matters to such a pass as you may both enjoy affection and upon that build your sovereignty." "Alas," said Amphialus, "my heart would fain yield you thanks for setting me in the way of felicity, but that fear kills them in me before they are fully born. For if Philoclea be displeased, how can I be pleased? If she count it unkindness, shall I give tokens of kindness? Perchance she condemns me of this action, and shall I triumph? Perchance she drowns now the beauties I love with sorrowful tears, and where is then my rejoicing?"

"You have reason," said Cecropia, with a feigned gravity; "I will therefore send her away presently, that her contentment may be recovered." "No, good mother," said Amphialus, "since she is here, I would not for my life constrain presence, but rather would I die than consent to absence." "Pretty intricate follies," said Cecropia; "but get you up, and see how you can prevail with her, while I go to the other sister; for after we shall have our hands full to defend ourselves, if Basilius hap to besiege us." But, remembering herself, she turned back and asked him what he would have done with

Zelmane, since now he might be revenged of his hurt. "Nothing but honourably," answered Amphialus, "having deserved no other of me, especially being, as I hear, greatly cherished of Philoclea, and therefore I could wish they were lodged together." "Oh, no," said Cecropia, "company confirms resolutions, and loneliness breeds a weariness of one's thoughts, and so a sooner consenting to reasonable proffers."

But Amphialus, taking of his mother Philoclea's knives, which he kept as a relic since she had worn them, gat up, and calling for his richest apparel, nothing seemed sumptuous enough for his mistress's eyes, and that which was costly he feared was not dainty, and, though the invention were delicate, he misdoubted the making. And in that sort he went to Philoclea's chamber, whom he found—because her chamber was over-lightsome—sitting of that side of her bed which was from the window, which did cast such a shadow upon her as a good painter would bestow upon Venus, when, under the trees, she bewailed the murder of Adonis, her hands and fingers, as it were, indented one within the other, her shoulder leaning to her bed's head, and over her head a scarf, which did eclipse almost half her eyes, which under it fixed their beams upon the wall by with so steady a manner as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their object; and so remained they a good while after his coming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiving him, till that, a little varying her thoughts something quickening her senses, she heard him as he happened to stir his upper garment, and, perceiving him, rose up with a demeanour where in the book of beauty there was nothing to be read but sorrow, for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there.

But Amphialus, that had intrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked up in amazement

that he could pick nothing out of it but the beseeching her to take what was done in good part, and to assure herself there was nothing but honour meant unto her person. But she, making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joined, with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh, gave him to understand that, considering his doings, she thought his speech as full of incongruity as her answer would be void of purpose; whereupon, he kneeling down and kissing her hand, which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivity, but not kindness, he besought her to have pity of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering, that in her hands the balance of his life or death did stand, whereto the least motion of hers would serve to determine, she being indeed the mistress of his life, and he her eternal slave, and with true vehemency besought her that he might hear her speak, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn itself into these kind of words:—

“Alas, cousin,” said she, “what shall my tongue be able to do, which is informed by the ears one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pity, and use cruelty; you say you love me, and yet do the effects of enmity; you affirm your death is in my hands, but you have brought me to so near a degree of death as, when you will, you may lay death upon me; so that while you say I am mistress of your life, I am not mistress of mine own. You entitle yourself my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If, then, violence, injury, terror, and depriving of that which is more dear than life itself—liberty—be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily persuaded. But if the nearness of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there be any such thing in you which you call love toward me, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment; let not my heart

waste itself by being vexed with feeling evil and fearing worse. Let not me be a cause of my parents' woeful destruction, but restore me to myself, and, so doing, I shall account I have received myself of you. And what I say for myself, I say for my dear sister and my friend Zelmane ; for I desire no well-being without they may be partakers." With that her tears rained down from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautiful flowers of her face.

But Amphialus was like the poor woman who, loving a tame doe she had above all earthly things, having long played withal and made it feed at her hand and lap, is constrained at length by famine, all her flock being spent, and she fallen into extreme poverty, to kill the deer to sustain her life. Many a pitiful look doth she cast upon it, and many a time doth she draw back her hand before she can give the stroke. For even so Amphialus, by a hunger-starved affection, was compelled to offer this injury, and yet the same affection made him, with a tormenting grief, think unkindness in himself that he could find in his heart any way to restrain her freedom. But at length, neither able to grant nor deny, he thus answered her :—

“Dear lady,” said he, “I will not say unto you, how justly soever I may do it, that I am neither author nor accessory unto this your withholding ; for, since I do not redress it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I protest unto you—and this protestation of mine let the heavens hear, and if I lie let them answer me with a deadly thunderbolt—that in my soul I wish I had never seen the light, or rather that I had never had a father to beget such a child, than that by my means those eyes should overflow their own beauties, than by my means the sky of your virtue should be overclouded with sorrow. But woe is me, most excellent lady ! I find myself most willing to obey you, neither truly do mine ears

receive the least word you speak with any less reverence than as absolute and irresistible commandments; but, alas, that tyrant Love, which now possesseth the hold of all my life and reason, will no way suffer it. It is Love, it is Love, not I, which disobey you! What then shall I say, but that I, who am ready to lie under your feet, to venture, nay, to lose my life at your least commandment, I am not the stay of your freedom, but Love, Love, which ties you in your own knots! It is you yourself that imprison yourself; it is your beauty which makes these castle walls embrace you; it is your own eyes which reflect upon themselves this injury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you some way vouchsafe to satisfy this love's vehemency, which since it grew in yourself, without question you shall find it, far more than I, tractable."

But with these words Philoclea fell to so extreme a quaking, and her lively whiteness did degenerate to such a deadly paleness, that Amphialus feared some dangerous trance; so that, taking her hand, and feeling that it—which was wont to be one of the chief firebrands of Cupid—had all the sense of it wrapt up in coldness, he began humbly to beseech her to put away all fear, and to assure herself upon the vow he made thereof unto God and herself that the uttermost forces he would ever employ to conquer her affection should be desire and desert. That promise brought Philoclea again to herself, so that, slowly lifting up her eyes upon him, with a countenance ever courteous, but then languishing, she told him that he should do well to do so, if, indeed, he had ever tasted what true love was; for that where now she did bear him good-will, she should, if he took any other way, hate and abhor the very thought of him, assuring him withal that, though his mother had taken away her knives, yet the house of death had so many doors as she would easily fly into it if ever she found her honour endangered.

Amphialus, having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coals of desire, leaving some of his mother's gentlewomen to wait upon Philoclea; himself, indeed, a prisoner to his prisoner, and making all his authority to be but a footstool to humbleness, went from her to his mother, to whom, with words which affection indited, but amazement uttered, he delivered what had passed between him and Philoclea, beseeching her to try what her persuasions could do with her, while he gave order for all such things as were necessary against such forces as he looked daily Basilius would bring before his castle. His mother bade him quiet himself, for she doubted not to take fit times; but that the best way was first to let her own passion a little tire itself.

So they calling Clinias, and some other of their counsel, advised upon their present affairs. First, he despatched private letters to all those principal lords and gentlemen of the country whom he thought either alliance or friendship to himself might draw, with special motions from the general consideration of duty, not omitting all such whom either youthful age or youthlike minds did fill with unlimited desires, besides such whom any discontentment made hungry of change, or an over-spended want made want a civil war, to each, according to the counsel of his mother, conforming himself after their humours. To his friends, friendliness; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the displeased, revenge; to the greedy, spoil; wrapping their hopes with such cunning as they rather seemed given over unto them as partakers than promises sprung of necessity. Then sent he to his mother's brother the king of Argos, but he was then so over-laid with war himself as from thence he could attend small succour.

But, because he knew how violently rumours do blow the sails of popular judgments, and how few there be that can

P. 20
 really
 (wally)

discern between truth and truth-likeness, between shows and substance, he caused a justification of this his action to be written, whereof were sowed abroad many copies, which, with some glosses of probability, might indeed hide the foulness of his treason, and from true common-places fetch down most false applications. For, beginning how much the duty which is owed to the country goes beyond all other duties, since in itself it contains them all, and that for the respect thereof not only all tender respects of kindred, or whatsoever other friendships, are to be laid aside, but that even long-held opinions—rather builded upon a secret of government than any ground of truth—are to be forsaken, he fell by degrees to show, that since the end whereto anything is directed is ever to be of more noble reckoning than the thing thereto directed, that therefore the weal public was more to be regarded than any person or magistrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling consideration whereof had moved him, though as near of kin to Basilius as could be, yet to set principally before his eyes the good estate of so many thousands, over whom Basilius reigned, rather than so to hoodwink himself with affection as to suffer the realm to run to manifest ruin. The care whereof did kindly* appertain to those who, being subaltern magistrates and officers of the crown, were to be employed as from the prince so for the people, and of all other, especially himself, who being descended of the royal race, and next heir male, nature had no sooner opened his eyes, but that the soil whereupon they did look was to look for at his hands a continual carefulness, which as from his childhood he had ever carried, so now finding that his uncle

* *Kindly*—Naturally, as in the Prayer-book, “the *kindly* fruits of the earth”—that is, its natural and ordinary productions.

“All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their *kindly* sight.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I. x. 47.

had not only given over all care of government, but had put it into the hands of Philanax, a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partial dealing liked of any, but, beside, had set his daughters, in whom the whole estate, as next heirs thereunto, had no less interest than himself, in so unfit and ill-guarded a place as it were not only dangerous for their persons, but, if they should be conveyed to any foreign country, to the whole commonwealth pernicious; that therefore he had brought them into this strong castle of his, which way if it might seem strange, they were to consider that new necessities require new remedies; but there they should be served and honoured as belonged to their greatness, until, by the general assembly of the estates, it should be determined how they should to their best both private and public advantage be matched, vowing all faith and duty both to the father and children never by him to be violated. But if in the meantime, before the estates could be assembled, he should be assailed, he would then for his own defence take arms; desiring all that either tendered the dangerous case of their country or in their hearts loved justice to defend him in this just action. And if the prince should command them otherwise, yet to know that therein he was no more to be obeyed than if he should call for poison to hurt himself withal, since all that was done was done for his service, howsoever he might—seduced by Philanax—interpret of it; he protesting that whatsoever he should do for his own defence should be against Philanax, and no way against Basilius.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetorical colours, did he sow abroad many discourses, which as they prevailed with some of more quick than sound conceit to run his fortune with him, so in many did it breed a coolness to deal violently against him, and a

false-minded neutrality to expect the issue. But, besides the ways he used to weaken the adverse party, he omitted nothing for the strengthening of his own; the chief trust whereof, because he wanted men to keep the field, he reposed in the surety of his castle, which at least would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that, therefore, he bent both his outward and inward eyes, striving to make art strive with nature, to whether of them two that fortification should be most beholding. The seat nature bestowed, but art gave the building, which as his rocky hardness would not yield to undermining force, so to open assaults he took counsel of skill how to make all approaches, if not impossible, yet difficult, as well at the foot of the castle as round about the lake, to give unquiet lodgings to them whom only enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well simple defence as that which did defend by offending, fitting instruments of mischief to places whence the mischief might be most liberally bestowed. Neither was his smallest care for victuals, as well for the providing that which should suffice, both in store and goodness, as in well preserving it, and wary distributing it, both in quantity and quality, spending that first which would keep least.

Even of vices he made his profit; making the cowardly Clinias to have care of the watch, which he knew his own fear would make him very wakefully perform. In the midst of danger he did exercise his men daily in all their charges, his hand and body disdaining no base matters nor shrinking from the heavy; the only odds was that, when others took breath, he sighed, and, when others rested, he crossed his arms. For love, passing through the pikes of danger, and tumbling itself in the dust of labour, yet made him still remember his sweet desire and beautiful image.

Cecropia, stirred with no other pity but for her son, did

meanwhile, haling* kindness into her countenance, visit Philoclea, and, finding tears hang upon her cheeks and lips as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth, “What ails this sweet lady?” said she. “Will you mar so good eyes with weeping? will you not have contentment?” “I know not,” answered the sweet Philoclea, fearing lest silence would offend for sullenness, “what contentment you speak of, but I am sure the best you can make of it, which is marriage, is a burdenous yoke.” “Ah, dear niece,” said Cecropia, “how much you are deceived! A yoke, indeed, we all bear, laid upon us in our creation, which by marriage is not increased, but thus far eased—that you have a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the cloddy combers of this world. Oh, widow-nights, bear witness with me of the difference. How often, alas! do I embrace the orphan-side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband, and with tears acknowledge that I now enjoy such a liberty as the banished man hath, who may, if he list, wander over the world, but is for ever restrained from his most delightful home; that I have now such a liberty as the seeled† dove hath, which, being first deprived of eyes, is then by the falconer cast off! For, believe me, niece, believe me, man’s experience is woman’s best eyesight. Have you ever seen a pure rosewater kept in a crystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison, and let the water take his own course; doth it not embrace dust and lose all his former sweetness

* *Haling*—Forcing or dragging violently. Two instances of the word occur in the Bible; Luke xii. 58, and Acts viii. 3.

† *Seeled*—Blinded; Fr. *siller les yeux* (see p. 78).

“Ambition, like a *seeled dove*, mounts upwards,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.”

FORD, *The Broken Heart*, act ii. sc. 2.

and fairness? Truly, so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint, of crystalline marriage.”

Yet neither her wily words, nor the persuasions of such words passing through such lips, could gain over Philoclea to Cecropia's wishes. Nor did daily presents, as it were oblations to pacify an angry deity, have any avail; whereon Cecropia bethought her to attempt Pamela, and, taking new courage, she went to her chamber, and, according to her own ungracious method of subtle proceeding, stood listening at the door till there might arise a fit beginning to her intended discourse.

And so she might perceive that Pamela did walk up and down, full of deep, though patient, thoughts, without any passionate gesture or violent motion; till at length, as it were, awakening and strengthening herself, “Well,” said she, “yet this is the best, and of this I am sure, that, howsoever they wrong me, they cannot overmaster God. No darkness blinds his eyes, no jail bars him out. To whom then else should I fly but to him for succour?” And therewith kneeling down, even where she stood, she thus said: “O all-seeing Light and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned, look upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me as to thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto thy will and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only

thus much let me crave of thee—let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee—let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness, which is thyself, that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue. Let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction ; let my greatness be their prey ; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge ; let them, if so it seem good unto thee, vex me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body.” And, pausing a while, “And, O most gracious Lord,” said she, “whatever becomes of me, preserve the virtuous Musidorus.”*

* *Pamela's Prayer*—According to some of the earlier editions of *Eikon Basilikè*, this prayer was delivered to Bishop Juxon by Charles I. immediately before his death, and entitled “A Prayer in Time of Captivity.” Milton, in his “*Eikonoklastes*,” chap. i., speaks thus indignantly of the king's use of it :—“But this king, not content with that which, although in a thing holy, is no holy theft, to attribute to his own making other men's whole prayers, hath as it were unhallowed and unchristened the very duty of prayer itself, by borrowing to a Christian use prayers offered to a heathen god. Who would have imagined so little fear in him of the true all-seeing Deity, so little reverence of the Holy Ghost, whose office is to dictate and present our Christian prayers, so little care of truth in his last words, or honour to himself or to his friends, or sense of his afflictions, or of that sad hour which was upon him, as immediately before his death to pop into the hand of that grave bishop who attended him, for a special relique of his saintly exercises, a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god ; and that in no serious book, but the vain, amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, a book in that kind full of worth and wit, but among religious thoughts and duties not worthy to be named, nor to be read at any time without good caution, much less in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christian's prayer-book ?” And again,

The other part Cecropia might well hear ; but this later prayer for Musidorus her heart held it as so jewel-like a treasure that it would scarce trust her own lips withal. But this prayer, sent to heaven from so heavenly a creature, with such a fervent grace as if devotion had borrowed her body to make of itself a most beautiful representation ; with her eyes so lifted to the skyward that one would have thought they had began to fly thitherward, to take their place among their fellow-stars ; her naked hands raising up their whole length, and as it were kissing one another, as if the right had been the picture of zeal and the left of humbleness, which both united themselves to make their suits more acceptable ; lastly, all her senses being rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions, altogether had so strange a working power that even the hard-hearted wickedness of Cecropia, if it found not a love of that goodness, yet it felt an abashment at that goodness ;* and if she had not a kindly remorse, yet had she an irksome accusation of her own naughtiness, so that she was put from the bias of her fore-intended lesson. For well she found there was no way at that time to take that mind but with some, at least, image of virtue ; and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did she prodigally spend her uttermost eloquence, leaving no argument unproved which might with any force invade her excellent judgment—the justness of the request.

at the end of chap. xxiii., he speaks of the king's "borrowing David's psalms. . . . However, this was more tolerable than Pamela's prayer, stolen out of Sir Philip." Although he here calls the Arcadia "a vain, amatorious poem," Milton elsewhere speaks in the highest terms of it—it was only "vain" on the scaffold of the king.

* *Abashment at that goodness—*

"Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how *awful goodness* is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely."—MILTON, P. L. iv. 846.

being but for marriage; the worthiness of the suitor; then her own present fortune, which should not only have amendment, but felicity; besides falsely making her believe that her sister would think herself happy if now she might have his love which before she contemned, and obliquely touching what danger it should be for her if her son should accept Philoclea in marriage, and so match the next heir-apparent, she being in his power; yet plentifully perjuring how extremely her son loved her, and excusing the little shows he made of it with the dutiful respect he bare unto her, and taking upon herself that she restrained him, since she found she could set no limits to his passions. And as she did to Philoclea, so did she to her, with the tribute of gifts seek to bring her mind into servitude, and all other means that might either establish a beholdingness, or at least awake a kindness, doing it so as, by reason of their imprisonment, one sister knew not how the other was wooed, but each might think that only she was sought. But if Philoclea, with sweet and humble dealing, did avoid their assaults, she with the majesty of virtue did beat them off.

But this day speech was the sooner broken off, by reason that he who stood as watch upon the top of the keep did not only see a great dust arise, which the earth sent up as if it would strive to have clouds as well as the air, but might spy sometimes, especially when the dust, wherein the naked wind did apparel itself, was carried aside from them, the shining of armour, like flashing of lightning, wherewith the clouds did seem to be with child, which the sun gilding with his beams, it gave a sight delightful to any but to them that were to abide the terror. But the watch gave a quick alarm to the soldiers within, whom practice already having prepared, began each, with unabashed hearts, or at least countenances, to look to their charge which was allotted unto them.

Amphialus, who, before the enemies came, was careful, providently diligent, and not sometimes without doubting of the issue, now the nearer danger approached, like the light of a glow-worm, the less still it seemed, and now his courage began to boil in choler, and with such impatience to desire to pour out both upon the enemy that he issued presently into certain boats he had of purpose, and, carrying with him some choice men, went to the fortress he had upon the edge of the lake, which he thought would be the first thing that the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage which commanding all that side of the country, and, being lost, would stop victual or other supply that might be brought into the castle; and in that fortress having some force of horsemen, he issued out with two hundred horse and five hundred footmen, ambushed his footmen in the falling of a hill which was overshadowed with a wood; he with his horsemen went a quarter of a mile further, asideland of which he might perceive the many troops of the enemy, who came but to view where best to encamp themselves.

But, as if the sight of the enemy had been a magnes stone* to his courage, he could not contain himself, but, showing his face to the enemy and his back to the soldiers, used that action as his only oration both of denouncing war to the one and persuading help of the other, who faithfully following an example of such authority, they made the earth to groan under their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not; among whom there was a young man, youngest brother to Philanax, whose

* *Magnes stone*—The magnet, its Greek form *Μαγνης*, so called from the country it came from—Magnesia (Vossius).

“Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii.”

—Lucret. vi. 908.

“On th’ other syde an hideous rocke is pight
Of mightie *magnes stone*.”—Faerie Queene, bk. ii. c. 12.

face as yet did not bewray his sex with so much as show of hair, of a mind having no limits of hope, not knowing why to fear, full of jollity in conversation, and lately grown a lover. His name was Agenor, of all that army the most beautiful, who having ridden in sportful conversation among the foremost, all armed, saving that his beaver was up, to have his breath in more freedom, seeing Amphialus come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the commandment of the captain, nor reckoning whether his face were armed or no, set spurs to his horse, and, with youthful bravery casting his staff about his head, put it then into his rest, as careful of comely carrying it as if the mark had been but a ring and the lookers-on ladies. But Amphialus' lance was already come to the last of his descending line, and began to make the full point of death against the head of this young gentleman, when Amphialus, perceiving his youth and beauty, compassion so rebated the edge of choler that he spared that fair nakedness, and let his staff fall to Agenor's vampalt;* so as both with brave breaking should hurtlessly have performed that match, but that the pitiless lance of Amphialus, angry with being broken, with an unlucky counterbuff full of unsparing splinters, lighted upon that face, far fitter for the combats of Venus, giving not only a sudden but a foul death, leaving scarcely any tokens of his former beauty; but, his hands abandoning the reins and his thighs the saddle, he fell side-ward from the horse; which sight coming to Leontius, a dear friend of his, who in vain had lamentably cried unto him to stay, when he saw him begin his career, it was hard to say whether pity of the one or revenge against the other held as then the sovereignty in his passions. But while he directed his eye to his friend and his hand to his enemy, so wrongly

* *Vampalt*—Vamplet, or vamplate, the round iron hand-guard on a tilting spear.

consorted a power could not resist the ready-minded force of Amphialus, who, perceiving his ill-directed direction against him, so paid him his debt before it was lent that he also fell to the earth, only happy that one place and one time did finish both their loves and lives together.

But by this time there had been a furious meeting of either side, where, after the terrible salutation of warlike noise, the shaking of hands was with sharp weapons. Some lances, according to the metal they met and skill of the guider, did stain themselves in blood; some flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven because they failed on earth: but their office was quickly inherited, either by the prince of weapons—the sword—or by some heavy mace, or biting axe, which, hunting still the weakest chase, sought ever to light there where smallest resistance might worst prevent mischief. The clashing of armour, and crushing of staves, the justling of bodies, the resounding of blows, was the first part of that ill-agreeing music which was beautified with the grisliness of wounds, the rising of dust, the hideous falls, and the groans of the dying.

But no sword paid so large a tribute of souls to the eternal kingdom as that of Amphialus, who like a tiger from whom a company of wolves did seek to ravish a new-gotten prey, so he, remembering they came to take away Philoclea, did labour to make valour, strength, choler, and hatred to answer the proportion of his love, which was infinite. And with the well-followed valour of Amphialus were the other almost overthrown, when Philanax, who was the marshal of the army, came in, with new force renewing the almost decayed courage of his soldiers; for, crying to them, and asking them whether their backs or their arms were better fighters, he himself thrust just into the press, and, making force and fury wait upon discretion and government, he might seem a brave lion

who taught his young lionets how, in taking of a prey, to join courage with cunning. Then Fortune, as if she had made chases enow of the one side of that bloody tenniscourt, went of the other side the line, making as many fall down of Amphialus' followers as before had done of Philanax's, they losing the ground as fast as before they had won it, only leaving them to keep it who had lost themselves in keeping it. Then those that had killed inherited the lot of those that had been killed, and cruel deaths made them lie quietly together who most in their lives had sought to disquiet each other, and many of those first overthrown had the comfort to see their murtherers overrun them to Charon's ferry.

Codrus, Ctesiphon, and Milo lost their lives upon Philanax's sword. But nobody's case was more pitied than of a young squire of Amphialus, called Ismenus, who never abandoning his master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that Amphialus' valour was the only stay of them from delivering themselves over to a most shameful flight, he saw his master's horse killed under him; whereupon, asking advice of no other thought but of faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse, and, with the help of some choice and faithful servants, gat his master up. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succour, some to save Amphialus, he came under the hand of Philanax, and the youth, perceiving he was the man that did most hurt to his party, desirous even to change his life for glory, strake at him as he rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the leg that made Philanax turn towards him; but seeing him so young, and of a most lovely presence, he rather took pity of him, meaning to take him prisoner, and then to give him to his brother Agenor to be his companion, because they were not much unlike, neither

in years nor countenance. But as he looked down upon him with that thought, he espied where his brother lay dead, and his friend Leontius by him, even almost under the squire's feet. Then sorrowing not only his own sorrow, but the past-comfort sorrow which he foreknew his mother would take, who, with many tears and misgiving sighs, had suffered him to go with his elder brother Philanax, blotted out all figures of pity out of his mind, and putting forth his horse while Ismenus doubled two or three more valiant than well-set blows, saying to himself, "Let other mothers bewail an untimely death as well as mine," he thrust him through, and the boy, fierce though beautiful, and beautiful though dying, not able to keep his falling feet, fell down to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and, as long as he could, resisting death, which might seem unwilling too, so long he was in taking away his young struggling soul.

Philanax himself could have wished the blow ungiven when he saw him fall like a fair apple, which some uncourteous body, breaking his bough, should throw down before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both that and himself, so as, over-hastily pressing upon the retiring enemies, he was, ere he was aware, further engaged than his own soldiers could relieve him, where, being overthrown by Amphialus, Amphialus, glad of him, kept head against his enemies, while some of his men carried away Philanax.

But Philanax's men, as if with the loss of Philanax they had lost the fountain of their valour, had their courages so dried up in fear that they began to set honour at their backs and to use the virtue of patience in an untimely time, when into the press comes, as hard as his horse—more afraid of the spur than the sword—could carry him, a knight in armour as black as darkness could make it, followed by none and adorned by nothing, so far without authority that he was

without knowledge. But virtue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him such authority that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him, and, while he was followed by the valiantest, he made way for the vilest. For, taking part with the besiegers, he made the Amphialians' blood serve for a caparison to his horse and a decking to his armour. His arm no oftner gave blows than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave deaths, so terrible was his force; and yet was his quickness more forcible than his force, and his judgment more quick than his quickness; for, though his sword went faster than eyesight could follow it, yet his own judgment went still before it. There died of his hand Sarpedon, Plistonax, Strophilus, and Hippolytus,* men of great proof in wars, and who had that day undertaken the guard of Amphialus.

And now the often-changing fortune began also to change the hue of the battles;† for at the first, though it were terrible, yet terror was decked so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pensils,‡ that the eye with delight had scarce leisure to be afraid; but now all, universally defiled with dust, blood, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the mask, and set forth Horror in his own horrible manner. But neither could danger be dreadful to Amphialus his undismayable courage, nor yet seem ugly to him, whose truly-affected mind did still paint it over with the beauty of

* *Sarpedon, &c.*—This *mélée* will remind the reader of the Homeric combats, or of those conflicts in the *Æneid*, whence, probably, Sidney took many of his names, as, for instance, that at the head of this note:

“*Sævus ubi Æacidæ teſo jacet Hector; ubi ingens Sarpedon.*”—*Æneid*, lib. i. v. 103.

† *Battles*—“Battle” properly means the main body of the army, although it is occasionally used by Sidney in the sense of “battalions.”

‡ *Pensils*—Little streamers at the ends of the lances; Lat. *pendere, pensilis*. Ben Jonson speaks of pensile shields and armours.

Philoclea. And therefore he, rather inflamed than troubled with the increase of dangers, and glad to find a worthy subject to exercise his courage, sought out this new knight, whom he might easily find, for he like a wanton rich man that throws down his neighbour's house to make himself the better prospect, so had his sword made him so spacious a room that Amphialus had more cause to wonder at the finding than labour for the seeking, which, if it stirred hate in him to see how much harm he did to the one side, it provoked as much emulation in him to perceive how much good he did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautiful folks love naturally stirs a desire of joining, so in their two courages hate stirred a desire of trial. Then began there a combat between them worthy to have had more large lists and more quiet beholders; for, with the spur of courage and the bit of respect, each so guided himself that one might well see the desire to overcome made them not forget how to overcome; in such time and proportion they did employ their blows, that none of Ceres' servants could more cunningly place his flail; while the left-foot spur set forward his own horse, the right let backward the contrary horse, even sometimes by the advantage of the enemy's leg, while the left hand, like him that held the stern, guided the horse's obedient courage; all done in such order that it might seem the mind was a right prince indeed, who sent wise and diligent lieutenants into each of those well-governed parts. But the more they fought the more they desired to fight, and the more they smarted the less they felt the smart, and now were like to make a quick proof to whom fortune and valour would seem most friendly, when in comes an old governor of Amphialus, always a good knight, and careful of his charge, who giving a sore wound to the black knight's thigh while he thought not of him, with another

blow slew his horse under him. Amphialus cried to him that he dishonoured him. "You say well," answered the old knight, "to stand now, like a private soldier, setting your credit upon particular fighting, while you may see Basilius, with all his host, is getting between you and your town. He looked that way and found that true indeed, that the enemy was beginning to encompass him about, and stop his return; and, therefore, causing the retreat to be sounded, his governor led his men homeward, while he kept himself still hindermost, as if he had stood at the gate of the sluice to let the stream go, with such proportion as should seem good unto him, and with so manful discretion performed it, that, though with loss of many of his men, he returned, himself, safe and content that his enemies had felt how sharp the sword could bite of Philoclea's lover. The other party, being sorry for the loss of Philanax, was yet sorrier when the black knight could not be found; for he, having gotten a horse whom his dying master had bequeathed to the world, finding himself sore hurt, and not desirous to be known, had in the time of the enemy's retiring retired away also, his thigh not bleeding blood so fast as his heart bled revenge. But Basilius, having attempted in vain to bar the safe return of Amphialus, encamped himself as strongly as he could, while he, to his grief, might hear the joy was made in the town by his own subjects, that he had that day sped no better; for Amphialus, being well beloved of that people, when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing show upon his worthiness, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

And now Amphialus, still craving his mother's help to persuade Philoclea, himself sent for Philanax unto him, whom he had not only long hated, but now had his hate greatly increased by the death of his squire Ismenus; besides, he

had made him as one of the chief causes that moved him to this rebellion, and therefore was inclined, to colour the better his action, and the more to embroil the hands of his accomplices by making them guilty of such a trespass, in some formal sort to cause him to be executed, being also greatly egged thereunto by his mother and some other, who long had hated Philanax, only because he was more worthy than they to be loved.

But, while that deliberation was handled according rather to the humour than the reason of each speaker, Philoclea coming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein Philanax stood, she desired one of the gentlewomen appointed to wait upon her to go in her name and beseech Amphialus that, if the love of her had any power of persuasion in his mind, he would lay no further punishment than imprisonment upon Philanax. This message was delivered even as Philanax was entering to the presence of Amphialus, coming, according to the warning was given him, to receive judgment of death. But when he, with manful resolution, attended the fruit of such a tyrannical sentence, thinking it wrong, but no harm to him that should die in so good a cause, Amphialus turned quite the form of his pretended speech, and yielded him humble thanks that by his means he had come to that happiness as to receive a commandment of his lady, and therefore he willingly gave him liberty to return in safety whither he would, quitting him not only of all former grudge, but assuring him that he would be willing to do him any friendship and service. Philanax—glad to receive an uncorrupted liberty—humbly accepted his favourable convoy out of the town, and so departed, not visiting the princesses, thinking it might be offensive to Amphialus, and no way fruitful to them, who were no way but by force to be rescued.

The poor ladies, indeed, [were] not suffered either to meet together, or to have conference with any other but such as Cecropia had already framed to sing all their songs to her tune, she herself omitting no day, and catching hold of every occasion, to move forward her son's desire and remove their own resolutions, using the same arguments to the one sister as to the other, determining that whom she could win first the other should, without her son's knowledge, by poison be made away ; but, though the reasons were the same to both, yet the handling was diverse, according as she saw their humours to prepare a more or less aptness of apprehension. This day, having long speech to Philoclea, amplifying not a little the great dutifulness her son had showed in delivering Philanax, of whom she could get no answer, but a silence sealed up in virtue, and so sweetly graced as that in one instant it carried with it both resistance and humbleness, Cecropia, threatening in herself to run a more rugged race with her, went to her sister Pamela.

Whom when Cecropia had found, she took a sudden assuredness of hope, and, looking on a purse that Pamela was making, "Oh, happy man," said she, "to whom a purse in this manner and by this hand wrought is dedicated." "And think you so indeed?" said Pamela, half smiling. "It is the right nature of beauty," said Cecropia, "to work unwitting effects of wonder." Then she began glossingly to praise beauty. "Nature," she said, "countervails all other liberalities, wherein she may be thought to have dealt more favourably toward mankind. How do men crown, think you, themselves with glory, for having either by force brought others to yield to their mind, or, with long study and premeditated orations, persuaded what they would have persuaded? And see, a fair woman shall not only command without authority, but persuade without speaking. She shall not need to procure

attention, for their own eyes will chain their ears unto it. Men venture lives to conquer ; she conquers lives without venturing. She is served and obeyed, which is the most notable, not because the laws so command it, but because they become laws themselves to obey her, not for her parents' sake, but for her own sake. She need not dispute whether to govern by fear or love, since, without her thinking thereof, their love will bring forth fear, and their fear will fortify their love ; and she need not seek offensive or defensive force, since her only lips may stand for ten thousand shields, and ten thousand un-avoidable shot go from her eyes. Beauty, beauty, dear niece, is the crown of the feminine greatness, which gift, on whomsoever the heavens, therein most niggardly, do bestow, without question she is bound to use it to the noble purpose for which it is created, not only winning, but preserving ; since that, indeed, is the right happiness which is not only in itself happy, but can also derive the happiness to another.”

“Certainly, aunt,” said Pamela, “I fear me you will make me not only think myself fairer than ever I did, but think my fairness a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it ; for I ever, till now, conceived these conquests you speak of rather to proceed from the weakness of the conquered than from the strength of the conquering power, as they say the cranes overthrow whole battles of Pigmies, not so much of their cranish courage as because the other are Pigmies, and that we see young babes think babies* of wonderful excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But, since your elder years and abler judgment find beauty to be worthy of so incomparable estimation, certainly methinks it ought to be held in dearness, according to the excellency,

* *Babies*—Dolls, or children's toys.

“*Babies* doe children please, and shadowes fooles ;
Shewes have deceiv'd the wisest many a time.”

—Griffin's *Fidessa*, 1596.

and, no more than we would do of things which we account precious, never to suffer it to be defiled."

"Defiled!" said Cecropia; "marry, God forbid my speech should tend to any such purpose!" Then, employing the uttermost of her mischievous wit, "Dear niece, or, rather, dear daughter, if my affection and wish might prevail therein, how much doth it increase, trow you, the earnest desire I have of this blessed match to see those virtues of yours knit fast with such zeal of devotion—indeed the best bond which the most politic wits have found to hold man's wit in well-doing? For, as children must first by fear be induced to know that which after, when they do know, they are most glad of, so are these bugbears of opinions brought by great clerks into the world to serve as shewels* to keep them from those faults whereto else the vanity of the world and weakness of senses might pull them. But in you, niece, whose excellency is such as it need not to be held up by the staff of vulgar opinions, I would not you should love virtue servilely, for fear of I know not what, which you see not, but even for the good effects of virtue which you see. Fear—and indeed foolish fear—and fearful ignorance, was the first inventor of those conceits; for when they heard it thunder, not knowing the natural cause, they thought there was some angry body above that spake so loud, and ever the less they did perceive the more they did conceive. Whereof they knew no cause, that grew straight a miracle, foolish folks not marking that the alterations be but upon particular accidents, the universality being always one. Yesterday was but as to-day, and to-morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers; so as it is manifest enough that all things follow but the course of their own nature, saving only man, who,

* *Shewels*—Examples; from the verb "to shew." Archdeacon Nares says that this is the only instance of the word with which he is acquainted.

while by the pregnancy of his imagination he strives to things supernatural, meanwhile he loseth his own natural felicity. Be wise, and that wisdom shall be a god unto thee ; be contented, and that is thy heaven : for else to think that those powers, if there be any such, above are moved either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions, carries as much reason as if flies should think that men take great care which of them hums sweetest and which of them flies nimblest.”

She would have spoken further, to have enlarged and confirmed her discourse, when Pamela, whose checks were dyed in the beautifullest grain of virtuous anger, with eyes which glistened forth beams of disdain, thus interrupted her:—
 “Peace! wicked woman, peace! unworthy to breathe that doest not acknowledge the Breath-giver ; most unworthy to have a tongue, which speakest against him through whom thou speakest ; keep your affection to yourself, which, like a be-mired dog, would defile with fawning. You say yesterday was as to-day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish since wit makes you foolish ! what doth that argue but that there is a constancy in the everlasting Governor ? Would you have an inconstant God ; since we count a man foolish that is inconstant ? He is not seen, you say ; and would you think him a god who might be seen by so wicked eyes as yours ? which yet might see enough if they were not like such who for sport sake willingly hoodwink themselves to receive blows the easier. But, though I speak to you without any hope of fruit in so rotten a heart, and there be nobody else here to judge of my speeches, yet be thou my witness, O captivity, that my ears shall not be willingly guilty of my Creator’s blasphemy. You say, because we know not the causes of things, therefore fear was the mother of superstition : nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, that hath

engendered a true and lively devotion. For this goodly work of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by chance ; on which opinion it is beyond marvel by what chance any brain could stumble. For if it be eternal, as you would seem to conceive of it, eternity and chance are things unseparable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth ; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened when it might have not happened ; or else it did not happen, and so, if chanceable, not eternal. And as absurd it is to think that, if it had a beginning, his beginning was derived from chance ; for chance could never make all things of nothing : and if there were substances before which by chance should meet to make up this work, thereon follows another bottomless pit of absurdities. For then those substances must needs have been from ever, and so eternal ; and that eternal causes should bring forth chanceable effects is as sensible as that the sun should be the author of darkness. Again, if it were chanceable, then was it not necessary ; whereby you take away all consequents. But we see in all things, in some respect or other, necessity of consequence ; therefore, in reason, we must needs know that the causes were necessary. Lastly, chance is variable, or else it is not to be called chance ; but we see this work is steady and permanent. If nothing but chance had glued those pieces of this All, the heavy parts would have gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely upward, and so never have met to have made up this goodly body. For, before there was a heaven or earth, there was neither a heaven to stay the height of the ring, or an earth which, in respect of the round walls of heaven, should become a centre. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect constancy, if these be the children of chance, let wisdom be counted the root of wickedness.

“ But you will say it is so by nature ; as much as if you

said it is so because it is so. If you mean of many natures conspiring together, as in a popular government, to establish this fair estate, as if the elementish and ethereal parts should in their town-house set down the bounds of each one's office, then consider what follows : that there must needs have been a wisdom which made them concur, for their natures, being absolutely contrary, in nature rather would have sought each other's ruin than have served as well-consorted parts to such an unexpressible harmony. For that contrary things should meet to make up a perfection without force and wisdom above their powers is absolutely impossible ; unless you will fly to that hissed-out opinion of chance again. But you may perhaps affirm that one universal nature, which hath been for ever, is the knitting together of these many parts to such an excellent unity. If you mean a nature of wisdom, goodness, and providence, which knows what it doth, then say you that which I seek of you, and cannot conclude those blasphemies with which you defiled your mouth and mine ears. But if you mean a nature, as we speak of the fire, which goeth upward it knows not why, and of the nature of the sea, which in ebbing and flowing seems to observe so just a dance and yet understands no music, it is but still the same absurdity superscribed with another title. For this word One being attributed to that which is All is but one mingling of many, and many ones ; as in a less matter, when we say one kingdom which contains many cities, or one city which contains many persons ; wherein the under-ones, if there be not a superior power and wisdom, cannot by nature regard any preservation but of themselves ; no more we see they do, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drowns the earth, so far are they from a conspired unity ; but that a right heavenly nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth so bridle them.

“Again, it is as absurd in nature that from an unity many contraries should proceed, still kept in an unity, as that from the number of contrarieties an unity should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity and plurality of judgment from among them, then, if so earthly a mind can lift itself up so high, do but conceive how a thing whereto you give the highest and most excellent kind of being, which is eternity, can be of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not being, which is so to be as not to enjoy his own being. I will not here call all your senses to witness, which can hear nor see nothing which yield not most evident evidence of the unspeakableness of that wisdom, each thing being directed to an end of preservation ; so proper effects of judgment, as speaking and laughing are of mankind. But what mad fury can ever so inveigle any conceit as to see our mortal and corruptible selves to have a reason, and that this universality, whereof we are but the least pieces, should be utterly devoid thereof? As if one should say that one’s foot might be wise and himself foolish. This heard I once alleged against such a godless mind as yours, who, being driven to acknowledge this beastly absurdity that our bodies should be better than the whole world if it had the knowledge whereof the other were void, he sought, not able to answer directly, to shift it off in this sort : that, if that reason were true, then must it follow also that the world must have in it a spirit that could write and read too, and be learned, since that was in us commendable. Wretched fool ! not considering that books be but supplies of defects, and so are praised because they help our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternal Intelligence, which needs no recording of opinions to confirm his knowledge, no more than the sun wants wax to be the fuel of his glorious lightfulness.

“This world, therefore, cannot otherwise consist but by a

mind of wisdom which governs it, which whether you will allow to be the creator thereof, as undoubtedly he is, or the soul and governor thereof, most certain it is that, whether he govern all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures or his government. And if his power be above all things, then, consequently, it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it; for beyond which there is nothing must needs be boundless and infinite. If his power be infinite, then likewise must his knowledge be infinite; for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which he should not know how to use, the unsensibleness whereof I think even you can conceive; and if infinite, then must nothing, no, not the estate of flies, which you, with so unsavoury scorn, did jest at, be unknown unto him; for if there were, then were his knowledge bounded, and so not infinite. If his knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs his goodness and justice march in the same rank; for infiniteness of power and knowledge, without like measure of goodness, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruin, and not ornament and preservation. Since, then, there is a God, and an all-knowing God, so as he seeth into the darkest of all natural secrets, which is the heart of man, and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts—nay, sees the thoughts before they be thought; since he is just to exercise his might, and mighty to perform his justice, assure thyself, most wicked woman, that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind as thou canst not keep thy sickness to thyself, but must most wickedly infect others—assure thyself, I say, for what I say depends of everlasting and unremovable causes, that the time will come when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisdom in the manifesting thy ugly shamefulness, and shalt only perceive him to have been a Creator in thy destruction.”

Thus she said, thus she ended, with so fair a majesty of unconquered virtue that captivity might seem to have authority over tyranny, so foul was the filthiness of impiety discovered by the shining of her unstained goodness, so far as either Cecropia saw, indeed, or else the guilty amazement of a self-accusing conscience made her eyes untrue judges of their natural object, that there was a light, more than human, which gave a lustre to her perfections. But Cecropia, like a bat, which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun, found a truth, but could not love it. So, saying little more unto her, but that she should have leisure enough better to bethink herself, she went away, repining, but not repenting, condemning greatly, as she thought, her son's over-feeble humbleness, and purposing to egg him forward to a course of violence. For herself, determining to deal with neither of them both any more in manner of a suitor ; for what majesty of virtue did in the one that did silent humbleness in the other. But, finding her son over-apt to lay both condemnation and execution of sorrow upon himself, she sought to mitigate his mind with feigned delays of comfort, who, having this inward overthrow in himself, was the more vexed that he could not utter the rage thereof upon his outward enemies.

For Basilius, taught by the last day's trial what dangerous effects chosen courages can bring forth, rather used the spade than the sword, or the sword but to defend the spade, girding about the whole town with trenches, which beginning a good way off from the town, with a number of well-directed pioners he still carried before him till they came to a near distance, where he built forts, one answering the other, in such sort as it was a pretty consideration in the discipline of war to see building used for the instrument of ruin, and the assailer intrenched as if he were besieged. But many sallies did

Amphialus make to hinder their working ; but they, exercising more melancholy than choler in their resolution, made him find that, if by the advantage of the place few are able to defend themselves from many, that many must needs have power, making themselves strong in seat, to repel few, referring the revenge rather to the end than to a present requital. Yet oftentimes they dealt some blows in light skirmishes, each side having a strong retiring place, and rather fighting, with many alarms, to vex the enemy, than for any hope of great success.

Which every way was a tedious comber* to the impatient courage of Amphialus, till the fame of this war bringing thither divers both strangers and subjects, as well of princely as noble houses, the gallant Phalantus, who refrained his sportful delights as then to serve Basilius, whom he honoured for received honours, when he had spent some time in considering the Arcadian manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of government and obedience their discipline differed from others, and so had satisfied his mind in the knowledges both for the cutting off the enemy's helps and furnishing one's self, which Basilius' orders could deliver unto him, his young spirits, weary of wanting cause to be weary, desired to keep his valour in knowledge by some private act, since the public policy restrained him ; the rather because his old mistress Artesia might see whom she had so lightly forsaken ; and therefore, demanding and obtaining leave of Basilius, he caused a herald to be furnished with apparel of his office, and tokens of a peaceable message, and so sent him to the gate of the town to demand audience of Amphialus, who, understanding thereof, caused him both safely and courteously to be brought into

* *Comber*, that which overloads or embarrasses, whence our word "cumber." "For if thou were not brought sometime into *combraunce*, whence God onely could deliver thee, thou shouldst never see thy faith."—TYNDALL, *Workes*, p. 117.

his presence ; who, making lowly reverence unto him, presented his letters, desiring Amphialus that whatsoever they contained he would consider he was only the bearer and not the inditer. Amphialus with noble gentleness assured him, both by honourable speeches and a demeanour which answered for him, that his revenge, whensoever, should sort unto itself a higher subject. But, opening the letters, he found them to speak in this manner :—

“ PHALANTUS OF CORINTH, to AMPHIALUS OF ARCADIA, sendeth the greeting of a hateless enemy. The liking of martial matters, without any dislike of your person, hath brought me rather to the company than to the mind of your besiegers ; where languishing in idleness, I desire to refresh my mind with some exercise of arms, which might make known the doers with delight of the beholders. Therefore, if there be any gentleman in your town that, either for the love of honour or honour of his love, will, armed on horseback with lance and sword, win another or lose himself, to be a prisoner at discretion of the conqueror, I will to-morrow morning by sun-rising, with a trumpet and a squire only, attend him in like order furnished. The place I think fittest, the island within the lake, because it stands so well in the view of your castle as that the ladies may have the pleasure of seeing the combat, which, though it be within the commandment of your castle, I desire no better security than the promise I make to myself of your virtue. I attend your answer, and wish you such success as may be to your honour, rather in yielding to that which is just, than in maintaining wrong by violence.”

Amphialus read it with cheerful countenance, and, thinking but a little with himself, called for ink and paper, and wrote this answer :—

“ AMPHIALUS OF ARCADIA, to PHALANTUS OF CORINTH, wisheth all his own wishes, saving those which may be hurtful to another. The matter of your letters so fit for a worthy mind, and the manner so suitable to the nobleness of the matter, give me cause to think how happy I might account myself if I could get such a friend, who esteem it no small happiness to have met with so noble an enemy. Your challenge shall be answered, and both time, place, and weapon accepted. For your security from any treachery, having no hostage worthy to countervail you, take my word, which I esteem above all respects. Prepare therefore your arms to fight, but not your heart to malice, since true valour needs no other whetstone than desire of honour.”

Having writ and sealed his letter, he delivered it to the herald, and withal took a fair chain from off his own neck and gave it him ; and so with safe convoy sent him away from out his city. And he being gone, Amphialus showed unto his mother, and some other of his chief counsellors, what he had received, and how he had answered, telling them withal that he was determined to answer the challenge in his own person. His mother, with prayers authorized by motherly commandment ; his old governor, with persuasions mingled with reprehensions that he would rather affect the glory of a private fighter than of a wise general ; Clinias, with falling down at his feet, and beseeching him to remember that all their lives depended upon his safety, sought all to dissuade him. But Amphialus, whose heart was inflamed with courage, and courage inflamed with affection, made an imperious resolution cut off the tediousness of replies, giving them in charge what they should do upon all occasions, and particularly to deliver the ladies if otherwise than well happened unto him ; only desiring his mother that she would bring Philoclea to a window, whence she might with ease

perfectly discern the combat. And so soon as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greens to wash her face withal, against the approach of the burning sun, he went to his stable, where himself chose out a horse, whom, though he was near twenty years old, he preferred for a piece of sure service before a great number of younger. And after being fully appointed, he caused himself, with his trumpet and squire whom he had taken since the death of Ismenus, to be ferried over into the island, a place well chosen for such a purpose. For it was so plain as there was scarcely any bush or hillock either to unlevel or shadow it ; of length and breadth enough to try the uttermost both of lance and sword ; and the one end of it facing the castle, the other extending itself toward the camp ; and, no access to it but by water, there could no treachery be wrought, and, for manifest violence, either side might have time enough to succour their party.

But there he found Phalantus already waiting for him upon a horse milk-white, but that upon his shoulder and withers he was freckled with red stains, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of cream. As soon as Amphialus landed, he sent his squire to Phalantus to tell him that there was the knight ready to know whether he had anything to say to him ; Phalantus answered that his answer now must be in the language of lances ; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment of four judges, who with consideration of the same had divided the ground. Phalantus his horse, young, and feeling the youth of his master, stood curveting, which being well governed by Phalantus, gave such a glittering grace as when the sun in a clear day shines upon a waving water ; Amphialus' horse stood pawing upon the ground with his further foot before, as if he would for his master's cause begin to make himself angry ; till the trumpets sounding together,

together they set spurs to their horses, together took their lances from their thighs, conveyed them up into the rest together, together let them sink downward, so as it was a delectable sight in a dangerous effect, and a pleasant consideration that there was so perfect agreement in so mortal disagreement, like a music made of cunning discords. But their horses, keeping an even line their masters had skilfully allotted unto them, passed one by another without encountering, although either might feel the angry breath of the other. But the staves being come to a just descent, even when the mark was ready to meet them, Amphialus was run through the vamplate, and under the arm, so as the staff appearing behind him, it seemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he strake Phalantus just upon the gorget, so as he battered the lamms* thereof, and made his head almost touch the back of his horse.

But either side having stayed the spur, and used the bit to stop their horses' fury, casting away the truncheons of their staves, and drawing their swords, they attended the second summons of the death-threatening trumpet, which quickly followed ; and they as soon making their horses answer their hands, with a gentle gallop, set one toward the other, till they being come to the nearness of little more than a staff's length, Amphialus, trusting more to the strength than to the nimbleness of his horse, put him forth with speedy violence, and making his head join to the other's flank, guiding his blow with discretion and strengthening it with the course of his horse, strake Phalantus upon the head in such sort that his feeling sense did both dazzle his sight and astonish his hearing. But Phalantus, not customed to be ungrateful to such benefits, strake him upon the side of his face with such force that he thought his jaw had been cut asunder, though the

* *Lamms*, or *lamels*, thin plates ; Latin, *lamella*.

faithfulness of his armour indeed guarded him from further damage. And so remained they a while, rather angry with fighting than fighting for anger, till Amphialus' horse leaning hard upon the other, and winning ground, the other horse, feeling himself pressed, began to rise a little before, as he was wont to do in his curvet, which advantage Amphialus taking, set forward his own horse with the further spur, so as Phalantus' horse came over with his master under him, which Amphialus seeing, lighted with intention to help Phalantus. But his horse, that had faulted rather with untimely art than want of force, gat up from burdening his burden, so as Phalantus, in the fall having gotten his feet free of the stirrup, could, though something bruised, arise, and seeing Amphialus near him, he asked him whether he had given him any help in removing his horse. Amphialus said "No." "Truly," said Phalantus, "I asked it because I would not willingly have fought with him that had had my life in his mercy. But now," said Phalantus, "before we proceed further, let me know who you are, because never yet did any man bring me to the like fortune." Amphialus, listing to keep himself unknown, told him he was a gentleman to whom Amphialus that day had given armour and horse to try his valour, having never before been in any combat worthy remembrance. "Ah," said Phalantus, in a rage, "and must I be the exercise of your prentisage?" And with that choler took away either the bruise or the feeling of the bruise. so as he entered afresh into the combat, and, boiling into his arms the disdain of his heart, strake so thick upon Amphialus as if every blow would fain have been foremost. But Amphialus, that many like trials had taught great spending to leave small remnants,* let pass the storm with strong wards and nimble avoidings,

* *Great spending, &c.*—*i.e.*, that a violent storm soon passes and leaves little behind it.

till, seeing his time fit, both for distance and nakedness, he strake him so cruel a blow on the knee that the poor gentleman fell down withal in a swoond.

But Amphialus, pitying approved valour, made precious by natural courtesy, went to him, and taking off his headpiece to give him air, the young knight, disdainig to buy life with yielding, bad him use his fortune, for he was resolved never to yield. “No more you shall,” said Amphialus, “if it be not to my request, that you will account yourself to have great interest in me.” Phalantus, more overcome by his kindness than by his fortune, desired yet once again to know his name, who in his first beginning had showed such fury in his force and yet such stay in his fury. Amphialus then named himself, telling him withal he would think his name much bettered if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no balm could be more comfortable to his wound than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowned valour of the other. And so promising each to other assuredness of goodwill, Phalantus, of whom Amphialus would have no other ransom but his word of friendship, was conveyed into the camp, where he would but little remain among the enemies of Amphialus, but went to seek his adventures elsewhere.

As for Amphialus, he was received with triumph into the castle, although one might see by his eyes, humbly lifted up to the window where Philoclea stood, that he was rather suppliant than victorious, which occasion Cecropia taking, who as then stood by Philoclea, and had lately left Pamela in another room, whence also she might see the combat, “Sweet lady,” said she, “now you may see whether you have cause to love my son, who then lies under your feet when he stands upon the neck of his bravest enemies.” “Alas!” said Philoclea, “a simple service to me methinks it is, to have

those who come to succour me destroyed. If it be my duty to call it love, be it so ; but the effects it brings forth I confess I account hateful." Cecropia grew so angry with this unkind answer that she could not abstain from telling her that she was like them that could not sleep when they were softly laid ; but that, if her son would follow her counsel, he should take another course with her, and so flang* away from her.

Yet, knowing the desperate melancholy of Amphialus in like cases, Cecropia framed to him a very thankful message, powdering it with some hope-giving phrases, which were of such joy to Amphialus that he, though against public respect and importunity of dissuaders, presently caused it to be made known to the camp that whatsoever knight would try the like fortune as Phalantus did he should in like sort be answered ; so as divers of the valiantest, partly of themselves. partly at the instigation of Basilius, attempted the combat with him ; and according to every one's humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded, one laying treason to his charge, another preferring himself in the worthiness to serve Philoclea, a third exalting some lady's beauty beyond either of the sisters, a fourth laying disgraces to love itself, naming it the bewitcher of the wit, the rebel to reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the slave to weakness, the infection of youth, the madness of age, the curse of life, and reproach of death ; a fifth, disdaining to cast at less than at all, would make the cause of his quarrel the causers of love, and proclaim his blasphemies against womankind, that, namely, that sex was the oversight of nature, the disgrace of reasonableness,

* *Flang*—The proper pluperfect of "fling," though we now use "flung." Thus, in Shakespeare, folio 1623 :

"Alas (kinde Lord)

Hee's *flung* in rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends."—Timon of Athens, act iv. sc. 2.

the obstinate cowards, the slave-born tyrants, the shops of vanities, the gilded weathercocks, in whom conscience is but peevishness, chastity waywardness, and gratefulness a miracle. But all these challenges, how well soever indited, were so well answered that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves, and some by yielding gave themselves the lie for having blasphemed, to the great grief of Basilius, so to see his rebel prevail, and in his own sight to crown himself with deserved honour.

Whereupon, thirsting for revenge, and else not hoping to prevail, the best of his camp being already overthrown, he sent a messenger to Argalus, in whose approved courage and force he had—and had cause to have—great confidence, with a letter, requiring him to take his quarrel in hand, from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late marriage. But now his honour and felicity standing upon it, he could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithful service.

The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read ; but, while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him ; both increased their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double because they made a double life one ; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey, or rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling.*

* A most charming picture of happy married life ; a description which many have imitated, but none in fitness, compactness, and appropriateness have surpassed.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not ; but she rose and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message, yet afar off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband, the same fear which made her loth to have cause of fear yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter, for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between loathsomeness and necessity ; and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she blushed because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read and heard, and despatched away the messenger, like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection, with promise quickly to follow, he came to Parthenia, and, as sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it, and having read it, " Ah, my Argalus," said she, " and have you made such haste to answer ? and are you so soon resolved to leave me ?" But he discoursing unto her how much it imported his honour, which, since it was dear to him, he knew it would be dear unto her, her reason, overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears and sighs, which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed and ready to go she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down, without regard who either heard her speech or saw her demeanour, " My Argalus ! my Argalus !" said she,

“do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas ! remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known, sufficiently have you already done for your country ; enow, enow there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me ! what shall become of me, if you thus abandon me ? Then was it time for you to follow these adventures when you adventured nobody but yourself, and were nobody’s but your own. But now pardon me that now or never I claim mine own ; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger, and will you endanger Parthenia ? Parthenia shall be in the battle of your fight, Parthenia shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be bled by Parthenia.” “Dear Parthenia,” said he, “this is the first time that ever you resisted my will ; I thank you for it, but persevere not in it, and let not the tears of those most beloved eyes be a pre-sage unto me of that which you would not should happen. I shall live, doubt not : for so great a blessing as you are was not given unto me so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, shortly, and victorious, and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph.” She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement, for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a swoond, so as he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen ; and, carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back-cast look and hearty groan, went to the camp. Where understanding the notable victories of Amphialus, he thought to give him some days’ respite of rest, because he would not have his victory disgraced by the other’s weariness. In which days he sought by all means, having leave to parley with him, to dissuade him from his enterprise ; and then

imparting his mind to Basilius, because he found Amphialus was inflexible, wrote his defy* unto him in this manner :—

“RIGHT FAMOUS AMPHIALUS, if my persuasion in reason, or prayer in good-will, might prevail with you, you should by better means be like to obtain your desire. You should make many brave enemies become your faithful servants and make your honour fly up to heaven, being carried up by both wings of valour and justice, whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suit nor counsel can get no place in you, disdain not to receive a mortal challenge, from a man so far inferior unto you in virtue that I do not so much mislike of the deed as I have the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore yourself according to the noble manner you have used, and think not lightly of never so weak an arm which strikes with the sword of justice.”

To his he quickly received this answer :—

“MUCH MORE FAMOUS ARGALUS, I whom never threatenings could make afraid am now terrified by your noble courtesy. For well I know from what height of virtue it doth proceed, and what cause I have to doubt such virtue bent to my ruin ; but love, which justifieth the injustice you lay unto me, doth also animate me against all dangers, since I come full of him by whom yourself have been, if I be not deceived, sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the isle, carrying this advantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour if I get the victory, so there can be no dishonour in being overcome by Argalus.”

* *Defy*—Mr. R. Morris (“Specimens of Early English”) translates *defye* to digest; here it manifestly means challenge, defiance. Richardson classes *defy* as a noun, but gives no instance of its use, even Chaucer using *defiance*; this instance is therefore valuable. From the Fr. *défier*. “Ingrats, je vous défie de douter de mon cœur.”—GEORGES SAND.

The challenge thus denounced and accepted, Argalus was armed in a white armour which was all gilded over with knots of women's hair which came down from the crest of his headpiece, and so spread itself in rich quantity over all his armour ; his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an eagle, whereof the beak, made into a rich jewel, was fastened to the saddle, the tail covered the crupper of the horse, and the wings served for trappers, which falling of each side, as the horse stirred the bird seemed to fly. His petrell* and reins were embroidered with feathers suitable unto it ; upon his right arm he wore a sleeve which his dear Parthenia had made for him to be worn in a jousts, in the time that success was ungrateful to their well-deserved love ; it was full of bleeding hearts, though never intended to any bloody enterprise. In his shield, as his own device, he had two palm-trees near one another, with a word signifying, "In that sort flourishing." His horse was of fiery sorrel, with black feet, and black list on his back, who with open nostrils breathed war before he could see an enemy ; and now up with one leg, and then with another, seemed to complain of nature that she had made him any whit earthy.

But he had scarcely viewed the ground of the island, and considered the advantages, if any were, thereof, before the castle boat had delivered Amphialus, in all points provided to give a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their squires in honourable manner, to know whether they should attend any further ceremony, the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the staves with unshaken motion, obediently performed their choleric commandments. But, when they drew near, Argalus' horse, being hot, pressed

* *Petrell*—The breastplate of the horse's armour ; from the French *poictrail*, or Italian *pettoràle*, or it may be a corruption of the word "pectoral," Lat. *pectoralis*.

in with his head, which Amphialus perceiving, knowing if he gave him his side it should be to his disadvantage, pressed in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses, hurt as much with the striking as being stricken, tumbled down to the earth, dangerously to their masters, but that they, by strength nimble, and by use skilful in the falling, shunned the harm of the fall, and without more respite drew out their swords with a gallant bravery, each striving to show himself the less endamaged, and to make known that they were glad they had now nothing else to trust to but their own virtue. True it is that Amphialus was the sooner up, but Argalus had his sword out the sooner ; and then fell they to the cruellest combat that any present eye had seen ; their swords first, like cannons, battering down the walls of their armour, making breaches almost in every place for troops of wounds to enter. Among the rest, Argalus gave a great wound to Amphialus' disarmed face, though part of the force of it Amphialus warded upon his shield, and withal, first casting his eye up to Philoclea's window, as if he had fetched his courage thence, feigning to intend the same sort of blow, turned his sword, and, with a mighty reverse, gave a cruel wound to the right arm of Argalus, the unfaithful armour yielding to the sword's strong-guided sharpness. But, though the blood accused the hurt of Argalus, yet would he in no action of his confess it, but, keeping himself in a lower ward, stood watching with timely thrusts to repair his loss, which quickly he did. For Amphialus, following his fawning fortune, laid on so thick upon Argalus that his shield had almost fallen piecemeal to the earth, when Argalus coming in with his right foot, and something stooping to come under his armour, thrust him into the belly dangerously, and mortal it would have been, but that with the blow before Amphialus had over-stricken

himself so as he fell sideward down, and with falling saved himself from ruin, the sword by that means slipping aside, and not piercing more deeply. Argalus, seeing him fall, threatening with voice and sword, bade him yield. But he striving without answer to rise, Argalus strake with all his might upon his head. But his hurt arm, not able to master so sound a force, let the sword fall so as Amphialus, though astonished with the blow, could arise, which Argalus considering ran in to grasp with him, and so closed together, falling so to the ground, now one getting above, and then the other. At length, both weary of so unlovely embracements, with a dissenting consent gate up and went to their swords, but happened each of his enemy's; where Argalus finding his foe's sword garnished in blood, his heart rose with the same sword to revenge it, and on that blade to ally their bloods together. But his mind was evil waited on by his lamed force, so as he received still more and more wounds, which made all his armour seem to blush that it had defended his master no better. But Amphialus perceiving it, and weighing the small hatefulness of their quarrel with the worthiness of the knight, desired him to take pity of himself. But Argalus, the more repining the more he found himself in disadvantage, filling his veins with spite instead of blood, and making courage arise against faintness, like a candle, which a little before it goes out gives then the greatest blaze, so did he unite all his force that, casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he strook such a notable blow that he cleft his shield, armour, and arm almost to the bone.

But then Amphialus forgat all ceremonies, and with cruel blows made more of his best blood succeed the rest, till his hand being stayed by his ear, his ear filled with a pitiful cry, the cry guided his sight to an excellent fair lady, who came

running as fast as she could, and yet, because she could not so fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voice before her, and being come, and being known to them both to be the beautiful Parthenia, who had that night dreamed she saw her husband in such estate as she then found him, which made her make such haste thither, they both marvelled. But Parthenia ran between them, fear of love making her forget the fear of nature, and then fell down at their feet, determining so to part them till she could get breath to sigh out her doleful speeches ; and when her breath, which running had spent and dismayedness made slow to return, had by sobs gotten into her sorrow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing but “ O wretched eyes of mine, O wailful sight, O day of darkness !” At length turning her eyes, wherein sorrow swam, to Amphialus, “ My lord,” said she, “ it is said you love ; in the power of that love I beseech you to leave off this combat, as ever your heart may find comfort in his affection, even for her sake, I crave it ; or, if you be mortally determined, be so pitiful unto me as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of Argalus.” Amphialus was about to have answered, when Argalus, vexed with his fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune, “ Ah, Parthenia,” said he, “ never till now unwelcome unto me, do you come to get my life by request ? And cannot Argalus live but by request ? Is that a life ?” With that he went aside, for fear of hurting her, and would have begun the combat afresh.

But Amphialus, not only conjured by that which held the monarchy of his mind, but even in his noble heart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to withhold his hands, for that he should strike one who sought his favour, and would not make resistance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of virtue, where the conqueror

sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conqueror, both indeed being of that mind to love each other for accepting, but not for giving mercy, and neither affected to overlive a dishonour ; so that Argalus, not so much striving with Amphialus—for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort he would have dealt with him—as labouring against his own power, which he chiefly despised, set himself forward, stretching his strength to the uttermost. But the fire of that strife, blown with his inward rage, boiled out his blood in such abundance that he was driven to rest him upon the pommel of his sword ; and then each thing beginning to turn round in the dance of death before his eyes, his sight both dazzled and dimmed, till, thinking to sit down, he fell in a swoon. Parthenia and Amphialus both hastily went unto him ; Amphialus took off his helmet, and Parthenia laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linen sleeves and partlet* to serve about his wounds, to bind which she took off her hair-lace, and would have cut off her fair hair herself but that the squires and judges came in with fitter things for the purpose, while she bewailed herself with so lamentable sweetness as was enough to have taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and have engraved it in the minds of hardest metal.

“O, Parthenia, no more Parthenia,” said she, “what art thou? what seest thou? how is thy bliss in a moment fallen! how wert thou even now before all ladies the example of perfect happiness, and now the gazing-gock† of endless misery!

* *Partlet*—An article of dress. Minshew thinks it the diminutive of “part ;” in the *Observer*, No. 39, we find it described thus : “Cut off before by the breast-bone like a *partlet* or neckercher.”

† *Gazing-gock*—I should read this “gazing-stock.” *Goff*, a north country word, the nearest to *gock*—and printers may err at both ends of a word—signifies a dull, stupid fellow.

“For to beware of *gofish* people’s speech.”

—CHAUCER, Troilus, b. iii.

O God, what hath been my desert to be thus punished? or, if such have been my desert, why was I not in myself punished? O wandering life, to what wilderness wouldst thou lead me? But sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to save my labour from other remedies. Argalus, Argalus, I will follow thee, I will follow thee !”*

But with that Argalus came out of his swoond, and lifting up his languishing eyes, which a painful rest and iron sleep did seek to lock up, seeing her in whom, even dying, he lived, and himself seated in so beloved a place, it seemed a little cheerful blood came up to his cheeks, like a burning coal almost dead, if some breath a little revive it; and forcing up, the best he could, his feeble voice, “My dear, my better half,” said he, “I find I must now leave thee; and by that sweet hand and fair eyes of thine, I swear that death brings nothing with it to grieve me but that I must leave thee, and cannot remain to answer part of thy infinite deserts with being some comfort unto thee. But since so it pleaseth Him whose wisdom and goodness guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we shall blessedly meet again never to depart; meanwhile, live happily, dear Parthenia, and I persuade

* This tender solicitude of Parthenia for her husband is strikingly like that of Erminia when she finds Tancred wounded and nigh death-stricken beneath the walls of Jerusalem; *vide* Fairfax’s “Godfrey of Boulogne,” bk. xix. st. 112.

“From wearinesse and losse of bloode she spied
His greatest paines and anguish most proceede,
Nought but her vaile amid those desarts wide
She had to bind his wounds, in soe greate neede;
But love could other bandes (though strange) provide,
And pitie wept for joy to see that deede,
For *with her amber lockes cut off, each wounde*
She tied (oh happie man, so cur’d, so bounde).”

As Tasso and Sidney were contemporaries, and employed on their poems both about the same time, the resemblance is probably caused by their both drawing from the same source, the old romances.

myself it will increase the blessedness of my soul so to see thee. Love well the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving, Argalus ; and let not"—with that word he sighed—"this disgrace of mine make thee one day think thou hadst an unworthy husband." They could scarcely understand the last words, for death began to seize himself of his heart ; neither could Parthenia make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But, while the other sought to stanch his remediless wounds, she with her kisses made him happy, for his last breath was delivered into her mouth.

But when indeed she found his ghost* was gone, then sorrow lost the wit of utterance and grew rageful and mad, so that she tare her beautiful face and rent her hair, as though they could serve for nothing since Argalus was gone ; till Amphialus, so moved with pity of that sight as that he honoured his adversary's death with tears, caused her, with the help of her woman that came with her, partly by force to be conveyed into the boat with the dead body of Argalus, from which she would not depart. And being come of the other side, there she was received by Basilius himself with all the funeral pomp of military discipline, trailing all their ensigns upon the ground, making their warlike instruments sound doleful notes, and Basilius, with comfort in his mouth and woe in his face, sought to persuade some ease into Parthenia's mind ; but all was as easeful to her as the handling of sore wounds, all the honour done being to her but the triumph of her ruin, she finding no comfort but in desperate yielding to sorrow, and rather determined to hate herself if ever she should find ease thereof. And well might she hear as she passed through the camp the great praises spoken of

* *Ghost*—Spirit. "Unmercifully slaine and thrust vpon speares and shaken vp in the aire, where they yeeled vp their innocent *ghosts* in most pitiful wise."—HOLINSHED, Edwd. I. an. 1296.

her husband, which all were records of her loss. But the more excellent he was, being, indeed, accounted second to none in all Greece, the more did the breath of those praises 'bear up the wings of Amphialus' fame, to whom yet, such was his case, that trophy upon trophy still did but build up the monument of his thralldom, he ever finding himself in such favour of Philoclea that she was most absent when he was present with her, and ever sorriest when he had best success; which would have made him renounce all comfort but that his mother, with diversity of devices, kept up his heart.

Amongst those that attended Basilius, Dametas was one, and the bravery of Amphialus causing the contrast to be drawn between him and Clinias, a young gentleman who was of the camp egged Dametas on to send this challenge for mere humour and bravado:—

“O CLINIAS, the wickedest worm that ever went upon two legs, the very fritter of fraud and seething pot of iniquity: I, Dametas, chief governor of all the royal cattle, and also of Pamela, whom thy master most perniciously hath suggested out of* my dominion, do defy thee in a mortal affray, from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou dost presume to take in hand, I will out of that superfluous body of thine make thy soul to be evacuated.”

Clinias was horribly disturbed by this, and would, by his coward blood fleeing out of his face, have betrayed himself,

* *Hath suggested out of*—“Suggested” here means borne off, carried away, or placed under. Lat. *sug-gere, suggestum*, as if *sub*. I cannot find the word anywhere else used in this sense. Skelton's use is quite modern:

“Some men might aske a question
By whose *suggestion*
I toke on hande this warke,
Thus boldly for to barke.”

—“Why come ye not to Court?”

had not Amphialus, hoping to make sport to Philoclea, boldly told the young gentleman who bore it that Clinias would answer. Thereon the messenger returned to Dametas, who had fetched many a sigh for fear Clinias should accept the challenge. However, he began to look big and speak in a loud voice ; and, further to insult upon Clinias, he gave order to a painter for his device, which was a plough with the oxen loosed from it, a sword with a great number of arms and legs cut off, and lastly a great army of pen-and-ink horns and books. Neither did he stick to tell the secret of his intent, which was that he had left off the plough to do such bloody deeds with his sword as many ink-horns and books should be employed about the historifying of them ; and being asked why he set no word unto it, he said that was indeed like the painter that saith in his picture, “ Here is the dog, and there is the hare ;” and with that he laughed so perfectly as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet, remembering that Miso would not take it well at his return if he forgot his duty to her, he caused in a border about to be written—

“ Miso, mine own pigsnie,* thou shalt hear news of Dametas.”

Thus, all things being condignly ordered, with an ill-favoured impatience he waited until the next morning, that he might make a muster of himself in the island, often asking them that very diligently waited upon him whether it were not pity that such a coward as Clinias should set his runaway feet upon the face of the earth.

* *Pigsnie*—A term of endearment ; Tyrwhitt, in his notes on Chaucer, explains that the Romans used *oculus* as a term of endearment, and that *piggsnie* means *ocellus*. He quotes the “ Milleres Tale” in Chaucer. Bishop Gardner has a good example of its use : “ She went to chirpe him under the chin and kisse him ; how pretely she could talk to him (how doth my swete heart, what sayth now, *pigsie* ?)” Somner and Skinner derive it, with much greater probability, from A.-S. “ *piga*, a little maid ; we use at this day to call such a one a *pigsney*.”

But Amphialus having persuaded Clinias to write a bold answer to Dametas, calling him a "filthy drivel," Dametas, who was as great a coward as Clinias, would have drawn back had his backers allowed him, but they would not, although he groaned to hear the thunder of those threatenings. And with much pressing on each side, the two at last were brought to fight, and Clinias' horse stumbling, Dametas, although in mortal fear, laying about him in fearful agony, got the victory, and the combat of cowards being finished, Dametas was with much mirth and melody received into the camp, never a page there failing to wait upon his triumph.

But Clinias, though he wanted heart to prevent shame, yet he wanted not wit to feel shame, and hated Amphialus in that he had answered Dametas' challenge. And the daily dangers Amphialus did submit himself unto made Clinias assuredly look for his overthrow, and for his own consequently if he did not redeem his former treason to Basilius with a more treasonable falsehood toward Amphialus. His chief care therefore was to find out among all sorts of the Amphialians, whom either like fear, tediousness of the siege, or discontent of some unsatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the same mine that he did; and some already of wealth-weary folks, and unconstant youths, who had not found such sudden success as they had promised themselves, he had made stoop to his lure. But of none he made so good account as of Artesia, sister to the late slain Ismenus, and the chief of the six maids who had trained out* the princesses to their banquet of misery; so much did the sharpness of her wit countervail, as he

* *Trained out*—From Fr. *trainer*, or It. *trandere*, to draw, to seduce, or allure. Richardson cites from "Vncertaine Auctors: a Praise of Mistres R." this couplet, in which the word bears the same sense as in the text—

"Then fineness thought by *training* talk to win that beauty lost,
And whet her tongue with oily words and spared for no cost."

thought, any other defects of her sex ; for she had undertaken that dangerous practice by the persuasion of Cecropia, who assured her that the two princesses should be made away, and then Amphialus would marry her ; which she was the apter to believe by some false persuasion her glass had given her of her own incomparable excellencies, and by the great favour she knew he bare to her brother Ismenus, which, like a self-flattering woman, she conceived was done for her sake. But when she had achieved her attempt, and that she found the princesses were so far from their intended death as that the one of them was like to be her sovereign, and that neither her service had won of Amphialus much more than ordinary favour, nor her over-large offering herself to a mind otherwise owed had obtained a looked-for acceptance, disdain to be disdained, spite of a frustrate hope, and perchance unquenched lust-grown rage, made her unquiet thoughts find no other rest but malice, which was increased by the death of her brother, whom she judged neither succoured against Philanax nor revenged upon Philanax. But all these coals were well-blown by the company she especially kept with Zelmane all this time of her imprisonment. For, finding her presence uncheerful to the mourning Philoclea, and condemned of the high-hearted Pamela, she spent her time most with Zelmane, who, though at the first hardly brooking the instrument of their misery, learning cunning in the school of adversity, in time framed herself to yield her acceptable entertainment.

And when Artesia did insinuate herself into her acquaintance, she gave the government of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize herself with her ; so much the rather as that she perceived in her certain flaws of ill-concealed discontentment, insomuch that when Zelmane would sweeten her mouth with the praises of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefulness in never forgetting well-

intended services, and invoking the justice of the gods not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidden, and sometimes with a kind unkindness charging Artesia that she had been abused to abuse so worthy persons, Artesia, though falsely, would protest that she had been beguiled in it, never meaning other matter than recreation, and yet withal, by alleging how ungratefully she was dealt with, it was easy to be seen it was the unrewarding, and not the evil employing, her service which grieved her. But Zelmane, using her own bias to bowl near the mistress* of her own thoughts, was content to lend her belief, and withal, to magnify her desert, if willingly she would deliver whom unwillingly she had imprisoned, leaving no argument which might tickle ambition or flatter revenge; so that Artesia, pushed forward by Clinias, and drawn onward by Zelmane, bound herself to that practice, wherein Zelmane, for her part, desired no more but to have armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to perform anything, how impossible soever, which longing love can persuade, and invincible valour dare promise.

But Clinias, whose faith could never comprehend the mysteries of courage, persuaded Artesia, while he by corruption had drawn the guard of one gate to open it, when he would appoint the time, to the enemy, that she should impoison Amphialus, which she might the easier do, because she herself had used to make the broths when Amphialus, either wearied or wounded, did use such diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought best to break the matters with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofful to them—

* *Bowl near the mistress*—A simile taken from the early game of bowls. The small ball now called the Jack was in Sidney's time called the *mistress*. The bowls are said to *kiss* when they touch gently. So Shak. Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2: "Rub on, and *kiss the mistress*."

selves ; their reasons being that the princesses, knowing their service, might be sure to preserve them from the fury of the entering soldiers, whereof Clinias, even so, could scarcely be sufficiently certain ; and, withal, making them privy to their action to bind them afterwards to a promised gratefulness towards them. They went, therefore, at one time when they knew them to be alone, Clinias to Philoclea, and Artesia to Pamela ; and Clinias, with no few words, did set forth what an exploit was intended for her service. But Philoclea, in whose clear mind treason could find no hiding-place, told him that she would be glad if he could persuade her cousin to deliver her, and that she would never forget his service therein ; but that she desired him to lay down any such way of mischief, for that, for her part, she would rather yield to perpetual imprisonment than consent to the destroying her cousin, who, she knew, loved her, though wronged her. This unlooked-for answer amazed Clinias, so that he had no other remedy in his mind but to kneel down to Philoclea and beseech her to keep it secret, considering that the intention was for her service ; and vowing, since she misliked it, to proceed no further therein, she comforted him with promise of silence, which she performed.

But that little availed ; for Artesia, having in like sort opened this device to Pamela, she, in whose mind virtue governed with the sceptre of knowledge, hating so horrible a wickedness, and straight judging what was fit to do, “Wicked woman,” said she, “whose unrepenting heart can find no way to amend treason but by treason, now the time is come that thy wretched wiles have caught thyself in thine own net : as for me, let the gods dispose of me as shall please them ; but sure it shall be no such way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty.” This she spake something with a louder voice than she was wont to use, so as Cecropia heard

the noise, who was, sooner than Artesia imagined she would, come up to bring Pamela to a window, where she might see a notable skirmish happened in the camp, as she thought among themselves ; and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters, straight found by their voices and gestures there was some matter of consequence, which she desired Pamela to tell her. “Ask of her,” said Pamela ; “and learn to know that who do falsehood to their superiors teach falsehood to their inferiors.” More she would not say ; but Cecropia, taking away the each-way guilty Artesia, with fear of torture gat of her the whole practice ; so as Zelmane was the more closely imprisoned, and Clinias, with the rest of his corrupted mates, according to their merits, executed. For, as for Artesia, she was but locked up in her chamber, Amphialus not consenting, for the love he bare to Ismenus, that further punishment should be laid upon her.

But the noise they heard in the camp was by occasion of the famous Prince Anaxius, nephew to the giant Euardes, whom Pyrocles slew ; a prince of body exceeding strong, in arms so skilful and fortunate as no man was thought to excel him, of courage that knew not how to fear, of parts worthy praise, if they had not been guided by pride and followed by injustice. For, by a strange composition of mind, there was no man more tenderly sensible in anything offered to himself which, in the farthest-fet construction, might be wrested to the name of wrong ; no man that in his own actions could worse distinguish between valour and violence ; so proud as he could not abstain from a Thraso-like boasting, and yet, so unlucky a lodging his virtues had gotten, he would never boast more than he would accomplish ; falsely accounting an inflexible anger a courageous constancy ; esteeming fear and astonishment righter causes of admiration than love and honour. This man had four sundry times fought

with Amphialus, but Mars had been so impartial an arbiter that neither side gate advantage of the other. But in the end it happened that Anaxius found Amphialus (unknown) in a great danger, and saved his life, whereupon, loving his own benefit, began to favour him, so much the more as, thinking so well of himself, he could not choose but like him, whom he found a match for himself, which at last grew to as much friendship towards him as could by a proud heart be conceived. So as in this travel, seeking Pyrocles to be revenged of his uncle's death, hearing of this siege, never taking pains to examine the quarrel, like a man whose will was his God, and his hand his law, taking with him his two brothers, men accounted little inferior to himself in martial matters, and two hundred chosen horsemen, with whom he thought himself able to conquer the world, yet commanding the rest of his forces to follow, he himself upon such an unexpected suddenness entered in upon the back of Basilius, that many with great unkindness took their death, not knowing why nor how they were so murdered. But the valiant and faithful Philanax, with well-governed speed, made such head against him as would have showed how soon courage falls in the ditch which hath not the eye of wisdom, but that Amphialus at the same time issued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the sconces* which Basilius had builded, made way for his friend Anaxius, with great loss of both sides, but especially of the Basilians; such notable monuments had those two swords especially left of their masters' redoubted worthiness.

There, with the respect fit to his estate, the honour due to his worthiness, and the kindness which accompanies friendship, made fast by interchanged benefits, did Amphialus

* *Sconces*—Small forts or bulwarks to defend a pass or river; “where I would haue left my boates, to haue raised a *sconse* with small trench, and a pallisado vpon top of it.”—HAKLUYT'S *Voyages*, vol. iii.

enforce himself, as much as in a besieged town he could, to make Anaxius know that his succour was not so needful as his presence grateful. For, causing the streets and houses of the town to witness his welcome, making both soldiers and magistrates in their countenances to show their gladness of him, he led him to his mother, whom he besought to entertain him with no less love and kindness than as one who once had saved her son's life, and now came to save both life and honour. "Tush!" said Anaxius, speaking aloud, looking upon his brothers, "I am only sorry there are not half a dozen kings more about you, that what Anaxius can do might be the better manifested." His brothers smiled, as though he had over-modestly spoken, far underneath the pitch of his power. Then was he disarmed at the earnest request of Amphialus; for Anaxius boiled with desire to issue out upon the enemies, persuading himself that the sun should not be set before he had overthrown them. That night, when supper was ended, wherein Amphialus would needs himself wait upon him, he caused in boats upon the lake an excellent music to be ordered, which, though Anaxius might conceive was for his honour, yet, indeed, he was but the brick wall to convey it to the ears of the beloved Philoclea. But Anaxius, seeming awary before it was ended, told Amphialus that, for his part, he liked no music but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yielding persons, and therefore desired that the next morning they should issue upon the same place where they had entered that day, not doubting to make them quickly awary of being the besiegers of Anaxius. Amphialus, who had no whit less courage, though nothing blown up with pride, willingly condescended; and so, the next morning, giving false alarm to the other side of the camp (Amphialus, at Anaxius' earnest request, staying within the town to see it guarded), Anaxius

and his brethren Lycurgus and Zoilus sallied out with the best chosen men. But Basilius, having been the last day somewhat unprovided, now had better fortified the overthrown sconce, and so well had prepared everything for defence that it was impossible for any valour from without to prevail. Yet things were performed by Anaxius beyond the credit of the credulous ; for thrice, valiantly followed by his brothers, did he set up his banner upon the rampier of the enemy, though thrice, again, by the multitude, and advantage of the place, but especially by the coming of three valiant knights, he were driven down again.

But so far had Anaxius at the third time prevailed that now the Basilians began to let their courage descend to their feet, Basilius and Philanax in vain striving with reverence of authority to bridle the flight of astonishment, and to teach fear discretion ; so that Amphialus, seeing victory show such a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force, hoping that day to end the siege.

But that fancy altered quickly by the sudden coming to the other side of three knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in green, and the third by his black armour and device straight known to be the notable knight who the first day had given fortune so short a stop with his notable deeds, fighting hand to hand with the deemed invincible Amphialus. For the very cowards no sooner saw him but, as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young eagles to the prey under the wing of their dam. For the three adventurers, not content to keep them from their rampier, leaped down among them and entered into a brave combat with the three valiant brothers. But to whether* side fortune

* *Whether*—Used here for “which ;” “whether daughter,” “whether side,” “which daughter” and “which side.” “*Whether* hii be saf other nat saf” is met with in “Piers Ploughman,” p. 240.

would have been partial could not be determined ; for the Basilians, lightened with the beams of their strangers' valour, followed so thick that the Amphialians were glad with some haste to retire to the walls-ward, though Anaxius neither reason, fear, nor example could make him assuage the fury of his fight, until one of the Basilians (unworthy to have his name registered, since he did it cowardly), sideward, when he least looked that way, almost cut off one of his legs, so as he fell down, blaspheming heaven that all the influences thereof had power to overthrow him ; and there death would have seized of his proud heart, but that Amphialus took in hand the black knight while some of his soldiers conveyed away Anaxius, so requiting life for life unto him.

And, for the love and example of Amphialus, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heat, when Basilius (that thought enough to be done for that day) caused retreat to be sounded, fearing lest his men, following over-earnestly, might be the loss of those excellent knights, whom he desired to know. The knights, as soon as they heard the retreat, though they were eagerly set, knowing that courage without discipline is nearer beastliness than manhood, drew back their swords, though hungry of more blood, especially the black knight, who, knowing Amphialus, could not refrain to tell him that this was the second time he escaped out of his hands, but that he would shortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. Amphialus seeing it fit to retire also, most of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts, withdrew himself with so well-seated a resolution that it was as far from anger as from dismayedness, answering no other to the black knight's threats but that, when he brought him his account, he should find a good paymaster.

The fight being ceased, and each side withdrawn within their strengths, Basilius sent Philanax to entertain the

strange knights, and to bring them unto him, that he might acknowledge what honour was due to their virtue. But they excused themselves, desiring to be known first by their deeds before their names should accuse their unworthiness ; and, though the other replied according as they deserved, yet, finding that unwelcome courtesy is a degree of injury, he suffered them to retire themselves to a tent of their own without the camp, where they kept themselves secret, Philanax himself being called away to another strange knight—strange not only by the unlooked-for-ness of his coming, but by the strange manner of his coming ; for he had before him four damosels, and so many behind him, all upon palfreys, and all apparelled in mourning weeds ; each of them a servant of each side, with like liveries of sorrow ; himself in an armour all painted over with such a cunning of shadow that it represented a gaping sepulchre ; the furniture of his horse was all of cypress branches, wherewith in old time they were wont to dress graves. The word was, “No way to be rid from Death but by Death.”

This Knight of the Tomb—for so the soldiers termed him—sent to Basilius to demand leave to send in a damosel into the town to call out Amphialus, according as beforetime some others have done ; which being granted, as glad any would undertake the charge, which nobody else in that camp was known willing to do, the damosel went in ; and, having with tears sobbed out a brave challenge to Amphialus from the Knight of the Tomb, Amphialus, honourably entertaining the gentlewoman, and desiring to know the knight's name, which the doleful gentlewoman would not discover, accepted the challenge, only desiring the gentlewoman to say thus much to the strange knight from him, that, if his mind were like to his title, there were more cause of affinity than enmity between them. And, therefore,

presently, according as he was wont, as soon as he perceived the Knight of the Tomb, with his damosels and judge, was come into the island, he also went over in accustomed manner, and yet, for the courtesy of his nature, desired to speak with him.

But the Knight of the Tomb, with silence, and drawing his horse back, showed no will to hear nor speak, but, with lance on thigh, made him know it was fit for him to go to the other end of the career, whence, waiting the start of the unknown knight, he likewise made his spurs claim haste of his horse. But, when his staff was in his rest, coming down to meet with the knight, now very near him, he perceived the knight had missed his rest; wherefore the courteous Amphialus would not let his lance descend, but with a gallant grace ran over the head of his therein friended enemy; and having stopped his horse, and with running of him blessed his sight with the window where he thought Philoclea might stand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horse and thrown away his staff, angry with his misfortune as of having missed his rest, and drawn his sword to make that supply his fellow's fault. He also lighted and drew his sword, esteeming victory with advantage rather robbed than purchased; and so, the other coming eagerly toward him, he, with his shield out and sword aloft, with more bravery than anger, drew unto him, and straight made their swords speak for them a pretty while with equal fierceness. But Amphialus, to whom the earth brought forth few matches, having both much more skill to choose the places and more force to work upon the chosen, had already made many windows in his armour for death to come in at, when, in the nobleness of his nature abhorring to make the punishment overgo the offence, he stepped a little back, and withal, "Sir knight," said he, "you may easily see that it pleaseth God to favour my cause;

employ your valour against them that wish you hurt, for my part, I have not deserved hate of you." "Thou liest, false traitor!" said the other, with an angry but weak voice. But Amphialus, in whom abused kindness became spiteful rage, "Ah, barbarous wretch!" said he, "only courageous in discourtesy, thou shalt soon see whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart or no;" and with that, redoubling his blows, gave him a great wound upon his neck, and closing with him overthrew him, and in the fall thrust him mortally into the body, and with that went to pull off his helmet with intention to make him give himself the lie for having so said, or to cut off his head.

But the headpiece was no sooner off but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of fair golden hair, which, with the face, soon known by the badge of excellency, witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately virtuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in despite of the passed sorrow, or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes having with continual weeping gotten a little redness about them; her roundy, sweetly-swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour Death; in her cheeks, the whiteness striving, by little and little, to get upon the rosiness of them; her neck—a neck indeed of alablaster*—displaying the wound which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties; so as here

* *Alablaster*—This word (Gr. Ἀλάβαστρον, from α and λαβειν) in the original is thus spelt. In vulgar parlance it is now occasionally to be met with, although those who use it are ignorant that they have good authority on their side. Milton, a precisian in such matters, has "alablaster" (P. L. iv. 544); so, too, has Spenser (F. Q. II. xii. 77); and in other of our old writers it is not uncommon. This form of the word has been overlooked by Richardson, who cites Wiclif, the Bible of 1539, and Chaucer as using *alabastre* or *alabaster*, our present form.

was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance, God knows, full of an unaffected languishing ; though these things, to a grossly conceiving sense, might seem disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion, which all looking upon through the spectacles of pity, did even increase the lines of her natural fairness, so as Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore, putting off his headpiece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears testifying his sorrow, he offered his, by himself accursed, hands to help her, protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But Parthenia, who had inward messengers of the desired death's approach, looking upon him, and straight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightless object, drawing out her words, which her breath, loth to depart from so sweet a body, did faintly deliver, "Sir," said she, "I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your means is, that I have no honour of you. Argalus made no such bargain with you: that the hands which killed him should help me. I have of them—and I do not only pardon you, but thank you for it—the service which I desired. There rests nothing now but that I go live with him since whose death I have done nothing but die." Then pausing, and a little fainting, and again coming to herself, "Oh, sweet life, welcome," said she ; "now feel I the bands untied of the cruel death which so long hath held me. And, O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts have, not so much as in a dream, tasted any comfort since they were deprived of Argalus. I come, my Argalus, I come ! And, O God, hide my faults in thy mercies, and

grant, as I feel thou dost grant, that in thy eternal love we may love each other eternally. And this, O Lord——,” but there Atropos cut off her sentence ; for with that, casting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soul departed, one might well assure himself, to heaven, which left the body in so heavenly a demeanour.

But Amphialus, with a heart oppressed with grief, because of her request, withdrew himself ; but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen, with lamentable cries, labouring to stanch the remediless wounds ; and a while she was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the soul, but not the beauty, from the body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their loss, one of the women would have killed herself, but that the squire of Amphialus, perceiving, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust upon their heads, to tear their garments, all falling upon the earth and crying upon their sweet mistress, as if their cries could persuade the soul to leave the celestial happiness, to come again into the elements of sorrow ; one time calling to remembrance her virtue, chasteness, sweetness, goodness to them ; another time accursing themselves, that they had obeyed her, being deceived by her words, who assured them that it was revealed unto her that she should have her heart’s desire in the battle against Amphialus, which they wrongly understood. Then kissing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world since she was gone who was their world, the very heavens seemed with a cloudy countenance to lower at the loss, and fame itself, though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents, yet could not choose but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in such sort went it quickly all over the camp ; and, as if the air had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard but was

subject to that contagion ; the rareness of the accident matching together the rarely matched together—pity with admiration. Basilius himself came forth, and brought the fair Gynecia with him, who was come into the camp under colour of visiting her husband and hearing of her daughters ; but indeed Zelmane was the saint to which her pilgrimage was intended ; cursing, envying, blessing, and, in her heart, kissing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they, with Philanax and the rest of the principal nobility, went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body, whereto Basilius himself would needs lend his shoulder, to a church a mile from the camp, where the valiant Argalus lay intombed, recommending to that sepulchre the blessed relics of a faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of two marble images to represent them, and each way enriching the tomb ; upon which Basilius himself caused this epitaph* to be written :—

THE EPITAPH.

His being was in her alone ;
 And he not being, she was none.
 They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd,
 One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
 The hand was one, one was the sword
 That did his death, her death afford.
 As all the rest, so now the stone
 That tombs the two is justly one.

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

* In sweetness and fitness this quaint epitaph is surpassed by none in the English language ; in terseness only by this its parallel, upon the death of Sir Albert Morton's wife :—

“ He first deceas'd ; she for a little tri'd

To live without him : lik'd it not, and di'd.—H. W.”

From the “*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*,” by the curious pencil of the ever memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Kt.

Then, with eyes full of tears, and mouths full of their praises, returned they to the camp with more and more hate against Amphialus, who, poor gentleman, had therefore greater portion of woe than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would have grieved but to have heard the like adventure, was rent with remembering himself to be the author, so that his wisdom could not so far temper his passion but that he took his sword, counted the best in the world, which with much blood he had once conquered of a mighty giant, and brake it into many pieces, which afterwards he had good cause to repent, saying that neither it was worthy to serve the noble exercise of chivalry, nor any other worthy to feel that sword which had stricken so excellent a lady; and withal, banishing all cheerfulness of his countenance, he returned home, where he gat him to his bed, not so much to rest his restless mind as to avoid all company, the sight whereof was tedious unto him. And then melancholy, only rich in unfortunate remembrances, brought before him all the mishaps with which his life had wrestled, taking this not only as a confirming of the former, but a presage of following misery. "Did ever man's eye," he cried, "look through love upon the majesty of virtue, shining through beauty, but that he became, as it well became him, a captive? and is it the style of a captive to write—Our will and pleasure?"

"Tush, tush, son," said Cecropia, "you say you love, but withal you fear: you fear lest you should offend. Offend? and how know you that you should offend—because she doth deny? Deny? now, by my truth, if your sadness would let me laugh, I could laugh heartily, to see that yet you are ignorant that 'No' is no negative in a woman's mouth. My son, believe me, a woman, speaking of women, a lover's modesty among us is much more praised than liked; or, if we like it, so well we like it that for marring of his modesty he shall

never proceed further. Each virtue hath his time. Think she would not strive but that she means to try thy force ; and, my Amphialus, know thyself a man, and show thyself a man, and believe me upon my word, a woman is a woman.” Amphialus was about to answer her, when a gentleman of his brought him a letter from the camp, importing this :—

“ TO THEE AMPHIALUS OF ARCADIA, the Forsaken Knight wisheth health and courage, that by my hand thou mayest receive punishment for thy treason, according to thine own offer, which, wickedly occasioned, thou hast proudly begun and accursedly maintained. I will presently, if thy mind faint thee not for his own guiltiness, meet thee in thy island, in such order as hath by the former been used ; or, if thou likest not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine own reasonable choice in any of them, so as thou do perform the substance. Make me such answer as may show that thou hast some taste of honour ; and so I leave thee to live till I meet thee.”

Amphialus read it, and, with a deep sigh, according to the humour of inward affliction, seemed even to condemn himself, as though indeed his reproaches were true. But, howsoever the dulness of melancholy would have languishingly yielded thereunto, his courage, unused to such injuries, desired help of anger to make him this answer :—

“ FORSAKEN KNIGHT, though your nameless challenge might carry in itself excuse for a man of my birth and estate, yet herein set your heart at rest—you shall not be forsaken. I will, without stay, answer you in the wonted manner, and come both armed in your foolish threatenings, and yet the more fearless, expecting weak blows where I find so strong words. You shall not therefore long attend me in the island

before proof teach you that of my life you have made yourself too large a promise. In the meantime, farewell.”

This being written and delivered, the messenger told him that his lord would, if he liked the same, bring two knights with him to be his patrons.* Which Amphialus accepted; and withal shaking off with resolution his mother's importunate dissuasions, he furnished himself for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now, as if he would turn his inside outward, he would needs appear all in black. In his crest he carried Philoclea's knives, the only token of her forced favour. So passed he over into the island, taking with him the two brothers of Anaxius, where he found the Forsaken Knight attired in his own livery, as black as sorrow itself could see itself in the blackest glass. Their very horses were coal-black too, not having so much as one star to give light to their night of blackness, so as one would have thought they had been the two sons of sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birthright in that sorry inheritance. Which alliance of passions so moved Amphialus, already tender-minded by the afflictions of love, that, without staff or sword drawn, he trotted fairly to the Forsaken Knight, willing to have put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did, more than ever in like occasion, misgive him; and therefore saluting him, “Good knight,” said he, “because we are men, and should know reason why we do things, tell me the cause that makes you thus eager to fight with me.” “Because I affirm,” answered the Forsaken Knight, “that thou dost most rebellious injury to those ladies to whom all men owe service.” “You shall not fight with me,” said Amphialus, “upon the quarrel, for I confess the same too,

* *Patrons*—A patron is one who supports or aids the cause of another; in this place used to signify a second. I can find no other instance of its use in this sense.

but it proceeds from their own beauty to enforce love to offer this force." "I maintain, then," said the Forsaken Knight, "that thou art not worthy so to love." "And that I confess too," said Amphialus, "since the world is not so richly blessed as to bring forth anything worthy thereof. But no more unworthy than any other, since in none can be a more worthy love." "Yes, more unworthy than myself," said the Forsaken Knight; "for, though I deserve contempt, thou deservest both contempt and hatred."

But Amphialus, by that thinking, though wrongly—each indeed mistaking other—that he was his rival, forgot all mind of reconciliation, and, having all his thoughts bound up in choler, never staying either judge, trumpet, or his own lance, drew out his sword, and saying, "Thou liest, false villain!" unto him, his words and blows came so quick together as the one seemed a lightning of the other's thunder. But he found no barren ground of such seed, for it yielded him his own with such increase that, though reason and amazement go rarely together, yet the most reasonable eyes that saw it found reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Never game of death better played, never fury set itself forth in greater bravery. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge, came waiting upon hatred; of the other side came, with love-longing desire, both invincible hope and fearless despair. Of either side confidence, unacquainted with loss, but assuring trust to overcome, and good experience how to overcome; now seconding their terrible blows with cunning labouring their horses to win ground of the enemy, now unlooked-for parting one from the other to win advantage by an advantageous return. But force against force, skill against skill, so interchangeably encountered that it was not easy to determine whether enterprising or preventing came former; both, sometimes at one instant, doing and suffering

wrong, and choler no less rising of the doing than of the suffering. But as the fire, the more fuel is put to it the more hungry still it is to devour more, so the more they strake the more unsatisfied they were with striking. And so a long space they fought, while neither virtue nor fortune seemed partial of either side, which so tormented the unquiet heart of Amphialus that he resolved to see a quick end ; and therefore, with the violence of courage adding strength to his blow, he strake in such wise upon the side of the other's head that his remembrance left that battered lodging. And Amphialus used the favour of occasion, redoubling his blows, but the horse, weary to be beaten, as well as the master, carried his master away till he came to himself.

But then who could have seen him might well have discerned shame in his cheeks and revenge in his eyes, so as, setting his teeth together with rage, he came running upon Amphialus, reaching out his arm, which had gathered up his sword, meaning with that blow to have cleaved Amphialus in two. But Amphialus, seeing the blow coming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside ; wherewith the Forsaken Knight overstrake himself so as almost he came down with his own strength ; but the more hungry of his purpose the more he was barred the food of it. Disdaining the resistance both of force and fortune, he returned upon the spur again, and ran with such violence upon Amphialus that his horse, with the force of the shock, rose up before, almost overturned, which Amphialus perceiving, with rein and spur put forth his horse, and withal gave a mighty blow in the descent of his horse upon the shoulder of the Forsaken Knight, from whence sliding, it fell upon the neck of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground ; but he was scarce down before he was up on his feet again, with brave gesture showing rising of courage in the falling of fortune. But the courteous

Amphialus excused himself for having, against his will, killed his horse.* “Excuse thyself for viler faults,” answered the Forsaken Knight, “and use this poor advantage the best thou canst ; for thou shalt quickly find thou hast need of more.” “Thy folly,” said Amphialus, “shall not make me forget myself ;” and therewith, trotting a little aside, alighted from his horse, because he would not have fortune come to claim any part of the victory. Which courteous act would have mollified the noble heart of the Forsaken Knight if any other had done it besides the jailer of his mistress ; but that was a sufficient defeasance† for the firmest bond of good-nature ; and therefore he was no sooner alighted but that he ran unto him, re-entering into as cruel a fight as eye did ever see or thought could reasonably imagine—far beyond the reach of weak words to be able to express it : for what they had done on horseback was but as a morsel to keep their stomachs in appetite in comparison of that which now, being themselves, they did.

Amphialus, being the taller man, for the most part stood with his right leg before, his shield at the uttermost length of his arm, his sword high, but with the point toward his enemy. But, when he strake—which came so thick as if every blow would strive to be foremost—his arm seemed still a postillion of death. The Forsaken Knight showed with like skill unlike gesture, keeping himself in continual motion, proportioning the distance between them to anything that Amphialus attempted ; his eye guided his foot, and his foot conveyed his hand : and, since nature had made him some-

* *Killed his horse*—It was against the laws of Chivalry to kill the horse of an adversary in single combat.

† *Defeasance*—(Fr. *défaire*) Defeat, undoing.

“ Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes *defeasance* did remaine.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 12.

thing the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not strive with nature ; shunning rather than warding his blows, like a cunning mastiff who knows the sharpness of the horn and strength of the bull, fights low to get his proper advantage, answering mightiness with nimbleness, and yet at times employing his wonderful force, wherein he was second to none. In sum, the blows were strong, the thrusts thick, and the avoidings cunning. But the Forsaken Knight, that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering, strake him so mighty a blow that he made Amphialus put knee to the ground without any humbleness. But, when he felt himself stricken down, and saw himself stricken down by his rival, then shame seemed one arm, and disdain another ; fury in his eyes, and revenge in his heart ; skill and force gave place, and they took the place of skill and force with so unwearable a manner that the Forsaken Knight also was driven to leave the stern of cunning, and give himself wholly to be guided by the storm of fury, there being in both, because hate would not suffer admiration, extreme disdain to find themselves so matched.

“What !” said Amphialus to himself, “am I Amphialus, before whom so many monsters and giants have fallen dead when I only fought causeless adventures ; and can one knight now withstand me in the presence of Philoclea, and fighting for Philoclea ? or, since I lost my liberty, have I lost my courage ; have I gotten the heart of a slave as well as the fortune ? If an army were against me in the sight of Philoclea, could it resist me ?” Of the other side, the Forsaken Knight, with no less spite, fell out with himself. “Hast thou broken,” said he to himself, “the commandment of thy only princess, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to prove thyself a coward ? O incomparable Pyrocles, more grieved wilt thou be with thy friend’s shame

than with thine own imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I have been able to do for the delivery of thee and those heavenly princesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valorous prince that ever was intituled valorous, and show myself so weak a wretch? No, shamed Musidorus, worthy for nothing but to keep sheep; get thee a sheephook again, since thou canst use a sword no better.”

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their over-sharp humours, like the lion that beats himself with his own tail to make himself the more angry. These thoughts indeed not staying but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparel of cruelty, they bleeding so abundantly that everybody that saw them fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselves, their smart being more sensible to other's eyes than to their own feeling; wrath and courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind, pain, weariness, and weakness not daring to make known their case, though already in the limits of death, in the presence of so violent fury, which, filling the veins with rage instead of blood, and making the mind minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow shot upward by the force of the bow, though by his own nature he would go downward. The Forsaken Knight had the more wounds, but Amphialus had the sorer, which the other, watching time and place, had cunningly given unto him. Whoever saw a well-manned galley fight with a tall ship might make unto himself some kind of comparison of the difference of these two knights, a better couple than which the world could not brag of. Amphialus seemed to excel in strength, the Forsaken Knight in nimbleness; and yet did the one's strength excel in nimbleness, and the other's nimbleness excel in strength; but now strength and nimbleness

were both gone, and excess of courage only maintained the fight. Three times had Amphialus, with his mighty blows, driven the Forsaken Knight to go staggering backward, but every one of those times he requited pain with smart, and shame with repulse, only that he should be the later to die, which hope hate, as unsecret as love, could not conceal, but drawing himself a little back from him, brake out into these manner of words :—

“Ah, Amphialus,” said the Forsaken Knight, “this third time thou shalt not escape me, but thy death shall satisfy thy injury and my malice, and pay for the cruelty thou showedst in killing the noble Argalus and the fair Parthenia.” “In troth,” said Amphialus, “thou art the best knight that ever I fought withal, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life if thy wit were as good as thy courage, that, besides other follies, layest that to my charge which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power or no, let this tell thee ;” and upon the word waited a blow, which parted his shield into two pieces, and, despising the weak resistance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart side, as if he would make a passage for his love to get out at.

But pain rather seemed to increase life than to weaken life in those champions ; for the Forsaken Knight, coming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, strake Amphialus upon the belly so horrible a wound that his guts came out withal ; which Amphialus perceiving, fearing death only because it should come with overthrow, he seemed to conjure all his strength for one moment’s service ; and so, lifting up his sword with both hands, hit the Forsaken Knight upon the head a blow wherewith his sword brake. But, as if it would do a notable service before it died, it prevailed so even in the instant of breaking that the Forsaken Knight

fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both love and hatred ; and Amphialus, finding himself also in such weakness as he looked for speedy death, glad of the victory, though little hoping to enjoy it, pulled up his visor, meaning with his dagger to give him death ; but, instead of death, he gave him life ; for the air so revived his spirits that, coming to himself, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he took Amphialus by the thigh, and together rose himself and overturned him. But Amphialus scrambled up again, both now so weak indeed as their motions rather seemed the after-drops to a storm than any matter of great fury.

But Amphialus might repent himself of his wilful breaking his good sword ; for the Forsaken Knight, having with the extremity of justly-conceived hate, and the unpitifulness of his own near-threatening death, blotted out all complements of courtesy, let fly at him so cruelly, that, though the blows were weak, yet weakness upon a weakened subject proved such strength that Amphialus, having attempted in vain once or twice to close with him, receiving wound upon wound, sent his whole burthen to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing, giving no other tokens of himself than as of a man even ready to take his oath to be death's true servant.

Which when the hardy brothers of Anaxius perceived, not recking law of arms nor use of chivalry, they flew in to defend their friend or revenge their loss of him. But they were forthwith encountered with the two brave companions of the Forsaken Knight, whereof the one being all in green, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant garden wherein grew orange-trees, which, with their golden fruits cunningly beaten in and embroidered, greatly enriched the eye-pleasing colour of green. In his shield was a sheep feeding in a pleasant field, with this word, "Without fear or envy ;" and therefore

was called the Knight of the Sheep. The other knight was all in milk-white, his attiring else all cut in stars, which, made of cloth of silver and silver spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His device was the very pole itself, about which many stars stirring, but the place itself left void ; the word was, "The best place yet reserved." But these four knights, inheriting the hate of their friends, began a most fierce combat ; the Forsaken Knight himself not able to help his side, but was driven to sit him down with the extreme faintness of his more and more fainting body. But those valiant couples, seeking honour by dishonouring, and to build safety upon ruin, gave new appetites to the almost glutted eyes of the beholders ; and now blood began to put sweat from the full possession of their outsides, no advantage being yet to be seen, only the Knight of the Sheep seeming most deliver,* and affecting most of all that viewed him, when a company of soldiers, sent by Cecropia, came out in boats to the island, and all came running to the destruction of the three knights, whereof one was utterly unable to defend himself.

But then did the other two knights show their wonderful courage and fidelity ; for, turning back to back, and both bestriding the black Forsaken Knight, who had fainted so long till he had lost the feeling of faintness, they held play against the rest, though the two brothers unknighly helped them ; till Philanax, who watchfully attended such traitorous practices, sent likewise over, both by boat and swimming, so choice a number as did put most of the other to the sword ; only the two brothers, with some of the bravest of them, carrying away the body of Amphialus, which they would rather have died than have left behind.

* *Deliver*—Active, nimble.

"Like bulls set head to head with mere *deliver* strength."

DRAYTON, Polyolbion, Song I.

So was the Forsaken Knight, laid upon cloaks, carried home to the camp. But his two friends, knowing his earnest desire not to be known, covering him from anybody's eyes, conveyed him to their own tent; Basilius himself conquering his earnest desire to see him with fear to displease him who had fought so notably in his quarrel. But fame set the honour upon his back which he would not suffer to shine in his face, no man's mouth being barren of praises to the noble knight that had battered the most esteemed knight in the world, everybody praying for his life and thinking that therein they prayed for themselves. But he himself, when, by the diligent care of friends and well-applied cunning of surgeons, he came to renew again the league between his mind and body, then fell he to a fresh war with his own thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardice to himself, whom the impudentest backbiter would not so have wronged. For his courage, used to use victory as an inheritance, could brook no resistance at any time; but now that he had promised himself not only the conquest of him, but the scaling of the walls and delivery of Pamela, though he had done beyond all other's expectation, yet so short was he of his own that he hated to look upon the sun that had seen him do so weakly, and so much abhorred all visitation or honour, whereof he thought himself unworthy, that he besought his two noble friends to carry him away to a castle not far off, where he might cure his wounds and never be known till he made success excuse this, as he thought, want in him. They lovingly obeyed him, leaving Basilius and all the camp very sorry for the parting of these three unknown knights, in whose prowess they had reposed greatest trust of victory.

But they being gone, Basilius and Philanax gave good order to the strengthening of the siege, fortifying themselves, so as they feared no more any such sudden onset as that of

Anaxius. And they within, by reason of Anaxius' hurt, but especially of Amphialus his, gave themselves only to a diligent watch and ward, making no sallies out, but committing the principal trust to Zoilus and Lycurgus ; for Anaxius was yet forced to keep his chamber. And as for Amphialus, his body had such wounds, and he gave such wounds to his mind, as easily it could not be determined whether death or he made the greater haste one to another ; for when the diligent care of cunning chirurgeons had brought life to the possession of his own right, sorrow and shame, like two corrupted servants, came waiting of it, persuading nothing but the giving over of itself to destruction.

His mother, who had confined all her love only unto him, set only such about him as were absolutely at her commandment, whom she forbad to let him know anything that passed in the castle till his wounds were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them ; she, for herself, being resolved, now she had the government of all things in her own hands, to satisfy her son's love by their* yielding, or satisfy her own revenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she would be the freer from outward force, she sent a messenger to the camp to denounce unto Basilius, that, if he did not presently raise his siege, she would cause the heads of the three ladies, prisoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And, to make him the more fear a present performance, she caused his two daughters and Zelmane to be led unto the walls, where she had made a scaffold easy to be seen by Basilius, and there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, till answer came from Basilius.

But when this message was brought to Basilius, and that this pitiful preparation was a sufficient letter of credit for him to believe it, he called unto him his chief counsellors,

* *Their yielding—i.e., that of Pamela and Philoclea.*

among which those he chiefly trusted were Philanax and Kalander, lately come to the camp at Basilius' commandment, and in himself weary of his solitary life, wanting his son's presence, and never having heard from his beloved guests since they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he should do he willed Kalander to give him his advice, who told him that no sophistical scholar could find any question in this, that he would rather have his daughters live or die. A man might use more words if it were to any purpose to gild gold ;* "but you are wise and are a father," said he : "do, therefore, as you mean to do: remove the siege."

But Basilius made sign to Philanax, who, though inwardly perplexed, would have persuaded the king to set down all private conceits in comparison of what for the public is profitable, and he would have proceeded on, when Gynecia came running in, amazed for her daughter Pamela, but mad for Zelmane, and, falling at Basilius' feet, besought him to make no delay, using such gestures of compassion, instead of stopped words, that Basilius, otherwise enough tender-minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which he saw dangerous to his daughters, but, indeed, more careful for Zelmane, by whose besieged person the poor old man was straitly besieged. So as, to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in speed away, discharging his soldiers, only leaving the authority, as before, in Philanax his hands ; he himself went with Gynecia to a strong castle of his, where he took counsel how first to deliver Zelmane, whom he called the poor stranger, as though only law of hospitality moved him, and for that purpose sent divers messengers to traffic with Cecropia.

But she, by this means rid of the present danger of the siege, desired Zoilus and Lycurgus to take the care, till their

* *To gild gold*—"To gild refined gold ; to paint the lily."

—King John, act iv. sc. 2.

brother recovered, of revictualling and furnishing the city, both with men and what else wanted, against any new occasion should urge them ; she herself, disdainng to hearken to Basilius without he would grant his daughter in marriage to her son, which by no means he would be brought unto, bent all the sharpness of her malicious wit how to bring a comfortable grant to her son, whereupon she well found no less than his life depended. Therefore for a while she attempted all means of eloquent praying and flattering persuasion, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatenings, as she had cause to hope that either open force or undermining would best win the castle of their resolution. And ever as much as she did to Philoclea, so much did she to Pamela, though in manner sometimes differing, as she found fit to level at the one's noble height and the other's sweet lowliness. For, though she knew her son's heart had wholly given itself to Philoclea, yet, seeing the equal gifts in Pamela, she hoped a fair grant would recover the sorrow of a fair refusal ; cruelly intending the present empoisoning the one as soon as the other's affection were purchased.

But in vain was all her vain oratory employed. Pamela's determination was built upon so brave a rock that no shot of hers could reach unto it ; and Philoclea, though humbly seated, was so environed with sweet rivers of clear virtue as could neither be battered nor undermined : her witty persuasions had wise answers ; her eloquence recompensed with sweetness ; her threatenings repelled with disdain in the one and patience in the other ; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind.

Cecropia, by nature violent and now spiteful, dishonourably used them, both in diet and in lodging, by contempt seeking to pull their thoughts to yielding. But to all virtue and love resisted ; yet Cecropia, resolving all extremities

rather than fail of conquest, pursued on her rugged way, letting no day pass without new and new perplexing the poor ladies' minds and troubling their bodies.

So these diamonds of the world—whom nature had made to be preciousy set in the eyes of men, to be the chief works of her workmanship, the chief ornaments of the world and princesses of felicity—by rebellious injury were brought to the uttermost distress that an enemy's heart could wish or a woman's spite invent ; Cecropia daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her evil torments giving them fear of worse, making the fear itself the sorest torment of all, that, in the end, weary of their bodies, they should be content to bestow them at her appointment. Yet Cecropia found herself still further off ; for where at first she might perchance have persuaded them to have visited her son and have given him some comfort in his sickness, drawing near to the confines of death's kingdom, now they protested that they would never otherwise speak to him than as to their enemy, of most unjust cruelty towards them that any time or place could ever make them know.

This made the poison swell in her cankered breast, perceiving that, as in water, the more she grasped the less she held ; but yet now, having run so long the way of rigour, it was too late in reason, and too contrary to her passion, to return to a course of meekness. And, therefore, taking counsel of one of her old associates, who so far excelled in wickedness as that she had not only lost all feeling of conscience, but had gotten a very glory in evil, in the end they determined that beating and other such sharp dealing did not so much pull down a woman's heart as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yielding than anger, making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacy—for thus did their wicked minds, blind to the light of virtue, and

owly-eyed in the night of wickedness, interpret it—and that therefore that was no more to be tried. And for fear of death, which, no question, would do most with them, they had been so often threatened as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to esteem threatening words to be but words. Therefore the last but best way now was, that the one seeing indeed the other's death should perceive there was no dallying meant; and then there was no doubt that a woman's soul would do so much rather than leave so beautiful a body.

This being concluded, Cecropia went to Philoclea and told her that now she was to come to the last part of the play; for her part, though she found her hard-hearted obstinacy such that neither the sweetness of loving means nor the force of hard means could prevail with her, yet, before she would pass to a further degree of extremity, she had sought to win her sister, in hope that her son might be in time satisfied with the love of so fair a lady, but, finding her also rather more than less wilful, she was now minded that one of their deaths should serve for an example to the other, that despising worthy folks was more hurtful to the despiser than the despised; that yet, because her son especially affected her, and that in her own self she was more inclinable to pity her than she had deserved, she would begin with her sister, who that afternoon should have her head cut off before her face; if in the meantime one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought stitches of unkindness, she bad her look for no other, nor longer time, than she told her.

There was no assault given to the sweet Philoclea's mind that entered so far as this; for where, to all pains and dangers of herself, foresight, with his lieutenant resolution, had made ready defence, now with the love she bare her sister she was driven to a stay before she determined; but long she stayed

not before this reason did shine unto her, that since in herself she preferred death before such a base servitude, love did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her arms and looking sideward upon the ground, "Do what you will," said she, "with us ; for my part, heaven shall melt before I be removed. But, if you will follow my counsel, for your own sake—for as for prayers for my sake I have felt how little they prevail—let my death first serve for example to win her, who perchance is not so resolved against Amphialus, and so shall you not only justly punish me, who indeed do hate both you and your son, but, if that may move you, you shall do more virtuously in preserving one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death ; lastly, in winning her, instead of peevish unhappy creature that I am, you shall bless your son with the most excellent woman in all praiseworthy things that the world holdeth." But Cecropia, who had already set down to herself what she would do, both with bitter terms and countenance, told her that she should not need to woo death over-eagerly, for, if her sister going before her did not teach her wit, herself should quickly follow. For, since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her son's quiet but to know that they were past getting. And so, since no intreating nor threatening might prevail, she bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which she should see within few hours in the hall of that castle.

A place indeed over-fit for so unfit a matter ; for being so stately made that the bottom of it being even with the ground, the roof reached as high as any part of the castle, at either end it had convenient lodgings. In the one end was, one storey from the ground, Philoclea's abode, in the other, of even height, Pamela's, and Zelmane's in a chamber above her ; but all so vaulted of strong and thickly-built stone as one could no way hear the other. Each of these chambers

had a little window to look into the hall, but, because the sisters should not have so much comfort as to look one to another, there was, of the outsides, curtains drawn, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But then the hour came that the tragedy should begin, and the curtains were withdrawn from before the windows of Zelmane and of Philoclea, a sufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themselves in such an encounter. And by-and-by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed soldiers, a lady led by a couple, with her hands bound before her, from above her eyes to her lips muffled with a fair kerchief, but from her mouth to the shoulders all bare; and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deal from the floor, and all covered with crimson velvet. But neither Zelmane nor Philoclea needed to be told who she was, for the apparel she wore made them too well assured that it was the admirable Pamela; whereunto the rare whiteness of her naked neck gave sufficient testimony to their astonished senses. But the fair lady being come to the scaffold, and then made to kneel down, and so left by her unkind supporters, as it seemed that she was about to speak somewhat, whereunto Philoclea, poor soul, earnestly listened, according to her speech even minding to frame her mind, her heart never till then almost wavering to save her sister's life, before the unfortunate lady could pronounce three words, the executioner cut off the one's speech and the other's attention with making his sword do his cruel office upon that beautiful neck. Yet the pitiless sword had such pity of so precious an object that at first it did but hit flatlong. But little availed that, since the lady falling down astonished withal, the cruel villain forced the sword with another blow to divorce the fair marriage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant that the very act did

overrun Philoclea's sorrow, sorrow not being able so quickly to thunderbolt her heart through her senses, but first only oppressed her with a storm of amazement ; but when her eyes saw that they did see, as condemning themselves to have seen it, they became weary of their own power of seeing, and her soul then drinking up woe with great draughts, she fell down to deadly trances ; but her waiting jailers, with cruel pity, brought loathed life unto her, which yet many times took his leave as though he would indeed depart ; but, when he was stayed by force, he kept with him deadly sorrow, which thus exercised her mourning speech, " Pamela ! my sister, my sister Pamela ! woe is me for thee ! I would I had died for thee ! Pamela, never more shall I see thee ; never more shall I enjoy thy sweet company and wise counsel ! But O that a thousand more miseries had chanced unto me so thou hadst not died, Pamela, my sister Pamela !" And so, like a lamentable Philomela, complained she the horrible wrong done to her sister, which, if it stirred not in the wickedly-closed minds of her tormentors a pity of her sorrow, yet bred it a weariness of her sorrow, so as, only leaving one to prevent any harm she should do herself, the rest went away, consulting again with Cecropia how to make profit of this their late bloody act.

In the end, that woman that used most to keep company with Zelmane told Cecropia that she found by many most sensible proofs in Zelmane that there was never woman so loved another as she loved Philoclea, which was the cause that she, further than the commandment of Cecropia, had caused Zelmane's curtains to be also drawn ; because, having the same spectacle that Philoclea had, she might stand in the greater fear for her whom she loved so well, and that indeed she had hit the needle in that device ; for never saw she creature so astonished as Zelmane, exceedingly sorry for

Pamela, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingness in fear for Philoclea. Therefore her advice was she should cause Zelmane to come and speak with Philoclea ; for, there being such vehemency of friendship between them, it was most likely both to move Zelmane to persuade and Philoclea to be persuaded. Cecropia liked well of the counsel, and gave order to the same woman to go deal therein with Zelmane, and to assure her with oath that Cecropia was determined Philoclea should pass the same way that Pamela had done, without she did yield to satisfy the extremity of her son's affection, which the woman did, adding thereunto many, as she thought, good reasons to make Zelmane think Amphialus a fit match for Philoclea.

Zelmane, who had understood from time to time the cruel dealing they had used to the sisters, now had her own eyes wounded with the sight of one's death, and had now to think of the death of Philoclea. A night was granted for leisure for thinking, a night not half so black as her mind, nor so silent as her musing thoughts. She resolved at last that the only way was for Philoclea to pretend a yielding to Cecropia, and, by speaking with Amphialus and making fair delaying promises, should procure liberty for Zelmane, who should come with a sword and deliver Philoclea, so little did the forces of the men seem in her eyes, looking down from the high top of affection's tower.

With that mind, and well bound, she was brought to Philoclea. Sorrow a while would needs speak his own language without using their tongues to be his interpreters. At last Zelmane brake silence, but spake with the eloquence of amazement. "Dear lady, in extreme necessities we must not— But alas! unfortunate wretch that I am that I live to see this day!" The sweet Philoclea, that had already died in Pamela, and of the other side had the heaviness of her heart some-

thing quickened in the most beloved sight of Zelmane, guessed somewhat at Zelmane's mind, and therefore spake unto her in this sort: "My Pyrocles," said she, "I know this exceeding comfort of your presence is not brought unto me for any goodwill that is owed unto me, but, as I suppose, to make you persuade me to save my life with the ransom of mine honour. Trouble me not, dear Pyrocles, nor double ~~not~~* my death by tormenting my resolution. Since I cannot live with thee, I will die for thee." And Philoclea continuing sweetly constant, and in the end being silent, Zelmane was forced to end. Yet, craving other opportunities, she obtained them, till at the last Cecropia found it to no purpose, and therefore determined to follow her own way; Zelmane yet still desirous to win, by any means, respite, even wasted with sorrow and uncertainty whether in worse case in her presence or absence, being able to do nothing for Philoclea's succour but by submitting the greatest courage of the earth to fall at the feet of Cecropia, and crave stay of their sentence till the uttermost was seen what her persuasions might do.

Cecropia seemed much to be moved by her importunity, so as divers days were won of painful life to the excellent Philoclea; while Zelmane suffered some hope to cherish her mind, especially trusting upon the help of Musidorus, who, she knew, would not be idle in this matter; till one morning a noise awaked Zelmane, from whose over-watchful mind the tired body had stolen a little sleep, and straight, with the first opening of her eyes, care taking his wonted place, she ran to the window which looked into the hall—for that way the noise guided her—and there might she see, the curtain being left open ever since the last execution, seven or eight persons in a cluster upon the scaffold, who by-and-by retiring them-

* *Nor double not*—The repetition of the negative was frequently used by the Elizabethan writers, and is often met with in Shakespeare.

selves, nothing was to be seen thereupon but a basin of gold pitifully enamelled with blood, and in the midst of it the head of the most beautiful Philoclea. The horribleness of the mischief was such as Pyrocles could not at first believe his own senses, but bent his woeful eyes to discern it better, where too well he might see it was Philoclea's self, having no veil but beauty over her face, which still appeared to be alive ; so did those eyes shine, even as they were wont—and they were wont more than any other—and sometimes as they moved it might well make the beholder think that death therein had borrowed her beauty, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweet and piercing a grace they carried.

It was not a pity, it was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow which then laid hold on Pyrocles, but a wild fury of desperate agony ; so that he cried out, “ O tyrant heaven ! traitor earth ! blind providence ! no justice ! how is this done ? how is this suffered ? Hath this world a government ? if it have, let it pour out all his mischiefs upon me, and see whether it have power to make me more wretched than I am. Did she excel for this ? have I prayed for this ? Abominable hand that did it, detestable devil that commanded it, cursed light that beheld it ; and, if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that have seen it ? And have I seen Philoclea dead, and do I live ? and have I lived not to help her, but to talk of her, and stand I still talking ? ” And with that, carried by the madness of anguish, not having a readier way to kill himself, he ran as hard as ever he could with his head against the wall, with intention to brain himself, but the haste to do it made the doing the slower. For, as he came to give the blow, his foot tripped, so as it came not with the full force, yet forcible enough to strike him down, and withal to deprive him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when he came again to himself, he heard, or he thought he heard, a voice which cried, "Revenge! revenge!" unto him; whether indeed it were his good angel which used that voice to stay him from unnatural murdering of himself, or that his wandering spirits lighted upon that conceit, and by their weakness, subject to apprehensions, supposed they heard it. But that indeed, helped with Virtue and her valiant servant Anger, stopped him from present destroying of himself; yielding in reason and manhood first to destroy man, woman, and child that were any way of kin to them that were accessory to this cruelty; then to raze the castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous for herself, and then himself to die upon her tomb. This determining in himself to do, and to seek all means how for that purpose to get out of prison, he was content a while to bear the thirst of death; and yet went he again to the window to kiss the beloved head with his eyes, but there saw he nothing but the scaffold all covered over with scarlet, and nothing but solitary silence to mourn this mischief. But then, sorrow having dispersed itself from his heart into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority in cries and tears, nor with a more gentle dolefulness could pour out his inward evil.

"Sweet Philoclea," said he, "thou art gone, and hast carried with thee my love, and hast left thy love in me; and I, wretched man! do live. I live, to die continually, till thy revenge do give me leave to die; and then die I will, my Philoclea; my heart willingly makes this promise to itself. O cruel divorce of the sweetest marriage that ever was in nature! Philoclea is dead; and dead is with her all goodness, all sweetness, all excellency! Philoclea is dead; and yet life is not ashamed to continue upon the earth! Philoclea is dead! O deadly word, which containeth in itself the uttermost of all misfortunes; but happy word when thou

shalt be said of me ; and long it shall not be before it be said !”

Then stopping his words with sighs, drowning his sighs in tears, and drying again his tears in rage, he would sit a while in a wandering muse, which represented nothing but vexations unto him ; then throwing himself sometime upon the floor, and sometimes upon the bed, then up again, till walking was wearisome and rest loathsome ; and so, neither suffering food nor sleep to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weep “Philoclea,” sigh “Philoclea,” and cry out “Philoclea ;” till, as it happened, at that time upon his bed, toward the dawning of the day, he heard one stir in his chamber, by the motion of garments, and with an angry voice asked who was there. “A poor gentlewoman,” answered the party, “that wish[es] long life unto you.” “And I soon death unto you,” said he, “for the horrible curse you have given me.” “Certainly,” said she, “an unkind answer, and far unworthy the excellency of your mind, but not unsuitable to the rest of your behaviour. For most part of this night I have heard you, being let into your chamber, you never perceiving it, so was your mind estranged from your senses, and have heard nothing of Zelmane in Zelmane, nothing but weak wailings, fitter for some nurse of a village than so famous a creature as you are.” “O God,” cried out Pyrocles, “that thou wert a man that usest these words unto me ! I tell thee I am sorry, I tell thee I will be sorry, in despite of thee and all them that would have me joyful.” “And yet,” replied she, “perchance Philoclea is not dead whom you so much bemoan.” “I would we were both dead on that condition,” said Pyrocles. “See the folly of your passion,” said she ; “as though you should be nearer to her, you being dead and she alive than she being dead and you alive. And, if she be dead, was she not born to die ? What,

then, do you cry out for? Not for her, who must have died one time or other, but for some few years; so as it is time and this world that seem so lovely things, and not Philoclea, unto you." "O noble sisters," cried Pyrocles, "now you be gone, who were the only exalters of all womankind, what is left in that sex but babbling and business?"* "And truly," said she, "I will yet a little longer trouble you." "Nay, I pray you do," said Pyrocles; "for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefs and cumpers, and I am content you shall be one of them." "In truth," said she, "you would think yourself a greatly privileged person if, since the strongest building and lastingest monarchies are subject to end, only your Philoclea, because she is yours, should be exempted. But, indeed, you bemoan yourself, who have lost a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preserved her honour and left the miseries of this world." "O woman's philosophy, childish folly," said Pyrocles; "as, though I do bemoan myself, I have not reason so to do, having lost more than any monarchy—nay, than my life can be worth unto me." "Alas!" said she, "comfort yourself; Nature did not forget her skill when she made them; you shall find many their superiors, and perchance such as, when your eyes shall look abroad, yourself will like better."

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of Pyrocles, in so much that, leaping out of his bed, he ran to have stricken her; but, coming near her, the morning then winning the field of darkness, he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the very face of Philoclea; the same sweetness, the same grace, the same beauty; with which, carried into a divine astonishment, he fell down at her feet. "Most blessed

* *Business*—Officiousness, multiplicity of affairs.

“Must *business* thee from hence remove,
Oh, that's the worst disease of love.”—DONNE.

angel," said he, "well hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thyself to mortal sense ; for a more angelical form could not have been created for thee. Alas ! even by that excellent beauty so beloved of me, let it be lawful for me to ask of thee what is the cause that she, that heavenly creature whose form you have taken, should by the heavens be destined to so unripe an end? Why should injustice so prevail? Why was she seen to the world so soon to be ravished from us? Why was she not suffered to live, to teach the world perfection?" "Do not deceive thyself," answered she ; "I am no angel : I am Philoclea, the same Philoclea, so truly loving you, so truly beloved of you." "If it be so," said he, "that you are indeed the soul of Philoclea, you have done well to keep your own figure ; for no heaven could have given you a better. Then, alas ! why have you taken the pains to leave your blissful seat to come to this place, most wretched to me, who am wretchedness itself, and not rather obtain for me that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold and eternally to love your beauties? You know, I know, that I desire nothing but death, which I only stay to be justly revenged of your unjust murtherers." "Dear Pyrocles," said she, "I am thy Philoclea, and, as yet, living, not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore be comforted ;" and with that gave him her hand.

But the sweet touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heavenly a thing that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former belief ; till she, with vehement protestations, and desire that it might be so, helping to persuade that it was so, brought him to yield, yet doubtfully to yield to this height of all comfort, that Philoclea lived ; which witnessing with tears of joy, "Alas !" said he, "how shall I believe mine eyes any more? Or do you yet but

appear thus unto me to stay me from some desperate end? For, alas! I saw the excellent Pamela beheaded; I saw your head—the head, indeed, and chief part of all nature's works—standing in a dish of gold—too mean a shrine, God wot, for such a relic. How can this be, my only dear, and you live? Or, if this be not so, how can I believe mine own senses? and, if I cannot believe them, why should I believe these blessed tidings they bring me?"

"The truth is," said she, "my Pyrocles, that neither I, as you find, nor yet my dear sister, is dead, although the mischievously-subtle Cecropia used sleights* to make either of us think so of other. For, having in vain attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence to make either of us yield to her son, and seeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries and rich presents, could get any ground of us, nor yet the violent way she fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies could prevail with us, at last she made either of us think the other dead, and so hoped to have wrested our minds to the forgetting of virtue; and first she gave to mine eyes the miserable spectacle of my sister's (as I thought) death; but, indeed, it was not my sister—it was only Artesia, she who so cunningly brought us to this misery. Truly I am sorry for the poor gentlewoman, though justly she be punished for her double falsehood; but Artesia, muffled so as you could not easily discern her, and in my sister's apparel, which they had taken from her under colour of giving her other, did they execute; and when I, for thy sake especially, dear Pyrocles, could by no force nor fear be won, they essayed

* *Sleights*—Tricks, deceptions. "Be all prudent foresight, lest our simplicity be over-reached by cunning *sleights*."—HOOKER, Sermons.

"Though false Duessa it to barre
Her false *sleights* doe employ."

—Faerie Queene, head to cant. xii. bk. I.

the like with my sister, by bringing me down under the scaffold, and, making me thrust my head up through a hole they had made therein, they did put about my poor neck a dish of gold whereout they had beaten the bottom, so as having set blood in it, you saw how I played the part of death—God knows, even willing to have done it in earnest—and so had they set me that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, so as scarcely I could breathe, much less speak. And truly, if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had strangled me instead of beheading me ; but then they took me away, and, seeking to see their issue of this practice, they found my noble sister, for the dear love she vouchsafeth to bear me, so grieved withal that she willed them to do their uttermost cruelty unto her ; for she vowed never to receive sustenance of them that had been the causers of my murther ; and, finding both of us even given over, not like to live many hours longer, and my sister Pamela rather worse than myself—the strength of her heart worse bearing those indignities—the good woman Cecropia, with the same pity as folks keep fowl when they are not fat enough for their eating, made us know her deceit, and let us come one to another—with what joy you can well imagine, who, I know, feel the like, saving that we only thought ourselves reserved to miseries, and therefore fitter for condoling than congratulating. True, I think it is but a little respite, yet I would rob from death the most sweet comfort of seeing thee, my Pyrocles. And so, having leave, I came stealing into your chamber, where what a joy it was unto me to hear you solemnise the funerals of the poor Philoclea ! That I myself might live to hear my death bewailed ! And by whom ? By my dear Pyrocles. That I saw death was not strong enough to divide thy love from me ! O my Pyrocles, I am too well paid for my pains I have suffered. Joyful is my woe for so noble a cause ; and welcome be all

miseries, since to thee I am so welcome. Alas ! how I pitied to hear thy pity of me ; and yet a great while I could not find in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had even pleasure to weep with thee ; and so kindly came forth thy lamentations that they enforced me to lament too, as if, indeed, I had been a looker-on to see poor Philoclea die. Till at last I spake with you, to try whether I could remove thee from sorrow, till I had almost procured myself a beating.” And with that she prettily smiled ; which mingled with her tears, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure or a delightful sorrow, but like when a few April drops are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers.

Then began Pyrocles, half distraught with joy, to comfort her ; but who could lively describe the manner of these speeches should paint out the lightsome colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadows of sorrow, finding then between hope and fear a kind of sweetness in tears ; till Philoclea, content to receive a kiss, and but a kiss of Pyrocles, sealed up his moving lips, and closed them up in comfort, and herself, for the passage was left between them open, went to her sister, with whom she stayed but a while, fortifying one another, while Philoclea tempered Pamela’s just disdain, and Pamela ennobled Philoclea’s sweet humbleness, when Amphialus came unto them, who never since he had heard Philoclea named could be quiet in himself, although none of them about him, fearing more his mother’s violence than his power, would discover what had passed ; and many messengers he sent to know her estate, which brought answer back according as it pleased Cecropia to indite them, till his heart, full of unfortunate affection, more and more misgiving him, having impatiently borne the delay of the night’s unfitness, this morning he gat up, and, though full of wounds (which not without danger could suffer such

exercise), he apparelled himself, and, with a countenance that showed strength in nothing but in grief, he came where the sisters were, and weakly kneeling down, he besought them to pardon him if they had not been used in that castle according to their worthiness and his duty, beginning to excuse small matters, poor gentleman, not knowing in what sort they had been handled.

But Pamela's high heart, having conceived mortal hate for the injury offered to her and her sister, could scarcely abide his sight, much less hear out his excuses, but interrupted him with these words: "Traitor," said she, "to thine own blood, and false to the profession of so much love as thou hast vowed! do not defile our ears with thy excuses, but pursue on* the cruelty that thou and thy godly mother have used towards us; for my part, assure thyself—and so do I answer for my sister, whose mind I know—I do not more desire mine own safety than thy destruction." Amazed with this speech, he turned his eye, full of humble sorrowfulness, to Philoclea. "And is this, most excellent lady, your doom of me also?"

She, sweet lady, sate weeping; for, as her most noble kinsman, she had ever favoured him and loved his love, though she could not be in love with his person; and now, partly unkindness of his wrong, partly pity of his case, made her sweet mind yield some tears before she could answer, and her answer was no other but that she had the same cause as her sister had. He replied no further, but delivering from his heart two or three untaught sighs, rose, and, with most low reverence, went out of their chamber, and straight, by threatening torture, learned of one of the women in what terrible manner those princesses had been used. But when he heard

* *Pursue on*—Used in the sense of "follow on." I cannot find another instance of this duplication.

it, crying out "O God!" and then not able to say any more, for his speech went back to rebound woe upon his heart, he needed no judge to go upon him, for no man could ever think any other worthy of greater punishment than he thought himself. Full, therefore, of the horriblest despair which a most guilty conscience could breed, with wild looks promising some terrible issue, understanding his mother was up on the top of the leads, he caught one of his servant's swords from him, and none of them daring to stay him, he went up, carried by fury instead of strength, where she was at that time musing how to go through with this matter, and resolving to make much of her nieces in show and secretly to impoison them, thinking, since they were not to be won, her son's love would no otherwise be mitigated.

But when she saw him come in with a sword drawn, and a look more terrible than the sword, she straight was stricken with the guiltiness of her own conscience; yet the well-known humbleness of her son somewhat animated her, till he, coming nearer her, and crying to her, "Thou damnable creature! only fit to bring forth such a monster of unhappiness as I am!" she, fearing he would have stricken her, though indeed he meant it not, but only intended to kill himself in her presence, went back so far, till, ere she were aware, she overthrew herself from over the leads, to receive her death's kiss at the ground; and yet was she not so happy as presently to die, but that she had time, with hellish agony, to see her son's mischief, whom she loved so well, before her end; when she confessed, with most desperate but not repenting mind, the purpose she had to impoison the princesses, and would then have had them murdered. But everybody seeing, and glad to see, her end, had left obedience to* her tyranny.

* *Left obedience to*—Had ceased to obey her.

And, if it could be, her ruin increased woe in the noble heart of Amphialus, who, when he saw her fall, had his own rage stayed a little with the suddenness of her destruction. “And was I not enough miserable before,” said he, “but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? who, how wicked soever, yet I would she had received her punishment by some other. O Amphialus! wretched Amphialus! thou hast lived to be the death of thy most dear companion and friend Philoxenus, and of his father, thy most careful foster-father; thou hast lived to kill a lady with thine own hands, and so excellent and virtuous a lady as the fair Parthenia was; thou hast lived to see thy faithful Ismenus slain in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him; thou hast lived to show thyself such a coward as that one unknown knight could overcome thee in thy lady’s presence; thou hast lived to bear arms against thy rightful prince, thine own uncle; thou hast lived to be accounted, and justly accounted, a traitor by the most excellent persons that this world holdeth; thou hast lived to be the death of her that gave thee life: but, ah, wretched Amphialus! thou hast lived for thy sake, and by thy authority, to have Philoclea tormented, O heavens! in Amphialus’ castle, where Amphialus commanded—tormented! tormented! Torment of my soul! Philoclea tormented! and thou hast had such comfort in thy life as to live all this while! Perchance this hand, used only to mischievous acts, thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or else, filthy hand, only worthy to kill women, thou art afraid to strike a man. Fear not, cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traitor; and do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom Philoclea hateth.”

With that furiously he tare open his doublet, and setting the pommel of the sword to the ground and the point to his breast, he fell upon it. But the sword, more merciful than he

to himself, with the slipping of the pommel the point swarved* and rased him but upon the side ; yet with the fall his other wounds opened so as he bled in such extremity that Charon's boat might very well be carried in that flood which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet and fell, there fell out Philoclea's knives, which Cecropia at the first had taken from her and delivered to her son, and he had ever worn them next his heart as the only relic he had of his saint ; now, seeing them by him, his sword being so as weakness could not well draw it out from his doublet, he took the knives, and pulling one of them out and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindness and unkindness melting in tears, " O dear knives, you are come in good time to revenge the wrong I have done you all this while in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistress' leave. Alas ! be witness with me yet before I die—and well you may, for you have lain next my heart—that by my consent your excellent mistress should have had as much honour as this poor place could have brought forth for so high an excellency ; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas ! other, far other hope would my desire often have given me, but other event it hath pleased her to lay upon me. Ah, Philoclea"—with that his tears gushed out as though they would strive to overflow his blood—" I would yet thou knewest how I love thee. Unworthy I am, unhappy I am, false I am ; but to thee, alas ! I am not false. But what a traitor am I any way to excuse him whom she condemneth ! Since there is nothing left me wherein I may do her service

* *Swarved*, Sw. *swarf-wa*, *circumagere*. Richardson, citing this passage, spells it "swerved." Hooker and Jewell use "swarving" and "swarveth," and Spenser has—

" And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were fixt, ne *swarved* other way."

—Faerie Queene, bk. i. cant. 10.

but in punishing him who hath so offended her, dear knife, then do your noble mistress' commandment."

With that he stabbed himself into divers places of his breast and throat, until those wounds, with the old freshly bleeding, brought him to the senseless gate of death. By which time his servants having with fear of his fury abstained a while from coming unto him, one of them, preferring dutiful affection before fearful duty, came in, and there found him swimming in his own blood, giving a pitiful spectacle, where the conquest was the conqueror's overthrow, and self-ruin the only triumph of a battle fought between him and himself. The time full of danger, the person full of worthiness, the manner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders, so as by-and-by all the town was full of it, and then of all ages came running up to see the beloved body, everybody thinking their safety bled in his wounds and their honour died in his destruction.

But when it came, and quickly it came, to the ears of his proud friend Anaxius, who by that time was grown well of his wound, but never had come abroad, disdaining to abase himself to the company of any other but of Amphialus, he was exceedingly vexed either with kindness, or, if a proud heart be not capable thereof, with disdain, that he who had the honour to be called the friend of Anaxius should come to such an unexpected ruin ; therefore, then coming abroad with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with lids raised and eyes levelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth shake under him, with his hand upon his sword, short speeches and disdainful answers, giving straight order to his two brothers to go take the oath of obedience in his name of all the soldiers and citizens in the town, and, withal, to swear them to revenge the death of Amphialus upon Basilius, he himself went to

see him, calling for all the surgeons and physicians there, spending some time in viewing the body, and threatening them all to be hanged if they did not heal him. But they, taking view of his wounds, and falling down at Anaxius' feet, assured him that they were mortal, and no possible means to keep him above two days alive ; and he stood partly in doubt to kill or save them between his own fury and their humbleness, but vowing with his own hands to kill the two sisters as causers of his friend's death, when his brothers came to him and told him they had done his commandment, in having received the oath of allegiance with no great difficulty, the most part terrified by their valour and force of their servants, and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion willing to do anything rather than come under the subjection of Basilius again, and such few as durst gainsay being cut off by present slaughter.

But, withal, as the chief matter of their coming to him, they told Anaxius that the fair Queen Helen was come with an honourable retinue to the town, humbly desiring leave to see Amphialus, whom she had sought in many places of the world ; and, lastly, being returned into her own country, she heard together of the late siege, and of his combat with the strange knight who had dangerously hurt him ; whereupon, full of loving care, which she was content even to publish to the world, how ungratefully soever he dealt with her, she had gotten leave of Basilius to come by his frontiers to carry away Amphialus with her to the excellentest surgeon then known, whom she had in her country, but so old as not able to travel, but had given her sovereign anointments to preserve his body withal, till he might be brought unto him ; and that Basilius had granted leave, either natural kindness prevailing over all the offences done, or rather glad to make any passage which might lead him out of his country and from his daughters.

This discourse Lycurgus understanding of Helen, delivered to his brother, with her vehement desire to see the body, and take her last farewell of him. Anaxius, though he were fallen out with all womankind, in respect of the hate he bare the sisters, whom he accounted murderers of Amphialus, yet at his brother's request granted her leave ; and she, poor lady, with grievous expectation and languishing desire, carried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when she saw him, though sorrow had set before her mind the pitifullest conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the present sight went beyond all the former apprehensions, so that beginning to kneel by the body, her sight ran from her service rather than abide such a sight, and she fell in a swound upon him, as if she could not choose but die of his wounds. But when her breath, aweary to be closed up in woe, broke the prison of her fair lips and brought memory, with his servant senses, to his natural office, she yet made the breath convey these doleful words with it:—
“Alas !” said she, “Amphialus, what strange disasters be these, that, having sought thee so long, I should be now sorry to find thee ! that these eyes should look upon Amphialus and be grieved withal ! that I should have thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort ! How often have I blest the means that might bring me near thee ! Now woe worth the cause that brings me so near thee ! Often, alas ! often hast thou disdained my tears, but now, my dear Amphialus, receive them ; these eyes can serve for nothing else but to weep for thee: since thou wouldst never vouchsafe them thy comfort, yet disdain not them thy sorrow. I would they had been more dear unto thee, for then hadst thou lived. Woe is me that thy noble heart could love who hated thee, and hate who loved thee ! Alas ! why should not my

faith to thee cover my other defects, who only sought to make my crown thy foot-stool, myself thy servant? That was all my ambition, and, alas! thou disdainedst it to serve them by whom thy incomparable self wert disdained. Yet, O Philoclea, wheresoever you are, pardon me if I speak in the bitterness of my soul, excellent may you be in all other things, and excellent sure you are since he loved you, your want of pity, where the fault only was infiniteness of desert, cannot be excused. I would, O God! I would that you had granted his deserved suit of marrying you, and that I had been your serving-maid, to have made my estate the foil of your felicity, so he had lived. How many weary steps have I trodden after thee, while my only complaint was that thou wert unkind! Alas! I would now thou wert to be unkind. Alas! why wouldst thou not command my service in persuading Philoclea to love thee? Who could, or, if every one could, who would have recounted thy perfection so well as I? Who, with such kindly passions, could have stirred pity for thee as I, who should have delivered not only the words but the tears I had of thee, and so shouldst thou have exercised thy disdain in me, and yet used my service for thee?"

With that the body moving somewhat, and giving a groan full of death's music, she fell upon his face and kissed him, and withal cried out: "O miserable I, that have only favour by misery!" and then would she have returned to a fresh career of complaints, when an aged and wise gentleman came to her and besought her to remember what was fit for her greatness, wisdom, and honour; and withal, that it was fitter to show her love in carrying the body to her excellent surgeon, first applying such excellent medicines as she had received of him for that purpose, rather than only show herself a woman-lover in fruitless lamentations. She was straight warned with the obedience of an overthrown

mind, and therefore leaving some surgeons of her own to dress the body, went herself to Anaxius, and humbling herself to him as low as his own pride could wish, besought him that since the surgeons there had utterly given him over, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, since the worst he could have should be to die, and to die in her arms that loved him above all things ; and where he should have such monuments erected over him as were fit for her love and his worthiness ; beseeching him withal, since she was in a country of enemies, where she trusted more to Anaxius' valour than Basilius' promise, that he would convey them safely out of those territories. Her reasons something moved him, but nothing thoroughly persuaded him but the last request of his help, which he straight promised, warranting all security as long as that sword had his master alive. She as happy therein as unhappiness could be, having received as small comfort of her own surgeons as of the others, caused yet the body to be easily conveyed into the litter, all the people then beginning to roar and cry as though never till then they had lost their lord ; and if the terror of Anaxius had not kept them under, they would have mutinied rather than suffered his body to be carried away.

But Anaxius himself riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they were afraid even to cry, though they were ready to cry for fear, but because that they might do, everybody forced, even with harming themselves, to do honour to him, some throwing themselves upon the ground, some tearing their clothes and casting dust upon their heads, and some even wounding themselves and sprinkling their own blood in the air. Which so moved Anaxius to consider the loss of his friend that, his mind apter to revenge than tenderness, he presently giving order to his brother to keep the prisoners safe and unvisited till his return from conveying

Helen, he sent a messenger to the sisters to tell them this courteous message : that at his return, with his own hands, he would cut off their heads and send them for tokens to their father. This message was brought unto the sisters as they sate at that time together with Zelmane, conferring how to carry themselves, having heard of the death of Amphialus ; and, as no expectation of death is so painful as where the resolution is hindered by the intermixing of hopes, so did this new alarm, though not remove, yet move somewhat the constancy of their minds, which were so unconstantly dealt with.

“Loved sister,” said the excellent Pamela, “see in how many acts our tragedy is. Fortune is not yet weary of vexing us ; but even in this dark I see a light of comfort yet. And let death come : what is it but a bugbear only? Only”—with that she stayed a little and sighed—“only, my Philoclea”—then she bowed down and whispered in her ear—“only Musidorus, my shepherd, comes between me and death, and makes me think I should not die because I know he would not I should die.” And so stayed they, having yet that comfort that they might tarry together ; Pamela nobly, Philoclea sweetly, and Zelmane sadly and desperately, none of them entertaining sleep, which they thought should shortly begin never to awake.

But Anaxius came home, having safely conducted Helen ; and safely he might well do it, for, though many of Basilius’ knights would have attempted something upon Anaxius, by that means to deliver the ladies, yet Philanax, having received his master’s commandment, and knowing his word was given, would not consent unto it ; and the Black Knight, who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds, did not know thereof, but was bringing force, by force to deliver his lady. So as Anaxius, interpreting it rather fear than faith, and making even chance an argument of his virtue, returned, and,

as soon as he was returned, with a felon heart calling his brothers up with him, he went into the chamber where they were all three together, with still intention to kill the sisters with his own hands, and send their heads for tokens to their father ; though his brothers, who were otherwise inclined, dissuaded him ; but his reverence stayed their persuasions. But when he was come into the chamber with the very words of choleric threatening climbing up his throat, his eyes first lighted upon Pamela, who, hearing he was coming, and looking for death, thought she would keep her own majesty in welcoming it, but the beams thereof so struck his eyes, with such a counterbuff* upon his pride, that, if his anger could not so quickly love, nor his pride so easily honour, yet both were forced to find a worthiness ; which while it bred a pause in him, Zelmane, who had already in her mind both what and how to say, stepped out unto him, and with a resolute staidness, void either of anger, kindness, disdain, or humbleness, spake in this sort :—

“Anaxius,” said she, “if fame hath not been over-partial to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee even before that virtue, and will make it the judge between us. And now I do affirm thou doest cowardly in going about by the death of these excellent ladies, to prevent the just punishment that hereafter they, by the powers which they, better than their father or any other could make, might lay upon thee, and doest most basely in once presenting thyself as an executioner, a vile office upon men, and in a just

* *Counterbuff* here means a blow ; ordinarily “buff” is the leathern hide used as armour. Bayard strikes his enemy upon the buff ; and “buffer” —whence our “buffer”—is that which defends one from blows.

“And for the good old cause stood buff
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.”

—BUTLER, *Hudibras*, Ep.

cause, beyond the degree of any vile word in so unjust a cause, and upon ladies, and such ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I say thou art unworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I say will I allege other reasons of wisdom or justice to prove my speech, because I know thou doest disdain to be tied to their rules ; but even in thine own virtue, whereof thou so much gloriest, I will make my trial, and therefore defy thee, by the death of one of us two, to prove or disprove these reproaches. Choose thee what arms thou likest ; I only demand that these ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty see the combat.”

When Zelmane began her speech, the excellency of her beauty and grace made him a little content to hear. Besides that, a new lesson he had read in Pamela had already taught him some regard ; but when she entered into bravery of speech, he thought at first a mad and railing humour possessed her, till finding the speeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he stood leaning back with his body and head, sometimes with bent brows looking upon the one side of her, sometimes of the other, beyond marvel marvelling that he, who had never heard such speeches from any knight, should be thus rebuffed by a woman, and that marvel made him hear out her speech, which ended, he turned his head to his brother Zoilus and said nothing, but only lifting up his eyes, smiled. But Zelmane finding his mind, “Anaxius,” said she, “perchance thou disdainest to answer me, because, as a woman, thou thinkest me not fit to be fought withal ; but I tell thee that I have been trained up in martial matters with so good success that I have many times overcome braver knights than thyself, and am well known to be equal in feats of arms to the famous Pyrocles, who slew thy valiant uncle, the giant Euardes.”

The remembrance of his uncle's death something nettled him, so as he answered thus :—

“ Indeed,” said he, “ any woman may be as valiant as that coward and traitorly boy, who slew my uncle traitorously, and after ran from me in the plain field. Five thousand such could not have overcome Euardes but by falsehood : but I sought him all over Asia, following him still from one of his cony-holes* to another, till coming into this country I heard of my friend's being besieged, and so came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But wheresoever the miserable boy fly, heaven nor hell shall keep his heart from being torn by these hands.” “ Thou liest in thy throat !” said Zelmane ; “ that boy, wherever he went, did so noble acts as thy heart, as proud as it is, dares not think of, much less perform. But, to please thee the better with my presence, I tell thee no creature can be nearer of kin to him than myself ; and so well we love, that he would not be sorrier for his own death than for mine—I being begotten by his father of an Amazon lady ; and therefore thou canst not devise to revenge thyself more upon him than by killing me, which if thou darest do, manfully do it, otherwise, if thou harm these incomparable ladies or myself without daring to fight with me, I protest before these knights, and before heaven and earth, that will reveal thy shame, that thou art the beggarliest, dastardly villain that dishonoureth the earth with his steps ; and if thou lettest me overlive them, so will I blaze thee.”

But all this could not move Anaxius, but that he only said, “ Evil should it become the terror of the world to fight, much worse to scold with thee. But,” said he, “ for the death of these same,” pointing to the princesses, “ of my grace I give

* *Cony-holes*—Rabbit-burrows. “ Here's one of Sir Ralph Non-such his rabbit-catchers : there's scarce a ferret sees further into a *coney-hole*.”—HOWARD, “ Man of Newmarket,” 1678.

them life ;” and withal, going to Pamela, and offering to take her by the chin, “And as for you, minion,”* said he, “yield but gently to my will, and you shall not only live, but live so happily——” He would have said further, when Pamela, displeased both with words, matter, and manner, putting him away with her fair hand, “Proud beast !” said she, “yet thou playest worse thy comedy than thy tragedy. For my part, assure thyself, since my destiny is such that each moment my life and death stand in equal balance, I had rather have thee, and think thee far fitter, to be my hangman than my husband.”

Pride and anger would fain have cruelly revenged so bitter an answer, but already Cupid had begun to make it his sport to pull his plumes, so that, unused to a way of courtesy, and put out of his bias of pride, he hastily went away, grumbling to himself, between threatening and wishing, leaving his brothers with them, the elder of whom, Lycurgus, liked Philoclea, and Zoilus would needs love Zelmane, or at least entertain themselves with making them believe so. Lycurgus more bragged, and, near his brother’s humour, began with setting forth their blood, their deeds, how many they had despised of most excellent women, how much they were bound to them that would seek that of them ; in sum, in all his speeches more like the bestower than the desirer of felicity, whom it was an excellent pastime, to those that would delight in the play of virtue, to see with what a witty ignorance she would not understand ; and how, acknowledging his perfections, she would make that one of his perfections not to be injurious to ladies. But when he knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying,

* *Minion*—A term of endearment ; also used in the sense of anything small, delicate, or agreeable. (Fr. *mignon*.) “His hynes lykthe your *mynyon* howse.”—STATE PAPERS, i. 307.

still viewing his graces in no glass but self-liking, to which Philoclea's shamefastness and humbleness were as strong resisters as choler and disdain ; for, though she yielded not, he thought she was to be overcome, and that thought a while stayed him from further violence. But Zelmane had eye to his behaviour, and set it in her memory upon the score of revenge, while she herself was no less attempted by Zoilus.

But when, after their fruitless labours, they had gone away, called by their brother, who began to be perplexed between new-conceived desires, and disdain to be disdained, Zelmane, who with most assured quietness of judgment looked into their present estate, earnestly persuaded the two sisters that, to avoid the mischiefs of proud outrage, they would only so far suit their behaviour to their estates as they might win time, which as it could not bring them to worse case than they were, so it might bring forth unexpected relief. And so, when they were again solicited in that little-pleasing petition, Pamela forced herself to make answer to Anaxius that, if her father gave his consent, she would make herself believe that such was the heavenly determination, since she had no means to avoid it. Anaxius, who was the most frank promiser to himself of success, nothing doubted of Basilius' consent, but rather assured himself he would be his orator in that matter ; and therefore he chose out an officious servant, whom he esteemed very wise because he never found him but just of his opinion, and willed him to be his ambassador to Basilius, and to make him know that if he meant to have his daughter both safe and happy, and desired himself to have such a son-in-law as would not only protect him in his quiet course, but, if he listed to accept it, would give him the monarchy of the world, that then he should receive Anaxius, who never before knew what it was to pray anything. That, if he did not, he would make him know that the power of

Anaxius was in everything beyond his will, and yet his will not to be resisted by any other power.

The messenger with speed performed his lord's commandment to Basilius, who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtful, was loath to take any matter of arms in hand, wherein already he had found so slow success, though Philanax vehemently urged him thereunto, making him see that his retiring back did encourage injuries. But Basilius, betwixt the fear of Anaxius' might, the passion of his love and jealousy of his estate, was so perplexed, that, not able to determine, he took the common course of men, to fly only then to devotion when they want resolution ; therefore, detaining the messenger with delays, he deferred the directing of his course to the counsel of Apollo, which, because himself at that time could not well go to require, he intrusted the matter to his best trusted Philanax, who, as one in whom obedience was sufficient reason unto him, went with diligence to Delphos, where being entered into the secret place of the temple, and having performed the sacrifices usual, the spirit that possessed the prophesying woman with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but, as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in dark wonted speeches, but plainly to be understood, what he came for, and that he should return to Basilius and will him to deny his daughters to Anaxius and his brothers, for that they were reserved for such as were better beloved of the gods. That he should not doubt, for they should return unto him safely and speedily, and that he should keep on his solitary course till both Philanax and Basilius fully agreed in the understanding of the former prophecy, withal commanding Philanax from thenceforward to give tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.

Philanax, then finding that reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning in things above reason,

returns to his lord, and, like one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him ; nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that which he found by the celestial providence directed ; but he himself looking to repair the government as much as in so broken an estate by civil dissension he might, and fortifying with notable art both the lodges so as they were almost made unapproachable, he left Basilius to bemoan the absence of his daughters, and to bewail the imprisonment of Zelmane ; yet wholly given holily to obey the oracle, he gave a resolute negative unto the messenger of Anaxius, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good terms desiring him to show himself in respect of his birth and profession so princely a knight as, without forcing him to seek the way of force, to deliver in noble sort those ladies unto him, and so should the injury have been by Amphialus and the benefit in him.

The messenger went back with this answer, yet having ever used to sugar anything which his master was to receive, he told him that when Basilius first understood his desires, it did over-reach so far all his most hopeful expectations that he thought it were too great a boldness to hearken to such a man, in whom the heavens had such interest, without asking the god's counsel, and therefore had sent his principal counsellor to Delphos, who, although he kept the matter never so secret, yet his diligence, inspired by Anaxius' privilege over all worldly things, had found out the secret, which was that he should not presume to marry his daughter to one who already was enrolled among the demi-gods, and yet much less he should dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made fortune his creator, and force his God, now began to find another wisdom to be above that judged so rightly of him ; and where in this time of his

servant's waiting for Basilius' resolution he and his brothers had courted their ladies, as whom they vouchsafed to have for their wives, he resolved now to dally no longer in delays, but to make violence his orator, since he had found persuasions had gotten nothing but answers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who gave spurs to his runnings, and (worthy men), having neither virtue in themselves nor tendering it in others, went headlong to make an evil consort of love and force, when Anaxius had word that they from the tower descried some companies of armed men. He sent his servants, therefore, to the gates, leaving none within but his brothers and himself.

But, while he was directing what he would have done, his youngest brother Zoilus, glad that he had the commission, went in the name of Anaxius to tell the sisters, that since he had answer from their father that he and his brother Lycurgus should have them in what sort it pleased them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but presently to determine whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled or persuaded. Pamela made him answer that, in a matter whereon the whole state of her life depended, and wherein she had ever answered she would not lead, but follow her parents' pleasure, she thought it reason she should, either by letter or particular messenger, understand something from themselves, and not have their belief bound to the report of their partial servant ; and, therefore, as to their words, she and her sister had ever a simple and true resolution, so against their unjust force God, they hoped, would either arm their lives or take away their lives. "Well, ladies," said he, "I will leave my brothers, who by-and-by will come unto you, to be their own ambassadors ; for my part, I must now do myself service."

And with that, turning up his mustachoes, and marching

as if he would begin a pavin,* he went toward Zelmane ; but Zelmane having had, all this while of the messenger's being with Basilius, much to do to keep those excellent ladies from seeking by the passport of death to escape those base dangers whereunto they found themselves subject, still hoping that Musidorus would find some means to deliver them, and, therefore, had often, both by her own example and comfortable reasons, persuaded them to overpass many insolent indignities of their proud suitors, who thought it was a sufficient favour not to do the uttermost injury, now come again to the strait she most feared for them, either of death or dishonour, if heroical courage would have let her, she had been beyond herself amazed ; but that yet held up her wit to attend the uttermost occasion, which even then brought his hairy forehead unto her ; for Zoilus, smacking his lips as for the prologue of a kiss, and something advancing himself, tried, indeed, to snatch it, and proffered marriage, but Zelmane answered she was bound by a vow never to marry any one who was not superior to her in fight. Zoilus, laughing with a hearty loudness, said she should soon know what a man at arms he was, and, without reverence to the ladies, began to struggle with her. Zelmane, abiding no longer abode in the matter, she that had not put off, though she had disguised Pyrocles, being far fuller of stronger nimbleness, tripped up his feet, so that he fell down at hers, and, withal, meaning to pursue what she had begun, pulled out his sword which he wore about him ; but, before she could strike him withal, he gat up and ran to a fair chamber, where he had left his two brethren preparing themselves to come down to their mistresses. But she followed at his heels, and even as he came to throw himself into their arms for succour, she hit him with his own sword such a blow upon the

* *Pavin*—A grave Spanish dance (Sp. *pavána*).

waist that she almost cut him asunder at once. But Anaxius, seeing before his eyes the miserable end of his brother, fuller of despite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than sorrow, looking with a woeful eye upon his brother Lycurgus, "Brother," said he, "chastise this vile creature, while I go down and take order lest further mischief arise;" and so went down to the ladies, whom he visited, doubting there had been some further practice than yet he conceived; but, finding them only strong in patience, he went and locked a great iron gate, by which only anybody might mount to that part of the castle, rather to conceal the shame of his brother, slain by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyance, and then went up to receive some comfort of the execution he was sure his brother had done of Zelmane. But Zelmane no sooner saw those brothers, of whom reason assured her she was to expect revenge, but that she leaped to a target as one that well knew the first mark of valour to be defence; and then accepting the opportunity of Anaxius' going away, she waited not the pleasure of Lycurgus, but, without any words, which she ever thought vain when resolution took the place of persuasion, gave her own heart the contentment to be the assailer. Lycurgus, who was in the disposition of his nature hazardous, and by the lucky passing through many dangers grown confident in himself, went toward her, rather as to a spoil than to a fight, so far from fear that his assuredness disdained to hope. But when her sword made demonstrations above all flattery of arguments, and that he found she pressed so upon him as showed that her courage sprang not from blind despair, but was guarded both with cunning and strength, self-love then first in him divided itself from vainglory, and made him find that the world of worthiness had not his whole globe comprised in his breast, but that it was necessary to have strong resistance against so strong

assailing. And so between them, for a few blows, Mars himself might have been delighted to look on; but Zelmane, who knew that in her case slowness of victory was little better than ruin, with the bellows of hate blew the fire of courage, and he, striking a main blow at her head, she warded it with the shield, but so warded that the shield was cut in two pieces while it protected her; and, withal, she ran in to him, and thrusting at his breast, which he put by with his target, as he was lifting up his sword to strike again, she let fall the piece of her shield, and with her left hand catching his sword of the inside of the pommel, with nimble and strong sleight she had gotten his sword out of his hand before his sense could convey to his imagination what was to be doubted, and, having now two swords against one shield, meaning not foolishly to be ungrateful to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being unweapened than with the suddenness thereof, she gave him such a wound upon his head, in despite of the shield's over-weak resistance, that he fell to the ground, astonished with pain, and aghast with fear; with that she made her sword drink the blood of his heart, though he, wresting his body, and with a countenance prepared to excuse, would fain have delayed the receiving of death's ambassadors.

But neither that stayed Zelmane's hand, nor yet Anaxius' cry unto her, who, having made fast the iron gate, even then came to the top of the stairs, when, contrary to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at Zelmane's mercy; therefore, crying, promising, and threatening to her to hold her hand, the last groan of his brother was the only answer he could get to his unrespected eloquence. But then pity would fain have drawn tears, which fury, in their spring, dried; and anger would fain have spoken, but that disdain sealed up his lips; but in his heart he blasphemed heaven that it could have

such a power over him ; no less ashamed of the victory he should have of her than of his brother's overthrow, and no more spited that it was yet-unrevenged than that the revenge should be no greater than a woman's destruction ; therefore, with no speech, but such a groaning cry as often is the language of sorrowful anger, he came running at Zelmane, use of fighting then serving instead of patient consideration what to do. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing upon Zelmane in such a well-defended manner that, in all the combats that ever she had fought, she had never more need of quick senses and ready virtue.* For being one of the greatest men of stature then living, as he did fully answer that stature in greatness of might, so did he exceed both in greatness of courage, which, with a countenance formed by the nature both of his mind and body to an almost horrible fierceness, was able to have carried fear to any mind that was not privy to itself of a true and constant worthiness. But Pyrocles, whose soul might well be separated from his body, but never alienated from the remembering of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousness of his adversary, whom once before he had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the very picture of forcible fury, yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening than weakening his virtue by that wrestling, like wine growing the stronger by being moved. So that they both, prepared in hearts and able in hands, did honour solitariness there with such a combat as might have demanded as a right of fortune whole armies of beholders.

But no beholders needed there where manhood blew the trumpet and satisfaction did whet as much as glory. There

* *Virtue*—Here used in the Roman sense ; for with them *virtus* was military valour.

was strength against nimbleness, rage against resolution, fury against virtue, confidence against courage, pride against nobleness ; love in both breeding mutual hatred and desire of revenging, the injuries of his brothers' slaughter to Anaxius being like Philoclea's captivity to Pyrocles. Who had seen the one would have thought nothing could have resisted ; who had marked the other would have marvelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, either of which are able to carry worlds of ships and men upon them, with such swiftness as nothing seems able to withstand them, yet, meeting one another, with mingling their watery forces and struggling together it is long to say whether stream gets the victory ; so between these, if Pallas had been there, she could scarcely have told whether she had nursed better in the feats of arms. The Irish greyhound against the English mastiff, the sword-fish against the whale, the rhinoceros against the elephant, might be models, and but models, of this combat. Anaxius was better armed defensively, for, beside a strong casque bravely covered,* wherewith he covered his head, he had a huge shield, such, perchance, as Achilles showed to the pale walls of Troy, wherewithal that great body was covered. But Pyrocles, utterly unarmed for defence, to offend had the advantage ; for in either hand he had a sword, and with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diversely furnished, so they did differ in the manner of fighting ; for Anaxius most by warding, and Pyrocles oftenest by avoiding, resisted the adversary's assault. Both hasty to end, yet both often staying for advantage. Time, distance, and motion custom made them so perfect in that, as if they had been fellow-counsellors, and not enemies, each knew the other's mind, and knew how to prevent it ; so as their strength failed them

* *Bravely covered*—That is, handsomely ornamented.

sooner than their skill, and yet their breath failed them sooner than their strength. And breathless indeed they grew before either could complain of any loss of blood. So that consenting by the mediation of necessity to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, Anaxius stood leaning upon his sword with his grim eye so settled upon Zelmane as is wont to be the look of an earnest thought. Which Zelmane marking, and, according to the Pyroclean nature,* fuller of gay bravery in the midst than in the beginning of danger, "What is it," said she, "Anaxius, that thou so deeply musest on? Doth thy brothers' example make thee think of thy fault past, or of thy coming punishment?" "I think," said he, "what spiteful god it should be who, envying my glory, hath brought me to such a wayward case that neither thy death can be a revenge nor thy overthrow a victory." "Thou doest well indeed," said Zelmane, "to impute thy case to the heavenly providence which will have thy pride find itself, even in that whereof thou art most proud, punished by the weak sex which thou most contemnest."

But then having sufficiently rested themselves, they renewed again their combat, far more terrible than before, like nimble vaulters, who at the first and second leap do but stir and, as it were, awake the fiery and airy parts, which after in the other leaps they do with more excellency exercise. For in this pausing each had brought to his thoughts the manner of the other's fighting, and the advantages which by that, and by the quality of their weapons, they might work themselves, and so again repeated the lesson they had said before more perfectly by the using of it. Anaxius oftener used blows, his huge force, as it were, more delighting therein, and

* *Pyroclean nature*—Sidney himself and his father both served as models for Pyrocles. This admirable "gay bravery" was observable in both.

the large protection of his shield animating him unto it. Pyrocles, of a more fine and deliver strength, watching his time when to give fit thrusts, as, with the quick obeying of his body to his eye's quick commandment, he shunned any harm Anaxius could do to him, so would he soon have made an end of Anaxius if he had not found him a man of wonderful and almost matchless excellency in matters of arms. Pyrocles used divers feignings to bring Anaxius on into some inconvenience. But Anaxius, keeping a sound manner of fighting, never offered but seeing fair cause, and then followed it with well-governed violence. Thus spent they a great time, striving to do, and with striving to do wearying themselves more than with the very doing. Anaxius, finding Zelmane so near unto him that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time manly foined* at her face. But Zelmane, strongly putting it by with her right-hand sword, coming in with her left foot and hand, would have given a sharp visitation† to his right side, but that he was fain to leap away. Whereat ashamed, as having never done so much before in his life—

Thus far the worthy author had revised and enlarged that first-written Arcadia of his, which only passed from hand to hand and was never printed; having a purpose likewise to have new ordered, augmented, and concluded the rest, had he not been prevented by untimely death. So that all which followeth here of this work remained as it was done and sent away in several loose sheets, being never after reviewed nor so much as seen altogether by himself, without any certain disposition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his,

* *Foined*—“Foin” is to fence; Ruddiman says from Fr. *poindre*, *pungere*, to prick or wound. “Than they assembled togyder in al partes, and began to *foyne* with speares and stryke with axes and swordes.”—FROISSART, Cronycle, vol. ii. Lord Berners' Trans.

† *Visitation*—It is curious to note that this word is used similarly by those gentlemen who describe prize-fights in our own day.

howsoever deprived of the just grace it should have had, was held too good to be lost; and therefore with much labour were the best coherencies that could be gathered out of those scattered papers made, and afterwards printed as now it is, only by her noble care to whose dear hand they were first committed, and for whose delight and entertainment only undertaken.

What conclusion it should have had, or how far the work have been extended, had it had his last hand thereunto, was only known to his own spirit, where only those admirable images were—and nowhere else—to be cast.

And here we are likewise utterly deprived of the relation how this combat ended, and how the ladies, by discovery of the approaching forces, were delivered and restored to Basilius; how Dorus returned to his old master Dametas: all which unfortunate maim we must be content to suffer with the rest.

[Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, says the "Retrospective Review" (vol. ii. p. 30), "has attempted to supply the defect existing in the third book, as an imitator not unworthy of Sidney." And, again, the reviewer adds that "this performance, as well as the other continuations, is a proof, from the exactness with which the style of Sidney is copied, what attention had been paid to the model." Sir W. A., or, as the printer has it, "S. W. A.," speaks more modestly and truly of his own work. "If this little essay," he says, "has no perfection, yet shall it serve for a shadow to give lustre to the rest." Truly that is all it can serve for. Its style is a most bombastical imitation of Sidney's, constantly over-running the modesty of nature by such violence as this: "The impetuous storm that transported the spirit of Anaxius had quickly blown him down the stairs and up the door, his sword ushering his way, till his eyes were encountered by the beams of the lightning weapons of a small

number," &c. And, again: "His soul might have furnished all the infernal *furies* with *fury*, and yet have continued most *furious* of all itself. Rage and disdain, burning his bosom, made him utter a roaring voice, *as if his breath had been able to have blown away the world*, which, for the sound his sword made, could not distinctly be understood." Such seems to be Sir W. A.'s notion of Sidney's curious and often beautiful antithetical style. Nor does the Earl of Sterling succeed better in imitating those wise and proverbial sentences which Sidney has scattered through his works; to take a couple of instances: "'*It is an easy matter,*' said Pamela, '*for one who can deceive to dissemble, and where great familiarity is, no ceremonial duty can be observed;*'" the first is obvious enough, the other not so. The best and only part worth preserving is the conclusion of an episode of the death of Philisides, in which the author has, he tells us, pictured the dying moments of Sidney, differently, indeed, from Lord Brooke, but worth preserving as a curiosity; it has nothing to do with the story:—

"With this the Black Knight, weeping, embraced him in his arms, and told him what he was, saying he was glad that his vow was performed; he being a benefited witness, not the endangered subject of his valour. Then contentment budding forth in his [Philisides'] countenance, flourished in a smile, and having kissed his friends, desiring to live in their memory, wished them as contented lives as his was a death. He died as joyfully as he had left them sorrowful, who had known him a mirror of courage and courtesy, of learning and arms; so that it seemed that Mars had begotten him upon one of the Muses."

It is believed, upon a careful review of Sir W. A.'s work, that the reader will be better served by a *résumé* of the portion supplied, which, while it saves valuable space, sufficiently

connects the portions of the story and supplies the missing pages of Sidney's romance.]

Anaxius, in a great rage, is returning with a terrible fury to the onslaught, when his ears are saluted by a martial noise which reminds him of the bloody scene then being enacted in the court of the castle. He flies from the fighting of one to the fighting with many, anxious for an object worthy of his great wrath. He rushes impetuously to the scene of action, the courage of his followers being revived at his appearance, and the fury of his opponents is redoubled. The Black Knight preserves his coolness in the midst of his love and courage. Anaxius upbraids his train for their want of courage in not vanquishing their enemies, plunges himself into the thickest of the fight, and is wounded by a dart from an unknown hand. Zelmane, who has followed Anaxius, refuses to fight any but him, upbraids him for first injuring a woman and then fleeing her just violence. Anaxius, troubled at her words, gives orders to Armagines, his nephew, to shut all the castle gates, that no enemy may escape, and signs to Zelmane to follow him. Only too glad of an opportunity to wreak her vengeance, Zelmane rushes after him to a back court of the castle. Here they fight. Anaxius, rioting in rage, puts forth all his strength at first, and increases his anger because he is not at once successful. Zelmane runs Anaxius through the heart, and at the same time his sword pierces her body. Anaxius dies; Zelmane rises, draws the sword from her enemy's body, and is retreating, with a sword in each hand and one in her breast, when she meets Musidorus. Guided by one acquainted with the castle, they are seeking a room to rest in, when they hear mournful sounds, and, entering an adjoining chamber, find Philoclea and

Pamela. Zelmane, recognised as Pyrocles, relates her adventures as Zelmane, and receives the praises of the ladies. Musidorus betrays himself to Pamela, who hides her love under a mask of hate and chides him. Having somewhat softened her heart towards him, he takes Pyrocles away to dress his wounds. A messenger arrives from Basilius, who has heard of the exploits of Musidorus and Zelmane, conveying his gratitude and anxiety for the recovery of Zelmane. The queen Gynecia sends a box of ointment for her wound. Pamela desires Musidorus to return to his old master; he, willing to do all she wishes, goes away, after taking affectionate leave of Pyrocles. The next day Zelmane, Philoclea, and Pamela depart, and are met by Basilius, who embraces his daughters and Zelmane; they arrive at the castle, and Gynecia dresses Zelmane's wound in the presence of the jealous Basilius, to the great relief of Zelmane, who is as tired of Basilius as she is afraid of Gynecia.

From hence the history is again continued out of the author's own writings and conceits, as followeth:—

After that Basilius, according to the oracle's promise, had received home his daughters, and settled himself again in his solitary course and accustomed company, there passed not many days ere the now fully recomforted Dorus, having waited a time of Zelmane's walking alone towards her little arbour, took leave of his master Dametas' husbandry to follow her. Near whereunto overtaking her, and sitting down together among the sweet flowers, whereof that place was very plentiful, under the pleasant shade of a broad-leaved sycamore, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which open-hearted friendship is wont to lay forth where there is cause to communicate

both joys and sorrows ; for indeed there is no sweeter taste of friendship than the coupling of souls in this mutuality either of condoling or comforting, where the oppressed mind finds itself not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery, and the joyful spends not his joy, either alone or there where it may be envied, but may freely send it to such a well-grounded object, from whence he shall be sure to receive a sweet reflection of the same joy, and, as in a clear mirror of sincere goodwill, see a lively picture of his own gladness. But, after much discourse on either part, Dorus his heart scarce serving him to come to the point whereunto his then coming had been wholly directed, as loath in the kindest sort to discover to his friend his own unkindness, at length, one word emboldening another, made known to Zelmane how Pamela, upon his vehement oath to offer no force unto her till he had invested her in the duchy of Thessalia, had condescended to his stealing her away to the next seaport : that besides the strange humours she saw her father more and more falling into, and unreasonable restraint of her liberty, whereof she knew no cause but light-grounded jealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence she had in his virtue, the chiefest reason had won her to this was the late danger she stood in of losing him, the like whereof—not unlike to fall if this course were continued—she chose rather to die than again to undergo : that now they waited for nothing else but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three loathsome companions, in whom folly engendered suspicion.

“And therefore now,” said Dorus, “my dear cousin, to whom nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and virtue hath made it eternal, here have I discovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built : be you the judge betwixt me and my fortune. The violence of love is not

unknown to you ; and I know my case shall never want pity in your consideration. How all the joys of my heart do leave me in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternal truth is witness unto me. I know I should not so sensibly feel the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restless desire hath such authority in myself above myself that I am become a slave unto it ; I have no more freedom in mine own determinations. My thoughts are now all bent to carry away my burdenous bliss. Yet, most beloved cousin, rather than you should think I do herein violate that holy band of true friendship wherein I unworthy am knit unto you, command me stay. Perchance the force of your commandment may work such impression into my heart that no reason of mine own can imprint into it. For the gods forbid the foul word of abandoning Pyrocles might ever be objected to the faithful Musidorus. But, if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serves you, and, by the division of these two lodges, is not oft with you—nay, if you can think my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an army hither as shall make Basilius willing or unwilling to know his own hap in granting you Philoclea, then I will cheerfully go about this my most desired enterprise, and shall think the better half of it already achieved, being begun in the fortunate hour of my friend's contentment."

These words, as they were not knit together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence as Dorus was wont to use, so was his voice interrupted with sighs, and his countenance with interchanging colour dismayed ; so much his own heart did find him faulty to unbend any way the continual use of their dear friendship. But Zelmane, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tidings of her friend's happy success, when this last determination of Dorus strake

her attentive ears, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. There came straight before her mind made tender with woes the images of her own fortune : her tedious longings, her causes of despair, the combersome folly of Basilius, the enraged jealousy of Gynecia, herself a prince without retinue, a man annoyed with the troubles of womankind, loathsomely loved, and dangerously loving : and now, for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himself, to make the loss the greater by the unkindness. But within a while she resolutely passed over all inward objections, and preferring her friend's profit to her own desire, with a quiet but hearty look she thus answered him :—

“ If I bare thee this love, virtuous Musidorus, for mine own sake, and that our friendship grew because I, for my part, might rejoice to enjoy such a friend, I should now so thoroughly feel mine own loss that I should call the heavens and earth to witness how cruelly ye rob me of my greatest comfort, measuring the breach of friendship by mine own passion. But because indeed I love thee for thyself, and in my judgment judge of thy worthiness to be loved, I am content to build my pleasure upon thy comfort, and then will I deem my hap in friendship great when I shall see thee, whom I love, happy. Let me be only sure thou lovest me still, the only price of true affection. Go therefore on, worthy Musidorus, with the guide of virtue and service of fortune. Let thy love be loved, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy journey easy. Let everything yield his help to thy desert; for my part, absence shall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions shall bar me from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed heart shall keep thee from the place it hath for ever allotted unto thee.”

Dorus would fain have replied again, to have made a liberal confession that Zelmane had of her side the advantage of

well-performing friendship ; but partly his own grief of parting from one he loved so dearly, partly the kind care in what state he should leave Zelmane, bred such a conflict in his mind that many times he wished he had either never attempted or never revealed his secret enterprise. But Zelmane, who had now looked to the uttermost of it, and established her mind upon an assured determination, “My only friend,” said she, “since to so good towardness your courteous destinies have conducted you, let not a ceremonial consideration of our mutual love be a bar unto it. I joy in your presence, but I joy more in your good ; that friendship brings forth the fruits of enmity which prefers his own tenderness before his friend’s damage. For my part, my greatest grief herein shall be I can be no further serviceable unto you.” “O Zelmane,” said Dorus, with his eyes even covered with water, “I did not think so soon to have displayed my determination unto you, but to have made my way first in your loving judgment. But, alas ! as your sweet disposition drew me so far, so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you, therefore, be the due commendation given, who can conquer me in love, and love in wisdom. As for me, then shall goodness turn to evil, and ungratefulness be the token of a true heart, when Pyrocles shall not possess a principal seat in my soul, when the name of Pyrocles shall not be held of me in devout reverence.”

They would never have come to the cruel instant of parting, nor to the ill-faring word of farewell, had not Zelmane seen afar off the old Basilius, who having performed a sacrifice to Apollo for his daughters, but principally for his mistress’ happy return, had since been everywhere to seek her. And now being come within compass of discerning her, he began to frame the loveliest countenance he could, stroking up his legs, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt upright. “Alas !” said Zelmane, “behold an evil fore-token of your sorrowful

departure. Yonder see I one of my furies, which doth daily vex me; farewell, farewell, my Musidorus, the gods make fortune to wait on thy virtues, and make me wade through this lake of wretchedness." Dorus burst out into a flood of tears, wringing her fast by the hand. "No, no," said he, "I go blindfold whither the course of my ill-hap carries me, for now, too late, my heart gives* me this our separating can never be prosperous. But, if I live, attend me here shortly with an army."

Thus, both appalled with the grievous renting† of their first combination, having first resolved with themselves that, whatsoever fell unto them, they should never upon no occasion utter their names, for the conserving the honour of their royal parentage, but keep the names of Daïphantus and Palladius, as before had been agreed between them, they took divers ways, Dorus to the lodgeward, where his heavy eyes might be something refreshed, Zelmane towards Basilius, saying to herself with a scornful smiling, "Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion." But he having with much search come to her presence, doubt and desire bred a great quarrel in his mind, for his former experience had taught him to doubt, and true feeling of love made doubts dangerous; but the working of his desire had ere long won the field. And, therefore, with the most submissive manner his behaviour could yield, "O goddess," said he, "towards whom I have the greatest feeling of religion, be not displeased at some show of devotion I have

* *Gives*—Misgives. "Give" was occasionally used by our early writers in the sense of "misgive."

† *Renting*—"Rent" is the old form of our present word "rend," and in the earlier editions of our Bible is repeatedly to be met with; in the authorized version, however, only one instance remains (Jer. iv. 30). "Will you *rent* our ancient love asunder?"—*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

made to Apollo, since he, if he know anything, knows that my heart bears far more awful reverence to yourself than to his, or any other the like deity." "You will ever be deceived in me," answered Zelmane: "I will make myself no competitor with Apollo; neither can blasphemies to him be duties to me."

But Basilius began afresh to lay before her many pitiful prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was only the unfortunateness of that place that hindered the prosperous course of his desires. And, therefore, since the hateful influence which made him embrace this solitary life was now passed over him, as he doubted not the judgment of Philanax would agree with his, and his late mishaps had taught him how perilous it was to commit a prince's state to a place so weakly guarded, he was now inclined to return to his palace in Mantinea, and there he hoped he should be better able to show how much he desired to make all he had hers, with many other such honey-words which my pen grows almost weary to set down. This indeed nearly pierced Zelmane; for the good beginning she had there obtained of Philoclea made her desire to continue the same trade, till unto the more perfecting of her desires, and, to come to any public place she did deadly fear, lest her mask by many eyes might the sooner be discovered, and so her hopes stopped and the state of her joys endangered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the daily changing labyrinth of her own fortune, but in herself determined it was her only best to keep him there, and with favours to make him love the place where the favours were received, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soil.

Therefore, casting a kind of corner-look* upon him, "It is truly said," said she, "that age cooleth the blood. How soon, good man, you are terrified before you receive any hurt! Do

* *Corner-look*—From the corners of her eyes; a side glance.

you not know that daintiness is kindly unto us, and that hard obtaining is the excuse of woman's granting? Yet speak I not as though you were like to obtain or I to grant, but because I would not have you imagine I am to be won by courtly vanities, or esteem a man the more because he hath handsome men to wait on him, when he is afraid to live without them." You might have seen Basilius humbly swell, and with a lowly look stand upon his tiptoes, such diversity her words delivered unto him. "O Hercules!" answered he, "Basilius afraid, or his blood cold that boils in such a furnace! Care I who is with me while I enjoy your presence? or is any place good or bad to me but as it pleaseth you to bless or curse it? Oh, let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defy whatsoever there is or can be against me. No, no, your love is forcible, and my age is not without vigour."

Zelmane thought it not good for his stomach to receive a surfeit of too much favour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time to keep him from any sudden removing, with a certain gracious bowing down of her head toward him, she turned away, saying she would leave him at this time to see how temperately he could use so bountiful a measure of her kindness. Basilius, that thought every drop a flood that bred any refreshment, durst not further press her, but with an ancient modesty left her to the sweet repast of her own fancies.

Zelmane, as soon as he was departed, went towards Pamela's lodging, in hopes to have found her friend Dorus, to have pleased herself with another painful farewell. Coming near the lodge, she saw the mouth of a cave, and near it a little sweet river, the very show of the place enticing the melancholy mind of Zelmane to yield to the flood of her own thoughts. Sitting down, therefore, at the cave's mouth, she

gave doleful way to her bitter affects* in a song of complaint. No sooner had she finished, and was about to compose her mind, than another voice began to deliver itself into musical tunes, and with a base lyra give forth this song :—

“ Hark, plaintful ghosts, infernal furies, hark
 Unto my woes the hateful heavens do send ;
 The heavens conspir'd to make my vital spark
 A wretched wreck, a glass of ruin's end.
 Seeing, alas ! so mighty powers bend
 Their ireful shot against so weak a mark,
 Come, cave, become my grave ; come, death, and lend
 Receipt to me within thy bosom dark.

“ For what is life to daily dying mind,
 Where, drawing breath, I suck the air of woe ;
 Where too much sight makes all the body blind,
 And highest thoughts downward most headlong throw ?
 Thus, then, my form, and thus my state I find,
 Death wrapp'd in flesh to living grave assigned.”

“ O Venus !” said Zelmane, “ who is this that can make so lively a portraiture of my miseries ?” And, rising, she went forward, and discerned a lady lying on her face in a dark spot, who was no other than Gynecia. It was indeed Gynecia, who had gotten into that place to pass her pangs by change of places. Seeing it was Zelmane, the unhappy lady fell down at her feet, and, catching fast hold of her, besought her pity and love, which when Zelmane refused, she furiously cried, “ Believe it, believe it, unkind creature, since thou hast no pity, I will end my miseries with a notable example of revenge ; Philoclea shall feel the smart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and lastly, I confess, myself of mine own work.” Zelmane

* *Affects*—Affections, passions.

“ I hope I shall not need to urge
 The sacred purity of our *affects*.”

—BEN JONSON, *Case is Altered*, act i.

felt like one who has a wolf by the ears, bitten while they hold and slain if they loose. What could she do, encompassed with these instant difficulties? She bent her spirits to think of a remedy which might at once both save her from them and serve her to the accomplishment of her only pursuit. Lastly, she determined thus, that there was no way but to yield to the violence of their desires, since striving did the more chafe them, and that, following their own current, at length of itself it would bring her to the other side of her burning desires.

Now, in the meanwhile, the divided Dorus, long divided between love and friendship, and now for his love divided from his friend, though, indeed, without prejudice of friendship's loyalty, which doth never bar the mind from his free satisfaction, yet still a cruel judge over himself, thought he was some ways faulty, and applied his mind now to amend it with a speedy and behoofful return. But then was his first study how to get away, whereto already he had Pamela's consent, confirmed and concluded under the name of Mopsa in her own presence, Dorus taking this way, that whatsoever he would have of Pamela he would ask her, whether in such a case it were not best for Mopsa so to behave herself, in that sort making Mopsa's envy an instrument of that she did envy. So, having passed over his first and most feared difficulty, he busied his spirits how to come to the harvest of his desires, whereof he had so fair a show. And thereunto, having gotten leave for some days of his master Dametas, who now accounted him as his son-in-law, he roamed round about the desert to find some unknown way that might bring him to the next seaport as much as might be out of all course of other passengers; which all very well succeeding him, and he having hired a bark for his life's traffic, and provided horses to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the last point of his care, how to go beyond the loathsome

watchfulness of these three uncomely companions, and therein did wisely consider how they were to be taken with whom he had to deal, remembering that in the particularities of everybody's mind and fortune there are particular advantages by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of Dametas he found most easily stirred with covetousness ; the curst mischievous heart of Miso most apt to be tickled with jealousy, as whose rotten brain could think well of nobody ; but young mistress Mopsa, who could open her eyes upon nothing that did not all-to bewonder* her, he thought curiosity the fittest bait for her.

And first for Dametas, Dorus having employed a whole day's work, about ten mile off from the lodge—quite contrary way to that he meant to take with Pamela—in digging and opening the ground under an ancient oak that stood there, in such sort as he might longest hold Dametas' greedy hopes in some show of comfort, he came to his master, with a countenance mixed between cheerfulness and haste, and taking him by the right hand as if he had a great matter of secrecy to reveal unto him, "Master," said he, "I did never think that the gods had appointed my mind, freely brought up, to have so longing a desire to serve you, but that they minded thereby to bring some extraordinary fruit to one so beloved of them as your honesty makes me think you are. This binds me even in conscience to disclose that which I persuade myself is allotted unto you, that your fortune may be of equal balance with your deserts." He said no further, because he would let Dametas play upon the bit a while, who not understanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no evil news, was so much the more desirous to know the matter as he had free scope to imagine what measure of good hap himself would. Therefore, putting off his cap to

* *All-to bewonder*—i.e., exceedingly astonish her—see note, p. 182.

him, which he had never done before, and assuring him he should have Mopsa, though she had been all made of cloth of gold, he besought Dorus not to hold him long in hope, for that he found it a thing his heart was not able to bear.

“Master,” answered Dorus, “you have so satisfied me with promising me the uttermost of my desired bliss, that, if my duty bound me not, I were in it sufficiently rewarded. To you, therefore, shall my good hap be converted, and the fruit of all my labour dedicated.” Therewith he told him how, under an ancient oak—the place he made him easily understand by sufficient marks he gave unto him—he had found, digging but a little depth, scatteringly lying, a great number of rich medals; and that, piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great stone, which, by the hollow sound it yielded, seemed to be the cover of some greater vault, and upon it a box of cypress, with the name of the valiant Aristomenes graven upon it; and that within the box he found certain verses, which signified that some depth again under that all his treasure lay hidden, what time, for the discord fell out in Arcadia, he lived banished. Therewith he gave Dametas certain medals of gold he had long kept about him, and asked him, because it was a thing much to be kept secret, and a matter one man in twenty hours might easily perform, whether he would have him go and seek the bottom of it, which he had refrained to do till he knew his mind, promising he would faithfully bring him what he found, or else that he himself would do it and be the first beholder of that comfortable spectacle.

No man need doubt which part Dametas would choose, whose fancy had already devoured all this great riches, and even now began to grudge at a partner before he saw his own share. Therefore, taking a strong jade, laden with spades and mattocks, which he meant to bring back otherwise laden,

he went in all speed thitherward, taking leave of nobody, only desiring Dorus he would look well to the Princess Pamela, promising him mountains of his own labour, which nevertheless he little meant to perform, like a fool, not considering that no man is to be moved with part that neglects the whole. Thus away went Dametas, having already made an image in his fancy what palaces he would build, how sumptuously he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money ; his ten mile seemed twice so many leagues, and yet, contrary to the nature of it, though it seemed long, it was not wearisome. Many times he cursed his horse's want of consideration, that in so important a matter would make no greater speed ; many times he wished himself the back of an ass, to help to carry away the new-sought riches : an unfortunate wisher ; for, if he had as well wished the head, it had been granted him. At length, being come to the tree which he hoped should bear so golden acorns, down went all his instruments, and forthwith to the renting* up of the hurtless earth, where by-and-by he was caught with the lime of a few promised medals, which was so perfect a pawn unto him of his further expectation that he deemed a greater number of hours well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great stones was made as combersome as might be, till at length, with sweaty brows, he came to the great stone ; a stone, God knows, full unlike to the cover of a monument, but yet there was the cypress box, with "Aristomenes" graven upon it, and some verses written in it. He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with fresh courage went about to lift up that stone.

But in the meantime, ere Dametas was half a mile gone to the treasure-ward, Dorus came to Miso, whom he found

* *Renting*—See note, p. 386.

sitting in the chimney's end, babbling to herself, and showing by all her gestures that she was loathsomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but, finding no one good, neither in mind nor body, whereout she might nourish a quiet thought, having long since hated each thing else, began now to hate herself. Before this sweet-humoured dame Dorus set himself, and framed towards her such a smiling countenance as might seem to be mixed between a tickled mirth and a forced pity. Miso, to whom cheerfulness in others was ever a source of envy in herself, took quickly mark of his behaviour, and with a look full of forworn spite, "Now the devil," said she, "take these villains that can never leave grinning! because I am not so fair as mistress Mopsa, to see how this skip-jack looks at me!" Dorus, that had the occasion he desired, "Truly, mistress," answered he, "my smiling is not at you, but at them that are from you; and indeed I must needs a little accord my countenance with other's sport." And therewithal took her in his arms, and rocking her to and fro, "In faith, mistress," said he, "it is high time for you to bid us good night for ever, since others can possess your place in your own time."

Miso, that was never void of malice enough to suspect the uttermost evil, to satisfy a further shrewdness, took on a present mildness, and gently desired him to tell her what he meant; "For," said she, "I am like enough to be knavishly dealt with by that churl my husband." Dorus fell off from the matter again, as if he had meant no such thing, till, by much refusing her entreaty, and vehemently stirring up her desire to know, he had strengthened a credit in her to that he should say; and then, with a formal countenance, as if the conscience of the case had touched himself, "Mistress," said he, "I am much perplexed in mine own determination, for my thoughts do ever will me to do honestly, but my judgment

fails me what is honest, betwixt the general rule that intrusted secrecies are holily to be observed, and the particular exception that the dishonest secrecies are to be revealed ; especially there where, by revealing, they may either be prevented or at least amended. Yet in this balance your judgment weighs me down, because I have confidence in it that you will use what you know moderately, and rather take such faults as an advantage to your own good desert than, by your bitter using it, be contented to be revenged on others with your own harms. So it is, mistress," said he, " that yesterday driving my sheep up to the stately hill which lifts his head over the fair city of Mantinea, I happened upon the side of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier against the sun's rage, to perceive a young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beauty, and, that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it ; for her apparel was but such as shepherds' daughters are wont to wear ; and as for her hair, it hung down at the free liberty of his goodly length, but that sometimes falling before the clear stars of her sight, she was forced to put it behind her ears, and so open again the treasure of her perfections which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a shepherd, so wrapped up in that well-liked place that I could discern no piece of his face ; but as mine eyes were attent [intent] in that, her angel-like voice strake mine ears with a song. But, as if the shepherd that lay before her had been organs which were only to be blown by her breath, she had no sooner ended with the joining her sweet lips together but that he recorded* to

* *Recorded*—Sang in a soft fluting manner. Recorders in "Hamlet" are flutes or pipes. The word is more usually found to be applied, in the old writers, to the singing of birds.

"The nymph did earnestly contest
Whether the birds or she *recorded* best."

—BROWNE, *Britannia's Pastorals*, b. ii. song 4.

her music like rural poesy ; and with the conclusion of his song he embraced her about the knees. ‘ O sweet Charita,’ said he, ‘ when shall your blissful promise, now due, be verified with just performance?’ With that I drew nearer to them, and saw, for now he had lifted up his face to glass himself in her fair eyes, that it was my master Dametas.” But here Miso interrupted his tale with railing at Dametas with all those exquisite terms which I* was never good scold enough to imagine. But Dorus, as if he had been much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till she had vowed more stillness. “ For,” said he, “ if the first drum thus chafe you, what will you be when it comes to the blows ?”

Then he told her how, after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, Dametas, laying before her his great credit with the duke, and withal giving her very fair presents, with promise of much more, had in the end concluded together to meet as that night at Mantinea, in the Oudemian street, at Charita’s uncle’s house, about ten of the clock. After which bargain Dametas had spied Dorus, and, calling him to him, had, with great bravery, told him all his good hap, willing him in any case to return to the old witch Miso—“ for so indeed, mistress, of liveliness, and not of ill-will, he termed you—and to make some honest excuse of his absence ; ‘ for,’ said he, kissing Charita, ‘ if thou didst know what a life I lead with that drivel, it would make thee even of pity receive me into thy only comfort.’ Now, mistress,” said he, “ exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of I would wish you to go yourself to Mantinea, and, lying secret in some one of your gossips’ houses till the time appointed come, so may you find them together, and, using mercy, reform my master from his evil ways.” There had nothing more enraged Miso

* The reader will here perceive that Sidney again forgets the plan upon which he is proceeding with his narrative.

than the praises Dorus gave to Charita's beauty, which made her jealousy swell the more with the poison of envy ; and that being increased with the presents she heard Dametas had given her, which all seemed torn out of her bowels, her hollow eyes yielded such wretched looks as one might well think Pluto at that time might have had her soul very good cheap.* At length, with few words, for her words were choked up with the rising of her revengeful heart, she ran down, and with her own hands saddled a mare of hers ; a mare that seven year before had not been acquainted with the saddle, and so to Mantinea she went, casting with herself how she might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband ; but the person is not worthy in whose passion I should too long stand.

Therefore now must I tell you that mistress Mopsa, who was the last party Dorus was to practise his cunning withal, was at the parting of her parents attending upon the Princess Pamela, whom, because she found to be placed in her father's house, she knew it was for suspicion the duke had of her. This made Mopsa, with a right base nature which joys to see any hard hap happen to them they deem happy, grow proud over her, and use great ostentation of her own diligence in prying curiously into each thing that Pamela did. Neither is there anything sooner overthrows a weak heart than opinion of authority ; like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glass, which joined itself to the humour of envying Pamela's beauty so far that oft she would say to herself, if she had been born a princess as well as Pamela, her perfections then should have been as well seen as Pamela's. With this manner of woman, and placed in these terms, had Dorus to play his last part, which he would quickly have despatched in tying her up in such a manner that she should little have hindered his

* *Good cheap*—See note, p. 180.

enterprise, but that the virtuous Pamela, when she saw him so minded, by countenance absolutely forbid it, resolutely determining she would not leave behind her any token of wrong, since the wrong done to herself was the best excuse of her escape ; so that Dorus was compelled to take her in the manner he first thought of. And accordingly, Pamela sitting musing at the strange attempt she had condescended unto, and Mopsa hard by her, looking in a glass with very partial eyes, Dorus put himself between them, and casting up his face to the top of the house, shrugging all over his body, and stamping sometimes upon the ground, gave Mopsa occasion, who was as busy as a bee to know anything, to ask her lover Dorus what ailed him that made him use so strange a behaviour. He, as if his spirits had been ravished with some supernatural contemplation, stood still, mute, sometimes rubbing his forehead, sometimes starting in himself, that he set Mopsa in such an itch of inquiry that she would have offered anything rather than be long kept from it.

Dorus not yet answering to the purpose, still keeping his amazement, “O Hercules !” said he, “resolve me in this doubt. A tree to grant one’s wishes ! Is this the cause of the king’s solitary life ? Which part shall I take ? Happy in either, unhappy because I cannot know which were my best hap.” These doubtful self-speeches made Mopsa yet in a further longing of knowing the matter ; so that the pretty pig,* laying her sweet burden about his neck, “My Dorus,” said she, “tell me these words, or else I know not what will befall me ; honey Dorus, tell them me ?” Dorus having stretched her mind upon a right last, “Extremely-loved Mopsa,” said he, “the matters be so great as my heart fails me in the telling them ;

* *Pig*—“Pig” and its diminutive “pigsnie” were used interchangeably as terms of endearment—see note, p. 307.

but, since you hold the greatest seat in it, it is reason your desire should add life unto it." Therewith he told her a far-fet tale : how that many millions of years before, Jupiter, fallen out with Apollo, had thrown him out of heaven, taking from him the privilege of a god ; so that poor Apollo was fain to lead a very miserable life, unacquainted to work and never used to beg ; that in this order, having in time learned to be Admetus' herdman, he had, upon occasion of fetching a certain breed of beasts out of Arcadia, come to that very desert, where, wearied with travel, and resting himself in the boughs of a pleasant ash-tree, stood* a little off from the lodge, he had with pitiful complaints gotten his father Jupiter's pardon, and so from that tree was received again to his golden sphere. But having that right nature of a god never to be ungrateful, to Admetus he had granted a double life ; and because that tree was the chapel of his prosperous prayers, he had given it this quality, that whatsoever of such estate and in such manner as he then was sate down in that tree, they should obtain whatsoever they wished. This Basilius having understood by the oracle, was the only cause which had made him try whether, framing himself to the state of an herdman, he might have the privilege of wishing only granted to that degree ; but that, having often in vain attempted it, because indeed he was not such, he had now opened the secret to Dame-tas, making him swear he should wish according to his direction.

" But because," said Dorus, " Apollo was at that time with extreme grief muffled round about his face with a scarlet cloak Admetus had given him, and because they that must wish must be muffled in like sort and with like stuff, my master Dametas is gone I know not whither to provide him

* *Stood*—*i. e.*, placed at a little distance.

a scarlet cloak, and to-morrow doth appoint to return with it. My mistress, I cannot tell how, having gotten some inkling of it, is trudged to Mantinea to get herself a cloak before him, because she would have the first wish. My master at his parting of great trust told me this secret, commanding me to see nobody should climb that tree. But now, my Mopsa," said he, "I have here the like cloak of mine own, and am not so very a fool as, though I keep his commandments in others, to bar myself. I rest only extremely perplexed, because, having nothing in the world I wish for but the enjoying you and your favour, I think it a much pleasanter conquest to come to it by your own consent than to have it by such a charming force as this is. Now therefore choose, since have you I will, in what sort I shall have you."

But never child was so desirous of a gay puppet as Mopsa was to be in the tree, and therefore, without squeamishness, promising all he would, she conjured him by all her precious loves that she might have the first possession of the wishing-tree, assuring him that for the enjoying of her he should never need to climb far. Dorus, to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her, but helping her up to the top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face so truly that she herself could not undo it. And so he told her the manner was she should hold her mind in continual devotion to Apollo, without making at all any noise till, at the farthest within twelve hours' space, she should hear a voice call her by name three times, and that till the third time she must in no wise answer; "and then you shall not need to doubt your coming down; for at that time," said he, "be sure to wish; wisely; and, in what shape soever he come unto you, speak boldly unto him, and your wish shall have as certain effects as I have a desire to enjoy your sweet loves." In this plight did he

leave Mopsa, resolved in her heart to be the greatest lady in the world, and never after to feed of worse than furmenty.*

Thus Dorus, having delivered his hands of his three tormentors, took speedily the benefit of his device, and mounting the gracious Pamela upon a fair horse he had provided for her, he thrust himself forthwith into the wildest part of the desert, where he had left marks to guide him from place to place to the next seaport, disguising her very fitly with scarfs, although he rested assured he should meet that way with nobody, till he came to his bark, into which he meant to enter by night. Keeping on their journey, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection which doth interchangeably deliver each to other the secret workings of their souls, till, with the unused travel, the princess being weary, they lighted down in a fair thick wood, which did entice them with the pleasantness of it to take their rest there. It was all of pine-trees, whose broad heads, meeting together, yielded a perfect shade to the ground, where their bodies gave a spacious and pleasant room to walk in; they were set in so perfect an order, that every way the eye being full yet no way was stopped. And even in the midst of them were there many sweet springs which did lose themselves upon the face of the earth. Here Musidorus drew out such provision of fruits and other cates† as he had brought for that day's repast, and laid it down upon the fair carpet of the green

* *Furmenty*, or *furmity*—A favourite Christmas dish of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. It is still to be met with in the North. A receipt for preparing it is given in "A True Gentlewoman's Delight," 1676.

† *Cates*—Provisions; from Fr. *acheter*, to buy; and hence the word properly means "things bought." It is more correctly spelt *achates*. So Spenser:—

"The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all the *achates* in seemely wise."

—Faerie Queene, II. ix. 31.

grass. Pamela, having tasted of the fruits, and growing extreme sleepy, having been long kept from it, with the perplexity of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was invited by him to sleep with these softly-uttered verses :—

“ Lock up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age’s only light ;
To her sweet sense, sweet sleep, some ease impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her spirit’s might.

“ And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,
Her sight where Love did forge his fairest dart,
O harbour all her parts in easeful plight,
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.”

But within a while they were interrupted by the coming of a company of clownish villains, armed with divers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparel so forwasted that they seemed to bear a great conformity with the savages ; who, miserable in themselves, taught to increase their mischiefs in other bodies’ harms, came with such cries as they both awaked Pamela, and made Musidorus turn unto them full of a most violent rage, with the look of a she-tiger when her whelps are stolen away.

But Zelmane, whom I left in the cave hardly bestead, having to deal with a lady with her wits awake, determined to save herself with plainness, so as to mollify Gynecia’s rage. “ I will,” said she, “ disclose to you my greatest secret, which you may suspect, but never know. I am a man ; nay, I will say further, I am born a prince ; and, that you may understand why I came to this place, I have I know not what good liking to the lady Philoclea. I having travelled in the country of the Amazons, and finding none but was too hard for me, in the end challenged Marpesia their queen, who having overthrown me, made me, for the saving of my life, swear

that I should go like an Amazon, till the coming of my beard did deliver me from that bondage." Here he ended, and Gynecia said, "The gods reward thee for thy pity, but O tread not upon a soul that lies under your foot ; let my errors be excused by the immortal name of love." Zelmane comforting the noble lady, they issued out of that dark place, Gynecia half persuaded that Zelmane's love was turned towards her ; for such, alas ! we are, that with the too much love we bear ourselves, being first our own flatterers, we are easily hooked with each other's flattery, easily persuaded of other's love. They therefore went forward till they met Basilius and Philoclea, she singing while the old king lay upon the green carpet of the grass. Philoclea, seeing another light in her mother's eyes, and a careless look on her, found Zelmane's behaviour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in herself she discerned the well-acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subject. She saw her mother's worthiness, and too well knew her affection. These joining their divers working powers together in her mind, as yet a prentice in the painful mystery of passions, brought Philoclea into a new traverse of her thoughts, and made her keep her careful look the more attentive upon Zelmane's behaviour, who, indeed, though with much pain, and condemning herself to commit a sacrilege against the sweet saint that lived in her inmost temple, yet strengthening herself in it, being the surest way to make Gynecia bite of her other baits, did so quite overrule all wonted shows of love to Philoclea, and convert them to Gynecia, that the part she played did work in both a full and lively persuasion : to Gynecia, such excessive comfort as the being preferred to a rival doth deliver to swelling desire ; but to the delicate Philoclea, whose calm thoughts were unable to nourish any strong debate, it gave so stinging a hurt that, fainting under the force of her inward torment,

she withdrew herself to the lodge, and there, weary of supporting her own burthen, cast herself upon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt itself into abundance of tears ; at length closing her eyes, as if each thing she saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning upon her heart side, which with vehement panting did summon her to consider her fortune, she tearfully bemoaned herself.

But O you that have ever known how tender to every motion love makes the lover's heart, how he measures all his joys upon her contentment, and doth with respectful eye hang all his behaviour upon her eyes, judge, I pray you, now of Zelmane's troubled thoughts, when she saw Philoclea, with an amazed kind of sorrow, carry away her sweet presence, and easily found—so happy a conjecture unhappy affection hath—that her demeanour was guilty of that trespass. There was never foolish soft-hearted mother that, forced to beat her child, did weep first for his pains, and, doing that she was loath to do, did repent before she began, did find half that motion in her weak mind as Zelmane did, now that she was forced by reason to give an outward blow to her passions, and for the lending of a small time to seek the usury of all her desires. The unkindness she conceived Philoclea might conceive did wound her soul ; each tear she doubted she spent drowned all her comfort. Her sickness was a death unto her.

Nor was Zelmane freed from care by the conduct of Basilius, who, thinking it was now time to urge his painful petition, and beseeching his wife with more careful eye to look to his sickly daughter Philoclea, thus being rid of her who was content to grant him any scope that she might have the like freedom, “O lady of my life,” said he to Zelmane, “I plainly lay my death to you if you refuse me ; let not certain imaginative rules whose truth stands but on opinion keep so wise a mind from gracefulness and mercy, whose never-failing

laws nature hath planted in us." This and much more did this tedious old king rehearse, till Zelmane, who had beguiled for her own service, and to draw him away, the much-loving Basilius, to the cave, found time to answer him and send him away to his lodging, but, alas ! only to be laid siege to more closely by the amorous Gynecia. By wiles and glosses Zelmane, unwilling to stain her honour, or to yield to the too soliciting queen, did deceive her also, telling her that she would lie down in her chamber, but that the queen should take her (Zelmane's) upper garment, and endue it, so that Basilius might be outwitted, and she and Gynecia might meet in the cave. Therefore the queen, putting on Zelmane's outmost apparel, went first into her closet, there quickly to beautify herself with the best and sweetest night-deckings. But there casting an hasty eye over her precious things, which ever since Zelmane's coming, her head otherwise occupied, had left unseen, she happened to see a bottle of gold, upon which down along were graved these verses—

“ Let him drink this whom long in arms to fold
Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.”

Putting this potion in a fair cup all set with diamonds, and clad in Zelmane's garments, she went to the cave where the Amazonian slept and lay down awaiting her ; and the tyranny of misdirected passion soon sent the love-laden Basilius to his queen, who being as to the outermost garments like Zelmane, he mistook for her. Leaving them thus to amuse and befool themselves, although Gynecia, more sharp-witted than blinded by love, well knew Basilius, Pyrocles approached the chamber of his dear Philoclea, meaning to salute her with the sweetest music, while she indeed, believing him faithless, bewailed her sad lot. “ O ye deaf heavens,” she cried to herself, “ I would either his injury could blot out mine affection, or my affectio

could forget his injury." And taking a lute she sang a sonnet which thus ended—

“ But, ah, the more I hate the more I think
Whom I do hate ; the more I think on him
The more his matchless gifts do deeply sink
Into my breast, and loves renewed swim.
What med'cine, then, can such disease remove,
Where love draws hate and hate engendreth love ?”

When Pyrocles heard his name accused and condemned by her he most loved, he rushed forwards with haste, but she, turning away her face from him, thus said unto him, “ O Zelmane, or Pyrocles—for whether name I use it much skills not, since by the one I was first deceived, and by the other now betrayed—what strange motion is the guide of thy cruel mind hither? Dost thou not think the day-torments thou hast given me sufficient, but that thou doest envy me the night's quiet? Wilt thou give my sorrows no truce, but, by making me see before mine eyes how much I have lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint? Or is thy heart so full of rancour that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine overthrown enemy, and so to satisfy the full measure of thy undeserved rage with the receiving into thy sight the unrelievable ruins of my desolate life? O Pyrocles, Pyrocles, for thine own virtue's sake, let miseries be no music unto thee, and be content to take to thyself some colour of excuse that thou didst not know to what extremity thy inconstancy, or rather falsehood, hath brought me.”

Pyrocles, to whom every syllable she pronounced was a thunderbolt to his heart, equally distraught betwixt amazement and sorrow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, grieved with her pain, but tormented to find himself the author of it, with quaking lips and pale cheer, “ Alas ! divine lady,” said he, “ your displeasure is so contrary to my desert,

and your words so far beyond all expectations, that I have least ability now I have most need to speak in the cause upon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so undoubtedly constant unto you, my heart is so assured a witness to itself of his unspotted faith, that having no one thing in me where-out any such sacrilege might arise, I have likewise nothing in so direct a thing to say for myself but sincere and vehement protestations ; for, in truth, there may most words be spent where there is some probability to breed of both sides conjectural allegations. But so perfect a thing as my love is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it. If my soul could have been polluted with treachery, it would likewise have provided for itself due furniture of colourable answers ; but as it stood upon the naked conscience of his untouched duty, so I must confess it is altogether unarmed against so unjust a violence as you lay upon me. Alas ! let not the pains I have taken to serve you be now accounted injurious unto you, let not the dangerous cunning I have used to please you be deemed a treason against you ; since I have deceived them whom you fear for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake. What can I without you further do ; or to what more forwardness can any counsel bring our desired happiness ? I have provided whatsoever is needful for our going, I have rid them both out of the lodge ; so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I invoke as triers of mine innocency and witnesses of my well meaning. And if ever my thoughts did receive so much as a fainting in their affections, if they have not continually with more and more ardour from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest favour ; if ever in that possession they received either spot or falsehood, then let their most horrible plagues fall upon me, let mine eyes be

deprived of the light which did abase the heavenly beams that strake them, let my falsified tongue serve to no use but to bemoan mine own wretchedness, let my heart impoisoned with detestable treason be the seat of infernal sorrow, let my soul with the endless anguish of his conscience become his own tormentor !”

“O false mankind !” cried out the sweet Philoclea ; “how can an imposthumed* heart but yield forth evil matter by his mouth ? Are oaths there to be believed where vows are broke ? No, no ; who doth wound the eternal justice of the gods cares little for abusing their names, and who in doing wickedly doth not fear due recompensing plagues, doth little fear that invoking of plagues will make them come ever a whit the sooner. But, alas ! what aileth this new conversion ? have you yet another sleight to play, or do you think to deceive me in Pyrocles’ form as you have done in Zelmane’s ? Or rather, now you have betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you to transform yourself into to inveigle my simplicity ? Enjoy the conquest you have already won, and assure yourself you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part, unkind Pyrocles, my only defence shall be belief of nothing, my comfort my faithful innocency, and the punishment I desire of you shall be your own conscience.”

Philoclea’s hard persevering in this unjust condemnation of him did so overthrow all the might of Pyrocles’ mind—who saw that time would not serve to prove by deeds, and that the better words he used the more they were suspected of deceitful cunning—that, void of all counsel and deprived of all comfort, finding best deserts punished and nearest hopes prevented, he did abandon the succour of himself, and

* *Imposthumed*—Corruptly swollen, *Απόστημα* ; “The inner flesh or pulpe, cleansed from the seed, is passing good for to be laid into those *imposthumes* or swellings.”—HOLLAND, *Plinie*, bk. xx. c. 3.

suffered grief so to close his heart that his breath failing him, with a deathful shutting of his eyes, he fell down at her side, having had time to say no more but “Oh! whom dost thou kill, Philoclea?” She that little looked for such an extreme event of her doings, not so much stricken down with amazement and grief of her fault as lifted up with the force of love and desire to help, she laid her fair body over his breast, and throwing no other water in his face but the stream of her tears, nor giving him other blows but the kissing of her well-formed mouth, her only cries were these lamentations: “O unfortunate suspicion,” said she—“the very mean to lose that we most suspect to lose! O unkind kindness of mine, which returns an imagined wrong with an effectual injury! O fool to make quarrel my supplication, or to use hate as the mediator of love! Childish Philoclea, hast thou thrown away the jewel wherein all thy pride consisted? hast thou with too much haste overrun thyself?” Then would she renew her kisses, and, yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this manner: “O divine soul,” said she, “whose virtue can possess no less than the highest place in heaven, if for mine eternal plague thou hast utterly left this most sweet mansion, before I follow thee with Thisbe’s punishment for my rash unwariness, hear this protestation of mine: That as the wrong I have done thee proceeded of a most sincere but irresistible affection, so led with this pitiful example it shall end in the mortal hate of myself, and, if it may be, I will make my soul a tomb of thy memory.”

At that word, with anguish of mind and weakness of body increased one by the other, and both augmented by this fearful accident, she had fallen down in a swoond, but that Pyrocles, then first severing his eyelids, and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers striving to recover the commandment of all his

powers, stayed her from falling, and then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his arms laid her in her bed ; so that she, but then the physician, was now become the patient, and he to whom her weakness had been serviceable was now enforced to do service to her weakness, which, performed by him with that hearty care which the most careful love on the best loved subject in greatest extremity could employ, prevailed so far that ere long she was able, though in strength exceedingly dejected, to call home her wandering senses, to yield attention to that her beloved Pyrocles had to deliver. But he, lying down on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of unkindness as in accusing her he condemned himself, began from point to point to discover unto her all that had passed between his loathed lovers and him : how he had entertained, and by entertaining deceived, both Basilius and Gynecia, and with such a kind of deceit as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espy the effect in themselves ; that all his favours to them had tended only to make them strangers to this his action, and all his strangeness to her to the final obtaining of her long-promised and now to be performed favour. Which device seeing it had so well succeeded to the removing all other hindrances that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy journey, he conjured her by all the love she had ever borne him she would make no longer delay to partake with him whatsoever honours the noble kingdom of Macedon, and all other Euarchus' dominions, might yield him, specially since in this enterprise he had now waded so far as he could not possibly retire himself back without being overwhelmed with danger and dishonour. He needed not have used further persuasion, for that only conjuration had so forcibly bound all her spirits that, could her body have seconded her mind, or her mind have

strengthened her body, without respect of any worldly thing, but only fear to be again unkind to Pyrocles, she had condescended to go with him. But, raising herself a little in her bed, and finding her own inability in any sort to endure the air, "My Pyrocles," said she, with tearful eyes and pitiful countenance such as well witnessed she had no will to deny anything she had power to perform, "if you can convey me hence in such plight as you see me, I am most willing to make my extremest danger a testimony that I esteem no danger in regard of your virtuous satisfaction." But she fainted so fast that she was not able to utter the rest of her conceived speech, which also turned Pyrocles' thoughts from expecting further answer to the necessary care of reviving her, in whose fainting himself was more than overthrown; and that having effected with all the sweet means his wits could devise, though his highest hopes were by this unexpected downfall sunk deeper than any degree of despair, yet, lest the appearance of his inward grief might occasion her further discomfort, having racked his face to a more comfortable semblance, he sought some show of reason to show she had no reason either for him or for herself to be afflicted: which in the sweet-minded Philoclea, whose consideration was limited by his words, and whose conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while such quietness of mind, and that quietness again such repose of body, that sleep, by his harbingers weakness, weariness, and watchfulness, had quickly taken up his lodging in all her senses.

Then, indeed, had Pyrocles leisure to sit in judgment on himself, and to hear his reason accuse his rashness, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting Philoclea with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had fallen headlong

into that attempt, the success whereof he had long since set down to himself as the measure of all his other fortunes. But calling to mind how weakly they do that rather find fault with what cannot be amended than seek to amend wherein they have been faulty, he soon turned him from remembering what might have been done to considering what was now to be done, and, when that consideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein having run over all the thoughts his reason, called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this: That, as long as Gynecia bewrayed not the matter, which he thought she would not do, as well for her own honour and safety as for the hope she might still have of him, which is loath to die in a lover's heart, all the rest might turn to a pretty merriment, and inflame his lover Basilius again to cast about for the missed favour. And as naturally the heart stuffed up with woefulness is glad greedily to suck the thinnest air of comfort, so did he at first embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not assurance of well-doing, till, looking more nearly into it, and not able to answer the doubts and difficulties he saw therein more and more arising, the night being also far spent, his thoughts, even weary of his own burthens, fell to a straying kind of uncertainty, and his mind, standing only upon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to give a sleeping respite to his vital spirits, which he, according to the quality of sorrow, received with greater greediness than ever in his life before. According to the nature of sorrow, I say, which is past care's remedy; for care, stirring the brains and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest; but those griefs wherein one is determined there is no preventing, do breed a dull heaviness which easily clothes itself in sleep. So as, laid down so near the beauty of the world Philoclea that their necks were subject each to other's chaste embracements,

it seemed love had come thither to lay a plot, in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their souls would go together.*

The End of the Third Book.

* The third Book is followed by the third Eclogue, which, in pursuance of our plan—as it has nothing to do with the story, and is not remarkable for merit—we omit. The only verses at all noticeable are some short lines attributed to Philisides (Sir Philip Sidney).

“ The lad Philisides
Lay by a river side,
In flowery field a gladder eye to please ;
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beside ;
A widow turtle near on bared root
Sat wailing without boot.
Each thing both sweet and sad
Did draw his boiling brain
To think, and think with pain,
Of Mira’s beams eclips’d by absence bad.”

We trust that the reader will gladly excuse the absence of such verse. In another set of verses Sidney thus refers to Languet, his German friend, to whom reference is made in the Introductory Essay :—

“ The song I sang old Languet had me taught,
Languet the shepherd best swift Ister knew
For clerkly reed and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true :
With his sweet skill my skillless youth he drew
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond our wits.”





The Fourth Book.

THE Almighty Wisdom, evermore delighting to show the world that by unlikeliest means greatest matters may come to conclusion, that human reason may be the more humbled and more willingly give place to divine providence, as at the first it brought Dametas to play a part in this royal pageant, so, having continued him still an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the instrument of revealing that which far greater cunning had sought to conceal. For so it fell out that, Dametas having spent the whole day in breaking up the cumbersome work of the pastor Dorus, and feeling in all his labour no pain so much as that his hungry hopes received any stay, having with the price of much sweat and weariness gotten up the huge stone which he thought should have such a golden lining, the good man, in the great bed that stone had made, found nothing but these two verses written upon a broad piece of vellum :—

“ Who hath his hire hath well his labour plac'd ;
Earth thou didst seek, and store of earth thou hast.”

What an inward discontentment it was to Master Dametas to find his hope of wealth turned to poor verses, for which he never cared much, nothing can describe but either the feeling in one's self the state of such a mind Dametas had, or at

least the bethinking what was Midas' fancy when, after the great pride he conceived to be made judge between gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an ass's ears. Yet the deep apprehension he had received of such riches could not so suddenly lose the colour that had so thoroughly dyed his thick brain but that he turned and tossed the poor bowels of the innocent earth till the coming on of the night and the tediousness of his fruitless labour made him content rather to exercise his discontentation at home than there. But forced he was, his horse being otherwise burthened with digging instruments, to return as he came, most part of the way on foot, with such grudging lamentations as a nobler mind would, but more nobly, make for the loss of his mistress. For so far had he fed his foolish soul with the expectation of that which he reputed felicity, that he no less accounted himself miserable than if he had fallen from such an estate his fancy had embraced. So then home again went Dametas, punished in conceit as in conceit he had erred, till he found himself there from a fancied loss fallen to essential misery. For, entering into his house three hours before night, instead of the lightsome countenance of Pamela, which gave such an inward decking to that lodge that proudest palaces might have envied it, instead of the grateful conversation of Dorus, the scolding of Miso, and busy rumbling up and down of Mopsa, he found darkness and loathsome silence. Struck with terror and a kind of irksome gastfulness, he lighted a candle and vainly searched, and then running out of the lodge, looking like a she-goat when she has cast her kid, he found Mopsa sitting on a tree, waiting for Apollo to visit her as she had been persuaded. Dametas, who could get no sanely-conceived answer from her, and fully persuaded that she was mad, was trying to bring her to herself, when he was assaulted by his wife Miso, who, jealous of her

husband, and not knowing Mopsa at that time, came grunting out her mischievous spite full of devilish disdain and hateful jealousy. Dametas, who was not so sensible in anything of anything as of blows, turned up his blubbered face like a great lout newly whipped, and Miso mistaking Mopsa, hit her a blow, and all three hunting to and fro on the wrong scent—for the conceits which Dorus had imprinted on them kept still dominion over them—fell to such blows and quarrels as it was sport to see.

Dametas, leaving the women to their brawling, began to have some glimmering sense of the escape of Pamela and Dorus, and running backwards to the king's lodge, found all the doors locked, save only one trap which went down by a vault into the cellar; and he, who knew the buttery better than any other place, got in that way, and passing softly to Philoclea's chamber, where he thought it most likely to find Pamela, he entered in and saw some one on the bed with her; yet thinking to make himself sure that it was Pamela, in a matter touching his neck, he went to the bed side of these unfortunate lovers, who, tired with sorrows which had overthrown the wakeful use of their senses, were then possessed with mutual sleep, yet not forgetting with viny* embracements to give any eye a perfect model of affection.

Dametas, thinking it not good to awake a sleeping lion, went down again, taking with him Pyrocles' sword, and making the door as fast as he could on the outer side, hoping with the revealing of this, as he thought, greater fault to make his own the less, or at least that this injury would so fill the king's head that he should not have leisure to chastise his negligence—like a fool, not considering that the more rage breeds the crueller punishment—he went first into the

* *Viny*—Vinelike, clasping each other as do the tendrils of a vine the body of its support or stay.

king's chamber, and not finding him there, he ran down, crying with open mouth the king was betrayed, and that Zelmane did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, joined to the yelping sound of Miso, and his unpleasant inheritrix, brought together some number of the shepherds, to whom he, without any regard of reserving it for the king's knowledge, spattered out the bottom of his stomach, swearing by him he never knew that Zelmane, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himself was, whereof he had seen sufficient signs and tokens.

The poor men, jealous of their prince's honour, were ready with weapons to have entered the lodge, standing yet in some pause whether it were not best first to hear some news from the king himself, when, by the sudden coming of other shepherds, which, with astonished looks, ran from the one cry to the other, their griefs were surcharged with the evil tidings of the king's death. Turning, therefore, all their minds and eyes that way, they ran to the cave where they said he lay dead, the sun beginning now to send some promise of coming light, making haste, I think, to be spectator of the following tragedies ; for Basilius, having passed over the night with the sweet imagination of embracing the most desired Zelmane, doubting lest the cave's darkness might deceive him in the day's approach, thought it now season to return to his wedlock-bed, remembering the promises he had made to Zelmane to observe true orders towards Gynecia. Gynecia, who had cast about her Zelmane's garment, wherein she came thither, followed Basilius to the cave's entry, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her own guiltiness, and the spiteful doubt she had Zelmane had abused her ; but because of the one side—finding the king did think her to be Zelmane—she had

liberty to imagine it might rather be the king's own unbridled enterprise which had barred Zelmane, than Zelmane's cunning deceiving of her, and that of the other, if she would headily seek a violent revenge, her own honour might be as much interested* as Zelmane endangered, she fell to this determination: first with fine handling of the king to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then, as she should learn how things had passed, to take into herself new-devised counsel. But this being her first action, having given unlooked-for attendance to the king, she heard him utter words betraying with what partiality he did prefer Zelmane to herself; therefore went she out to Basilius, setting herself in a grave behaviour and stately silence before him, until he, who at the first, thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be Zelmane, was beginning his loving ceremonies, did now, being helped by the peeping light wherewith the morning did overcome the night's darkness, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himself with starting back from her, she with a modest bitterness spake unto him.

Basilius, ashamed to see himself overtaken, began to make certain extravagant excuses; but the matter hardly brooking purgation, with the suddenness of the time, which barred any good conjoined invention, made him sometimes allege one thing, to which by-and-by he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat denial, another time with mitigating the fault; now brave, then humble, use such a stammering defensive that Gynecia, the violence of whose sore, indeed, ran another way, was content to fasten up the last stitch of her anger.

Basilius, that would rather than his life the matter had been

* *Interested*—“Interest” was the old form of our modern word “interest,” and is to be found in many of the early dramatists. It existed even as late as the time of Dryden, in whose preface to the *Æneid* the word occurs.

ended, the best rhetoric he had was flat demanding pardon of her, saying he had such a lesson without book of affection unto her as he would repay the debt of this error with the interest of a great deal more true honour than ever before he had done her. How much Basilius' own shame had found him culpable, and had already, even in soul, read his own condemnation, so much did the unexpected mildness of Gynecia captive his heart unto her, which otherwise, perchance, would have grown to a desperate carelessness. Therefore, embracing her, and confessing that her virtue shined in his vice, he did even, with a true resolved mind, vow unto her that, as long as he unworthy of her did live, she should be the furthest and only limit of his affection. Thus reconciled, to Basilius' great contentation, who began something to mark himself in his own doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of gold wherein Gynecia had put the liquor meant for Zelmane, and having failed of that guest was now carrying it home again. But he, whom perchance sorrow had made extremely thirsty, took it out of her hands, although she directly told him both of whom she had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proof she had seen thereof, hiding nothing from him but that she meant to minister it to another patient. But the king, whose belly had no ears, and much drouth kept from the desiring a taster, finding it not unpleasant to his palate, drank it almost off, leaving very little to cover the cup's bottom. But within a while that from his stomach the drink had delivered to his principal veins his noisome vapours, first with a painful stretching and forced yawning, then with a dark yellowness dyeing his skin and a cold deadly sweat principally about his temples, then with pang-like groans and gastly turning of his eyes, immediately all his limbs stiffened and his eyes fixed, he having had time to declare his case only in these words: "O Gynecia, I die! Have care——"

Of what, or how much further, he would have spoken no man can tell ; for Gynecia, having well perceived the changing of his colour, and those other evil signs, yet had not looked for such a sudden overthrow, but rather had bethought herself what was best for him, when she suddenly saw the matter come to that period, coming to him, and neither with any cries getting a word of him, nor with any other possible means able to bring any living action from him, the height of all ugly sorrows did so horribly appear before her amazed mind that at the first it did not only distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remaining as it were quick buried* in a grave of miseries. Her painful memory had straight filled her with the true shapes of all the forepast mischiefs ; her reason began to cry out against the filthy rebellion of sinful sense, and to tear itself with anguish for having made so weak a resistance, her conscience a terrible witness of the inward wickedness still nourishing this debateful fire ; her complaint now not having an end to be directed unto, from something to disburden sorrow, but a necessary downfall of inward wretchedness. She saw the rigour of the laws was like to lay a shameful death upon her, which being for that action undeserved, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soul most deserved, made it more miserable.

“O bottomless pit of sorrow,” said she, “in which I cannot contain myself, having the firebrands of all furies within me, still falling, and yet by the infiniteness of it never fallen ! Neither can I rid myself, being fettered with the everlasting consideration of it. For whither should I recommend the protection of my dishonoured fall ? To the earth ? It hath no life, and waits to be increased by the relics of my shamed

* *Quick buried*—Buried alive. “Come to judge the *quick* and the dead.”—Apostles’ Creed.

carcass. To men—who are always cruel in their neighbour's faults, and make other's overthrow become the badge of their ill-masked virtue? To the heavens? O unspeakable torment of conscience, which dare not look unto them! No sin can enter there; oh, there is no receipt for polluted minds! Whither, then, wilt thou lead this captive of thine, O snaky despair?" And kissing the cold face of Basilius, "And even so will I rest," said she, "and join this faulty soul of mine to thee, if so much the angry gods will grant me."

And as she was in this plight, the sun now climbing over our horizon, the first shepherds came by, who seeing the king in that case, and hearing the noise Dametas made of the lady Philoclea, ran with the doleful tidings of Basilius' death unto him, who presently, with all his company, came to the cave's entry where the king's body lay; Dametas, for his part, more glad for the hope he had of his private escape than sorry for the public loss his country received for a prince not to be misliked. But in Gynecia nature prevailed above judgment, and the shame she conceived to be taken in that order* overcame for that instant the former resolution; so that, as soon as she saw the foremost of the pastoral troop, the wretched princess ran to have hid her face in the next woods, but with such a mind that she knew not almost herself what she could wish to be the ground of her safety. Dametas, that saw her run away in Zelmane's upper raiment, and judging her to be so, thought certainly all the spirits in hell were come to play a tragedy in those woods, such strange change he saw every way: the king dead at the cave's mouth; the queen, as he thought, absent; Pamela fled away with Dorus; his wife and Mopsa in divers frenzies. But, of all other things, Zelmane conquered his capacity,

* *That order*—The shame she conceived to be taken in that order, *i.e.*, to be arrested in Zelmane's attire.

suddenly from a woman grown to a man, and from a locked chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gave the rest quickly to understand ; for, instead of doing anything as the exigent* required, he began to make circles and all those fantastical defences that he had ever heard were fortifications against devils.

But the other shepherds, who had both better wits and more faith, forthwith divided themselves, some of them running after Gynecia, and esteeming her running away a great condemnation of her own guiltiness ; others going to their prince to see what service was left for them, either in recovery of his life or honouring his death. They that went after the queen had soon taken her, in whom now the first fears were stayed, and the resolution to die had repossessed his place in her mind. But, when they saw it was the queen, to whom, besides the obedient duty they owed to her state, they had always carried a singular love for her courteous liberalities and other wise and virtuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration, they were all suddenly stopped, beginning to ask pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be their good lady, as she had ever been. But the queen, who now thirsted to be rid of herself, thus said unto them : “ It is I, faithful Arcadians, that have spoiled the country of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his unnatural end. Carry, therefore, my blood in your hands to testify your own innocence.” With this she presented her fair neck to the poor men, who looked one upon the other, unused to be arbiters in princes’ matters, and were now fallen into a great perplexity betwixt a prince dead and a princess alive. But at last, in moanful march, they went towards the other shepherds, who in the meantime had left nothing

* *Exigent*—The need of the occasion.

unassayed to revive the king ; but all was bootless, and their sorrows increased the more they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to know at least the cause of his end, having espied the unhappy cup, they gave the little liquor that was left to a dog of Dametas, in which within a short time it wrought the like effect, although Dametas did so much to recover him that, for very love of his life, he dashed out his brains.

And now the shepherds, after the ancient Greek manner, be-moaned their king, giving him the sacred titles of good, just, merciful, the father of his people and life of his country, generally* giving a true testimony that men are loving creatures when injuries put them not from their natural course, and how easy a thing it is for a prince by succession† deeply to sink into the souls of his subjects. And so, as they dispersed about the Arcadian woods, making them ring with their lamentations, and their resounding shrieks came indeed to the ears of the faithful and worthy Philanax, who, with other Arcadian lords, was coming to visit Basilius, to assure himself of his well-being—a thing which, after the late mutiny, he had often done—the shepherds, especially Dametas, knowing him to be the second person in authority, gave a sad relation to him of these events ; and he, kneeling down by the body, “ Ah, dear master,” said he, “ how soon, to our ruin, have you left the frail bark of your estate ! True love must be proved, in honour of your memory, in seeking just revenge on your enemies ; and more honourable will it be

* *Generally*—Here meaning universally, on all sides.

† *Prince by succession*—Bitterly true, some of the easiest and most careless, not to say most vicious princes, having been, before and since Sidney's time, the most popular. Loyal as Sidney was, there are here and there distinct hints of his admiration for a republican form of government and of his contempt for unfounded loyalty. Basilius singularly anticipates in his character the British Solomon, James I. and VI.

for your tomb to have the blood of your enemies sprinkled on it than the tears of your friends." And then he rose, looking upon the poor guiltless princess with an unjust justice that his eyes were sufficient heralds for him to denounce vengeance and hatred.

Philanax having presently given order for the bringing from Mantinea a great number of tents for the receipt of the principal Arcadians—the manner of that country being that where the prince died there should be orders taken for the country's government, and in the place any murder was committed the judgment should be given there before the body was buried—both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the nobility being arrived, he delivered the princess to a gentleman of great trust ; and as for Dametas, taking from him the keys of both the lodges, calling him the moth of his prince's estate and only spot of his judgment, he caused him, with his wife and daughter, to be fettered up in as many chains and clogs as they could bear, and every third hour to be cruelly whipped, till the determinate judgment should be given of all these matters. That done, having sent already at his coming to all the quarters of the country to seek Pamela, although with small hope of overtaking them, he himself went well accompanied to the lodge, where the two unfortunate lovers were attending a cruel conclusion of their long, painful, and late most painful affection.

Dametas' clownish eyes, having been the only discoverers of Pyrocles' stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of them, which in some sights would rather have bred anything than an accusing mind, and locked the door upon these two young folks, now made prisoners for love, as before they had been prisoners to love, but that immediately upon his going down, whether with noise Dametas made or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme grief had

procured his sleep, so extreme care had measured his sleep, giving his senses a very early *salve* to come to themselves, Pyrocles awaked; and being up, the first evil handsel* he had of the ill case wherein he was was the seeing himself deprived of his sword, from which he had never separated himself in any occasion; but by-and-by he perceived he was a prisoner before any arrest; for the door which he had left open was made so fast of the outside that for all the force he could employ unto it he could not undo Dametas' doing. Then went he to the windows, to see if that way there were any escape of him and his dear lady; but as vain he found all his employment there, not having might to break out but only one bar, wherein notwithstanding he strained his sinews to the uttermost. And that he rather took out to use for other service than for any possibility he had to escape; for even then it was that Dametas, having gathered together the first coming shepherds, did blabber out what he had found in the lady Philoclea's chamber. Pyrocles markedly hearkened to all that Dametas said, whose voice and mind acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceived that his being with the lady Philoclea was fully discovered, and by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly, of Dametas her honour therein touched in the highest degree, remembering withal the cruelty of the Arcadian laws, which, without exception, did condemn all to death who were found, as Dametas reported of them, in act of marriage

* *Handsel*—A word still used by the peasantry and common people of London, signifying the first money touched in a day's sale; hence its symbolical meaning. From the A.-S. *hand-selen*, *mancipatio*, putting over into another's hand.

“Yeat lothe to hurt my haste, and least

The *hansell* should retyer,

I was not over coye, nor he,

To warme him at my fier.”—

WARNER, *Albion's England*, bk. ix.

without solemnity of marriage, he saw the misfortune, not the mismeaning, of his work was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world, as he thought, did begin to receive honour; he saw the weak judgment of man would condemn that as death-deserving vice in her which had in troth never broken the bonds of a true living virtue, and that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes upon him she should see the accursed author of her dreadful end. And even this consideration, more than any other, did so set itself in his well-disposed mind that, dispersing his thoughts to all the ways that might be of her safety, finding a very small discourse in so narrow limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he saw none bear any likelihood for her life but his death. For then he thought it would fall out that, when they found his body dead, having no accuser but Dametas, as by his speech he found there was not, it might justly appear that either Philoclea in defending her honour, or else he himself in despair of achieving, had left his carcass proof of his intent, but witness of her clearness. Having a small while stayed upon the greatness of his resolution, and looked to the furthest of it, "Be it so," said the valiant Pyrocles: "never life for better cause, nor to a better end, was bestowed."

But then arose there a new impediment; for Dametas having carried away anything which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himself, he could find no fit instrument which might give him a final despatch; at length, making the more haste lest his lady should awake, taking the iron bar, which, being sharper somewhat at the one end than the other, he hoped, joined to his willing strength, might break off the feeble thread of mortality, he strake it upon his heart side with all the force he had, and falling withal upon to give it the thorougher passage, the bar in

troth was too blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skin and bruised his ribs very sore, so that his breath was almost past him. But the noise of his fall drove away sleep from the quiet senses of the dear Philoclea, and, borne as fast with desire as fear carried Daphne, she came running to Pyrocles, and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall, she put by the bar that lay close to him, and straining him in her most beloved embracements, “My comfort, my joy, my life,” said she, “what haste have you to kill your Philoclea with the most cruel torment that ever lady suffered ! Do you not yet persuade yourself that any hurt of yours is a death unto me, and that your death should be my hell ? Alas ! if any sudden mislike of me—for other cause I see none—have caused you to loath yourself ; if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terriblest rage in you, rather let me suffer the bitterness of it, for so shall the deserver be punished, mankind preserved from such a ruin, and I, for my part, shall have that comfort that I die by the noblest hand that ever drew sword.”

Pyrocles, grieved with his fortune that he had not in one instant cut off all such deliberation, thinking his life only reserved to be bound to be the unhappy news-teller, “Alas !” said he, “my only star, why do you this wrong to God, yourself, and me, to speak of faults in you ? No, no, most faultless, most perfect lady, it is your excellency that makes me hasten my desired end ; it is the right I owe to the general nature that, though against private nature, makes me seek the preservation of all that she hath done in this age. Let me, let me die. There is no way to save your life, most worthy to be conserved, than that my death be your clearing.” Then did he, with far more pain and backward loathness than the so near killing himself was, but yet driven with necessity to make her yield to that he thought was her safety, make her a

short but pithy discourse, and therewith sought new means of stopping his breath, but that by Philoclea's labour, above her force, he was stayed to hear her. She having with a pretty paleness, which did leave milken lines upon her rosy cheeks, paid a little duty to human fear, taking the prince by his hand and kissing the wound he had given himself, "O the only life of my life, and, if it fall out so, the comfort of my death," said she, "far, far from you be the doing of me such wrong as to think I will receive my life as a purchase of your death; but well may you make my death so much more miserable as it shall anything be delayed after my only felicity. Oh no, if die we must, let us thank death he hath not divided so true an union. And truly, my Pyrocles, I have heard my father and other wise men say that the killing of one's self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a fear of a further evil, either of torment or shame. Whatsoever, would they say, comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height that, holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain his greatness even in the midst of miseries. Lastly, they would say God had appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which, without treason to that Majesty, were never to be delivered over till they were redemanded."

But Pyrocles having with vehement embracings of her got yet some fruit of his delayed end, he thus answered the wise innocency of Philoclea: "Lady most worthy not only of life, but to be the very life of all things, the more notable demonstrations you make of the love, so far beyond my desert, with which it pleaseth you to overcome fortune in making me happy, the more am I even in course of humanity, to leave that love's force, which I neither can nor will leave, bound to seek requital's witness that I am not ungrateful, to do which the infiniteness of your goodness being such as I

cannot reach unto it, yet doing all I can, and paying my life, which is all I have, though it be far, without measure, short of your desert, yet shall I not die in debt to mine own duty. And truly the more excellent arguments you made to keep me from this passage, imagined far more terrible than it is, the more plainly it makes me to see what reason I have to prevent the loss not only Arcadia, but all the face of the earth should receive, if such a tree, which even in his first spring doth not only bear most beautiful blossoms, but most rare fruits, should be so untimely cut off. Therefore, O most truly beloved lady, to whom I desire, for both our goods, that they may be my last words, give me your consent, for it is fitter one die than both. And since you have sufficiently showed you love me, let me claim by that love you will be content rather to let me die contentedly than wretchedly—rather with a clear and joyful conscience than with desperate condemnation in myself. Your father, you say, was wont to say that this like action doth more proceed of fear of further evil or shame than of a true courage. But indeed, and as for my part, I call the immortal truth to witness that no fear of torment can appal me, having long learned to set bodily pain but in the second form of my being. And as for shame, how can I be ashamed of that for which my well-meaning conscience will answer for me to God, and your irresistible beauty to the world? But to take that argument in his own force, and grant it done for avoiding of further pain or dishonour—for, as for the name of fear, it is but an odious title of passion given to that which true judgment performeth—grant, I say, it is to shun a worse case. and truly I do not see but that true fortitude, looking into all human things with a persisting resolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleasing things nor astonishment of the unpleasant, doth not yet deprive itself of the discerning

the difference of evil, but rather is the only virtue which in an assured tranquillity shuns the greater by the valiant entering into the less. Thus for his country's safety he will spend his life, for the saving of a limb he will not niggardly spare his goods, for the saving of all his body he will not spare the cutting off a limb, where indeed the weak-hearted man will rather die than see the face of a surgeon, who might with as good reason say that the constant man abides the painful surgery for fear of a further evil ; but he is content to wait for death itself. But neither is true, for neither hath the one any fear, but a well-choosing judgment, nor the other hath any contentment, but only fear, and not having a heart actively to perform a matter of pain is forced passively to abide a greater damage. For to do requires a whole heart, to suffer falleth easiliest in the broken minds ; and if in bodily torment thus, much more in shame, wherein, since valour is a virtue, and virtue is ever limited, we must not run so infinitely as to think the valiant man is willingly to suffer anything, since the very suffering of some things is a certain proof of want of courage. And if anything unwillingly, among the chiefest may shame go ; for if honour be to be held dear, his contrary is to be abhorred, and that not for fear, but of a true election : for which is the less inconvenient, either the loss of some years more or less—once we know our lives be not immortal—or the submitting ourselves to each unworthy misery* which

* *Each unworthy misery*—This argument in favour of suicide so much resembles that of Hamlet in his celebrated soliloquy that it is easy to believe that Shakespeare had this passage in his recollection when he wrote—

“ For who would bear the whips and scorns of time ;
 who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ?”

and, indeed, the whole thirty-three lines, which are of such mighty import and rough, thoughtful grandeur that even spelling-books, elegant extracts, and school exercises cannot make them commonplace nor vulgar.

the foolish world may lay upon us? As for their reason, that fear is contrary to hope, neither do I defend fear, nor much yield to the authority of hope; to either of which great inclining shows but a feeble reason, which must be guided by his servants; and who builds not upon hope shall fear no earthquake of despair. Their last alleging of the heavenly powers, as it bears the greatest name, so it is the only thing that at all bred any combat in my mind; and yet I do not see but that, if God had made us masters of anything, it is of our own lives, out of which, without doing wrong to anybody, we are to issue at our own pleasure. And the same argument would as much prevail to say we should for no necessity lay away from us any of our joints, since they being made of him, without his warrant we should not depart from them; or, if that may be, for a greater cause we may pass to a greater degree: and if we be lieutenants of God in this little castle, do you not think we must take warning of him to give over our charge when he leaves us unprovided of good means to tarry in it?">*

“No, certainly do I not,” answered the sorrowful Philoclea, “since it is not for us to appoint that mighty Majesty what time he will help us; the uttermost instant is scope enough for him to revoke everything to one’s own desire. And therefore to prejudicate his determination is but a doubt of goodness in him who is nothing but goodness. But when, indeed, he doth either by sickness or outward force lay death

* Spenser’s description of the Cave of Despair is said to have gained him an introduction to Sidney. Be this as it may, here is a very curious parallel. A similar argument in favour of suicide, drawn like the above from the rules of military discipline, is used by Despair when he would tempt Sir Guyon to slay himself:—

“He that points the centonell his roome
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.”

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I. ix. 41.

upon us, then are we to take knowledge that such is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that he doth. That we should be masters of ourselves we can show at all no title nor claim, since neither we made ourselves nor bought ourselves; we can stand upon no other right but his gift, which he must limit as it pleaseth him. And truly, my most dear Pyrocles, I must needs protest unto you that I cannot think your defence even in rules of virtue sufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were if the question were of two outward things, wherein a man might by nature's freedom determine whether he would prefer shame to pain, present smaller torment to greater following, or no. But to this, besides the comparison of the matter's values,* there is added of the one part a direct evil doing, which maketh the balance of that side too much unequal, since a virtuous man without any respect, whether the grief be less or more, is never to do that which he cannot assure himself is allowable before the Everliving Rightfulness, but rather is to think honours or shames, which stand in other men's true or false judgments pains or not pains, which yet never approach our souls, to be nothing in regard of an unspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember I have heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured virtue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion."

Pyrocles was not so much persuaded as delighted by her well-conceived and sweetly-pronounced speeches; but when she had closed her pitiful discourse, and as it were sealed up her delightful lips with the moistness of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearl, now thinking it high time, "Be it as you say," said he, "most virtuous beauty, in all the rest, but never can God himself persuade me that Pyrocles' life is not well lost for to preserve

* *Values*—*i.e.*, value, worth.

the most admirable Philoclea. But," said he, "most dear lady, whose contentment I prefer before mine own, and judgment esteem more than mine own, I yield unto your pleasure. The gods send you have not won your own loss. For my part, they are my witnesses that I think I do more at your commandment in delaying my death than another would in bestowing his life. And now," said he, "as thus far I have yielded unto you, so grant me recompense thus much again, that I may find your love in granting as you have found your authority in obtaining. My humble suit is, you will say I came in by force into your chamber—for so am I resolved now to affirm, and that will be the best for us both—but in no case name my name, that whatsoever come of me my house be not dishonoured."

Philoclea, fearing lest refusal would turn him back again to his violent refuge, gave him a certain countenance that might show she did yield to his request, the later part whereof indeed she meant for his sake to perform. Neither could they spend more words together; for Philanax, with twenty of the noblest personages of Arcadia after him, were come into the lodge. Philanax, making the rest to stay below, for the reverence he bare to womanhood, as stilly as he could came to the door, and opening it, drew the eyes of these two doleful lovers upon him, and resting a while upon himself, stricken with admiration at the goodly shape of Pyrocles, whom before he had never seen, and withal remembering, besides others, the notable act he had done, when with his courage and eloquence he had saved Basilius, perchance the whole state from utter ruin, he felt a kind of relenting mind towards him. But when that same thought came, waited on with the remembrance of his master's death, which he, by all probabilities, thought he had been of counsel unto with the queen, compassion turned to hateful passion, and left in

Philanax a strange medley betwixt pity and revenge, betwixt liking and abhorring.

Pyrocles seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his coming, but assuring himself it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort : “Gentleman,” said he, “what is the cause of your coming to my lady Philoclea’s chamber? Is it to defend her from such violence as I might go about to offer unto her? If be it so, truly your coming is vain, for her own virtue hath been a sufficient resistance: there needs no strength to be added to so inviolate chastity, the excellency of her mind makes her body impregnable; which for mine own part I had soon yielded to confess with going out of this place, where I found but little comfort, being so disdainfully received, had I not been, I know not by whom, presently upon my coming hither so locked into this chamber that I could never escape hence; where I was fettered in the most guilty shame that ever man was, seeing what a paradise of unspotted goodness my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therefore you come, already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishment whatsoever for having undertaken so inexcusable presumption, truly I bear such an accuser about me of mine own conscience that I willingly submit myself unto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witness unto the king what you hear me say, and oppose yourself that neither his sudden fury nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much that I am fain to lay mine own faultiness as a foil of her purest excellency.”

Philanax was content to hear him out, not for any favour he owed him, but to see whether he would reveal anything of the original cause and purpose of the king’s death. But

finding it so far from that that he named Basilius unto him, as supposing him alive, thinking it rather cunning than ignorance, "Young man," said he, "whom I have cause to hate before I have mean to know, you use but a point of skill by confessing the manifest smaller fault to be believed hereafter in the denial of the greater. But, for that matter, all passeth to one end, and hereafter we shall have leisure by torments to seek the truth if the love of the truth itself will not bring you unto it. As for my lady Philoclea, if it so fall out as you say, it shall be the more fit for her years, and comely for the great house that she is come of, that an ill-governed beauty hath not cancelled the rules of virtue. But, howsoever it be, it is not for you to teach an Arcadian what reverent duty we owe unto any of that progeny. But," said he, "come with me without resistance; for the one cannot avail and the other may procure pity." "Pity!" said Pyrocles, with a bitter smiling, disdained with so currish an answer; "no, no, Arcadian, I can quickly have pity of myself, and would think my life most miserable which should be a gift of thine. Only I demand this innocent lady's security, which until thou hast confirmed unto me by an oath, assure thyself the first that lays hands upon her shall leave his life for a testimony of his sacrilege."

Philanax with an inward scorn thinking it most manifest they were both, he at least, of counsel with the king's death, "Well," said he, "you speak much to me of the king; I do here swear unto you by the love I have ever borne him she shall have no worse, howsoever it fall out, than her own parents." "And upon that word of yours I yield," said poor Pyrocles, deceived by him that meant not to deceive him. Then did Philanax deliver him into the hands of a nobleman in the company, every one desirous to have him in his charge, so much did his goodly presence, wherein true valour shined,

breed a delightful admiration in all the beholders. Philanax himself stayed with Philoclea, to see whether of her he might learn some disclosing of his former conclusion.

But the sweet lady, whom first a kindly shamefastness had separated from Pyrocles, now felt his absence, and, according to the nature of love, fearing the worst, began wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of tears, and bending her amber-crowned head over the bed-side to the hard-hearted Philanax, "O Philanax," said she, "I know how much authority you have with my father, and you have often promised to serve me. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turn." But to her he said, "Look for no mercy but that which dread pitiless laws may allot you. For my part, I loved you for your virtue; but now where is that? I loved you in respect of a private benefit: what is that in comparison of the public loss? I loved you for your father: unhappy folks, you have robbed the world of him."

These words of her father were so little understood by the only well-understanding Philoclea that she desired him to tell her what he meant to speak in such dark sort unto her of her lord and father, whose displeasure was more dreadful unto her than her punishment; that she was free in her own conscience she had never deserved evil of him—no, not in this last fact; wherein, if it pleased him to proceed with patience, he should find her choice had not been unfortunate. He, that saw her words written in the plain table of her fair face, thought it impossible there should therein be contained deceit, and therefore so much the more abashed, "Why," said he, "madam, would you have me think you are not of conspiracy with the Princess Pamela's flight and your father's death?" With that word the sweet lady gave a pitiful cry, having straight in her face and breast abundance of witnesses that her heart was far from any such abominable consent. "Ah, of

all sides utterly ruined Philoclea," said she, "now indeed I may well suffer all conceit of hope to die in me. Dear father, where was I, that might not do you my last service before soon after miserably following you?" Philanax perceived the demonstration so lively and true in her that he easily acquitted her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moved to join with her in most hearty lamentation. But, remembering him that the burthen of the state and punishment of his master's murtherers lay all upon him, "Well," said he, "madam, I can do nothing without all the states of Arcadia ; what they will determine of you I know not ; for my part, your speeches would much prevail with me, but that I find not how to excuse your giving over your body to him that, for the last proof of his treason, lent his garments to disguise your miserable mother in the most vile fact she committed. Hard, sure, it will be to separate your causes, with whom you have so nearly joined yourself." "Neither do I desire it," said the sweetly-weeping Philoclea : "whatsoever you determine of him, do that likewise to me ; only as you find him faultless let him find you favourable, and build not my dishonour upon surmises." Philanax, feeling his heart more and more mollifying unto her, renewed the image of his dead master in his fancy, and, using that for the spurs of his revengeful choler, went suddenly without any more speech from the desolate lady, leaving good guard upon the lodge, himself to see the order of his other prisoners, whom even then as he issued he found increased by this unhoped means :—

The noble Pamela reposed both mind and body upon the trusted support of her princely shepherd when, with the braying cries of a rascal company, she was robbed of her quiet, so that at one instant she opened her eyes and the enraged Musidorus rose from her. But the clowns, having with their hideous noise brought them both to their feet, had soon knowledge what

guests they had found; for indeed these were the scummy* remnant of those rebels whose naughty minds could not trust so much to the goodness of their prince as to lay their hang-worthy necks upon the constancy of his promised pardon. In this sort vagabonding in those untrodden places, they were guided by the everlasting justice, using themselves to be punishers of their faults, making their own actions the beginning of their chastisements, unhappily, both for him and themselves, to light on Musidorus, whom, as soon as they saw turned towards them, they full well remembered it was he that, accompanied with Basilius, had come to the succour of Zelmane, and had left among some of them bloody tokens of his valour. As for Pamela, they had many times seen her. Thus, first stirred up with a rustical revenge against him, without any other denouncing of war, they set all together upon the worthy Musidorus, who, after performing many deeds of valour and slaying some of his assailants, was constrained to yield himself an unwilling prisoner, since one of the rabble, compassing about some trees, surprised the lady Pamela, and holding to her fair throat his dagger, threatened to kill her unless Musidorus yielded. He, seeing that it stood upon the point of his dear lady's life, gave up his sword; and, either by fortune or the inward working virtue of those two lovers, the villains took two horses, and having set upon them their princely prisoners, they returned towards the lodge, having decked all their heads with laurel branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, and, singing and shouting, ran by them in hope to have brought them the same day again to the king. But the time was so far spent that they were forced to take up that night's lodging in the midst of the woods; where Musidorus, taking the tender hand of Pamela and bedewing it with his tears, in this sort gave an

* *Scummy*—The draggled ends of the mob, the scum of the people.

issue to the swelling of his heart's grief. "Most excellent lady," said he, "in what case, think you, am I with myself, how unmerciful judgments do I lay upon my soul now that I know not what god hath so reversed my well-meaning enterprise as, instead of doing you that honour which I hoped, and not without reason hoped, Thessalia should have yielded unto you, am now like to become a wretched instrument of your discomfort? Alas! how contrary an end have all the inclinations of my mind taken; my faith falls out a treason unto you, and the true honour I bear you is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sown!" "My dear and ever dear Musidorus," said she, "a greater wrong do you to yourself that will torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himself than to do wisely, chance is only to trouble them that stand upon chance. But greater is the wrong—at least, if anything that comes from you may bear the name of wrong—you do unto me, to think me either so childish as not to perceive your faithful faultlessness, or, perceiving it, so basely disposed as to let my heart be overthrown, standing upon itself in so unspotted a pureness. For how can I want comfort that have the true and living comfort of my unblemished virtue? and how can I want honour as long as Musidorus, in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Now let us turn from these things, and think you how you will have me behave myself towards you in this matter."

Musidorus, finding the authority of her speech confirmed with direct necessity, the first care that came to his mind was of his dear friend and cousin Pyrocles, with whom long before he had concluded what names they should bear, if upon any occasion they were forced to give themselves out for great men, and yet not make themselves fully known. Now, fearing lest, if the princess should name him for

Musidorus, the fame of their two being together would discover Pyrocles, holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together, "I did not think, most excellent princess," said he, "to have made any further request unto you; for, having been already to you so unfortunate a suitor, I know not what modesty can bear any further demand. But the estate of one young man whom, next to you, far above myself, I love more than all the world, one worthy of all well-being for the notable constitution of his mind, and most unworthy to receive hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith and constancy love, the pity of him only goes beyond all resolution to the contrary." Then did he, to the princess' great admiration, tell her the whole story as far as he knew of it, and that when they made the grievous disjunction of their long combination, they had concluded Musidorus should entitle himself Palladius, Prince of Iberia, and Pyrocles should be Daiphantus of Lycia.

"Now," said Musidorus, "he keeping a woman's habit is to use no other name than Zelmane; but that I find it best of the one side for your honour you went away with a prince and not with a shepherd, of the other side accounting my death less evil than the betraying of that sweet friend of mine, will take this mean betwixt both, and, using the name of Palladius, if the respect of a prince will stop your father's fury, that will serve as well as Musidorus, until Pyrocles' fortune being someway established, I may freely give good proof that the noble country of Thessalia is mine; and if that will not mitigate your father's opinion to me, nature, I hope, working in your excellency, will make him deal well by you. For my part, the image of death is nothing fearful unto me; and this good I shall have reaped by it, that I shall leave my most esteemed friend in no danger to be disclosed by me."

Pamela, promising him upon no occasion ever to name him, fell into extremity of weeping, as if her eyes had been content

to spend all their seeing moistness, now that there was a speech of the loss of that which they held as their chiefest light ; so that Musidorus was forced to repair her good counsels with sweet consolations, which continued betwixt them until sleep having stolen into their heavy senses, their lobbish* guard, who all night had kept themselves awake with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away, and how fair a death their fellow had died, who at his last gasp sued to be a hangman, awaked them and set them upon their horses, to whom the very shining force of excellent virtue, though in a very harrish† subject, had wrought a kind of reverence in them.

Being now come within the plain near to the lodges, they espied a troop of horsemen, who were some of them Philanax had sent out to the search of Pamela, come galloping unto them, and who marvelled who they were that in such a general mourning durst sing joyful tunes, and in so public a ruin wear the laurel token of victory. And that which seemed strangest, they might see two among them unarmed like prisoners, but riding like captains ; but when they came nearer they perceived the one was a lady, and the lady Pamela. Then, glad they had by hap found that which they so little hoped to meet withal, taking these clowns, who first resisted them, for the desire they had to be the deliverers of the two excellent prisoners, learning that they were of those rebels which had made the dangerous uproar, as well under colour to punish that as this their last withstanding them, but indeed their principal cause being because they themselves would have the only praise of their own quest, they suffered

* *Lobbish*—Clownish or lubberish ; from the old word *lob*, a clown, or lubber. “Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits.”—*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii., sc. I.

† *Harrish*—The old form of our modern word “harsh.”

not one of them to live. Mary,* three of the stubbornest of them they left their bodies hanging upon the trees, because their doing might carry the likelier form of judgment. Such an unlooked-for end did the life of justice work for the naughty-minded wretches, by subjects to be executed that would have executed princes, and to suffer that without law which by law they had deserved. And thus these young folks, twice prisoners before any due arrest, delivered of their jailers but not of their jail, had rather change than respite of misery ; these soldiers, that took them with very few words of entertainment, hasting to carry them to their lord Philanax.

When Pyrocles, led towards his prison, saw his friend Musidorus, with the noble lady Pamela, in that unexpected sort returned, his grief—if any grief were in a mind which had placed everything according to his natural worth—was very much augmented ; for besides some small hope he had, if Musidorus had once been clear of Arcadia, by his dealing and authority to have brought his only gladsome desires to a good issue, the hard estate of his friend did no less—nay, rather more—vex him than his own. But, as soon as Musidorus was brought by the soldiers near unto Philanax, Pyrocles not knowing whether ever after he should be suffered to see his friend, and determining there could be no advantage by dissembling a not knowing of him, leapt suddenly from their hands that held him, and passing with a strength strengthened with a true affection through them that encompassed Musidorus, he embraced him as fast as he could in his arms, and kissing his cheeks, “ O my Palladius,” said he, “ let not our virtue now abandon us ; let us prove our minds are no slaves to fortune, but in adversity can triumph over adversity.” “ Dear Daïphantus,” answered Musidorus, seeing by his

* *Mary*—Sometimes spelt *marry*, an abbreviated form of the oath “ by the Virgin Mary.”

apparel his being a man was revealed, “I thank you for this best care of my best part ; but fear not, I have kept too long company with you to want now a thorough determination of these things ; I well know there is nothing evil but within us—the rest is either natural or accidental.” Philanax, finding them of so near acquaintance, began presently to examine them apart ; but such resolution he met with in them that by no such means he could learn further than it pleased them to deliver, so that he thought best to put them both in one place, with espial of their words and behaviour, and for that purpose gave them both unto the nobleman who before had the custody of Pyrocles, by name Sympathus.

No man that hath ever passed through the school of affection needs doubt what a tormenting grief it was to the noble Pamela to have the company of him taken from her to whose virtuous company she had bound her life, but, weighing with herself it was fit for her honour, till her doing were clearly manifested, that they should remain separate, kept down the rising tokens of grief, showing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied Musidorus even unto the tent whither he and Pyrocles were led. Then, with a countenance more princely than she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts, like the palm-tree striving most upward when he is most burthened, she commanded Philanax to bring her to her father and mother that she might render them account of her doings. Philanax, showing a sullen kind of reverence unto her, as a man that honoured her as his master’s heir, but much disliked her for her—in his conceit—dishonourable proceedings, told her what was passed, rather to answer her than that he thought she was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compassionate affliction of those hard adventures, which with crossing her arms, looking a great while on the ground with those eyes which

let fall many tears, she well declared ; but, in the end remembering how necessary it was for her not to lose herself in such an extremity, she strengthened her well-created heart, and stoutly demanded Philanax what authority then they had to lay hands on her person, who being the undoubted heir was then the lawful princess of that kingdom. Philanax answered, her grace knew the ancient laws of Arcadia bare she was to have no sway of government till she came to one-and-twenty years of age, or were married.

“ And married I am,” replied the wise princess ; “ therefore I demand your due allegiance.” “ The gods forbid,” said Philanax, “ Arcadia should be a dowry of such marriages !” Besides, he told her all the states of her country were evil satisfied touching her father’s death. After that she should have obedience as by the laws was due unto her, desiring God she would show herself better in public government than she had done in private. She would have spoken to the gentlemen and people gathered about her, but Philanax, fearing lest thereby some commotion might arise, hasted her up to the lodge where her sister was, and there, with a chosen company of soldiers to guard the place, left her with Philoclea, Pamela protesting they laid violent hands on her. But high time it was for Philanax so to do ; for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confused and dangerous divisions.

Among the noblemen that had set themselves against Philanax, the most open was one Timautus, a man of middle age, but of extreme ambition, who placed his utmost good in greatness, thinking it small difference how he came by it ; of commendable wit too, if he had not made it a servant to unbridled desires. He, shameless and bold, proposed, for his own purposes, to deliver the queen and the princesses. But Philanax came amongst them thereat, and urged that they should take in hand the punishment of their master’s

murderers, "laying order," said he, "for the government; by whomsoever it be done, so it be done, and done justly, I am satisfied. For the care of my heart stands to repay that wherein both I and most of you were tied to that prince."

As he spake his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth and fearful eyes, telling him that there was a great number of the people which were bent to take the young men out of Sympathus' hands, and, as it should seem by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaim them princes. Among these, the chief man both in authority and love was Kalander, he that not long before had been host to the two princes, whom though he knew not so much as by name, yet stood bound to them for preserving the lives of his son and nephew.

But Philanax came in time to withstand them, both sides yet standing in arms, and rather wanting a beginning than minds to enter into a bloody conflict, which Philanax foreseeing, thought best to remove the prisoners secretly, and, if need were, rather without form of justice to kill them than against justice, as he thought, to have them usurp the state. But there again arose a new trouble; for Sympathus, the nobleman that kept them, was so stricken in compassion with their excellent presence that, as he would not falsify his promise to Philanax to give them liberty, so yet would he not yield them to himself, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult upon tumult arising, the sun, I think, awearied to see their discords, had already gone down to his western lodging.

*The End of the Fourth Book.**

* A fourth Eclogue concludes the fourth Book; and this also, in pursuance of our plan, is omitted, Sidney, or its author, himself owning that it is "perchance a tedious digression."



The Fifth Book.

THE dangerous division of men's minds, the ruinous renting of all estates, had now brought Arcadia to feel the pangs of the uttermost peril—such convulsions never coming but that the life of that government draws near his necessary period—when to the honest and wise Philanax, equally distracted betwixt desire of his master's revenge and care of the estate's establishment, there came, unlooked for, a Macedonian gentleman, who in short but pithy manner delivered unto him that the renowned Euarchus, king of Macedon, purposing to have visited his old friend and confederate the king Basilius, was now come within half-a-mile of the lodges, where having understood by certain shepherds the sudden death of their prince, had sent unto him, of whose authority and faith he had good knowledge, desiring him to advertise him in what security he might rest there for that night, where willingly he would, if safely he might, help to celebrate the funerals of his ancient companion and ally ; adding he need not doubt, since he had brought but twenty in his company, he would be so unwise as to enter into any forcible attempt with so small force.

Philanax, having entertained the gentleman, desired him to return to the king his master, and to beseech him, though with his pains, to stay for an hour or two where he

was, till he had set things in better order to receive him; he himself went first to the noblemen, then to Kalander and the principal Mantineans, who were most opposite unto him, desiring them that, as the night had most blessedly stayed them from entering into civil blood, so they would be content in the night to assemble the people together to hear some news which he was to deliver unto them.

There is nothing more desirous of novelties than a man that fears his present fortune. Therefore they whom mutual diffidence made doubtful of their utter destruction were quickly persuaded to hear of any new matter which might alter, at least, if not help the nature of their fear; namely, the chiefest men, who, as they had most to lose, so were most jealous of their own case. And to them, aware of the labouring of Timautus to have withdrawn them from his assembly, Philanax said, "I will deliver to you what blessed mean* the gods have sent, if you like to embrace it. There be none of you, I think, but have heard of that just prince Euarchus, king of Macedon; a prince with whom our late master did ever hold most perfect alliance. He, even he, is this day come, having but twenty horse with him, within two miles of this place, hoping to have found the virtuous Basilius alive, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, surely the heavenly powers have in too full a time bestowed him on us to unite our divisions. For my part, therefore, I wish that, since among ourselves we cannot agree in so manifold partialities, we do put the ordering of all these things into his hands, as well touching the obsequies of the king, the

* *Mean*—Fr. *moyen*, Lat. *medium*—now and for some time used in the plural, means the agency or instrumentality by which a thing is done. "O Blessed Lady, be thou the *meane* and medyatryce between thy Sonne and wretched synners that hee punnysshe not euerlastyngely."—FISHER, *Seuen Psalmes*, Ps. 38.

punishment of his death, as the marriage and crowning of our princess."

When Philanax first named Euarchus' landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though in that evil-ordered weakness of theirs he had come to conquer their country. But when they understood he had a small retinue, whispering one with another, and looking who should begin to confirm Philanax's proposition, at length Sympathus was the first that allowed it, then the rest of the noblemen. And then, having taken a general oath that they should, in the nonage of the princess, or till these things were settled, yield full obedience to Euarchus, so far as were not prejudicial to the laws, customs, and liberties of Arcadia, he himself, honourably accompanied with a great number of torches,* went to the king Euarchus, whose coming in this sort into Arcadia had thus fallen out.

The woeful Prince Plangus, receiving of Basilius no other succours but only certain to conduct him to Euarchus, made all possible speed towards Byzantium, where he understood the king, having concluded all his wars with the winning of that town, had now for some good space made his abode. But being far gone on his way, he received certain intelligence that Euarchus was not only some days before returned into Macedon, but since was gone with some haste to visit that coast of his country that lay towards Italy, and was now come to Aulon, a principal port of his realm, when the poor Plangus, extremely wearied with his long journey—desire of succouring Erona no more relieving than fear of not succouring her in time aggravating his travel—by a lamentable narration of his children's death, called home his cares from encountering foreign enemies to suppress the insurrection of inward passions. But the face of Euarchus' sorrow, to the

* See note, p. 250.

one in nature, to both in affection a father, and judging the world so much the more unworthily deprived of those excellencies as himself was better judge of so excellent worthiness, can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencil than by covering it over with the veil of silence. And, indeed, that way himself took, with so patient a quietness receiving this pitiful relation that, all the words of weakness suppressed, magnanimity seemed to triumph over misery. Only receiving of Plangus perfect instruction of all things concerning Plexirtus and Artaxia, with promise not only to aid him in delivering Erona, but also with vehement protestation never to return into Macedon till he had pursued the murtherers to death, he despatched with speed a ship for Byzantium, commanding the governor to provide all necessaries for the war against his own coming, which he purposed should be very shortly. In this ship Plangus would needs go, impatient of stay, for that in many days before he had understood nothing of his lady's estate. Soon after whose departure news was brought to Euarchus that all his ships detained in Italy were returned. By means whereof Euarchus, with so great a fleet as haste would suffer him to assemble, forthwith embarked for Byzantium. And now, followed with fresh winds, he had in a short time run a long course, when on a night, encountered with an extreme tempest, his ships were so scattered that scarcely any two were left together. As for the king's own ship, deprived of all company, sore bruised, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brook the sea's churlish entertainment, a little before day it recovered the shore.

The first light made them see it was the unhappy coast of Laconia, for no other country could have shown the like evidence of unnatural war ; which having long endured between the nobility and the Helots, and once compounded by

Pyrocles, under the name of Daïphantus, immediately upon his departure had broken out more violently than ever before. For the king, taking opportunity of their captain's absence, refused to perform the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence; whereupon they were again deeply entered into war, with so notable an hatred towards the very name of a king that Euarchus, though a stranger unto them, thought it not safe there to leave his person, where neither his own force could be a defence, nor the sacred name of majesty a protection. Therefore, calling to him an Arcadian—one that, coming with Plangus, had remained with Euarchus, desirous to see the wars—he demanded of him for the next place of surety, where he might make his stay until he might hear somewhat of his fleet, or cause his ship to be repaired. The gentleman, glad to have this occasion of doing service to Euarchus, and honour to Basilius—to whom he knew he should bring a most welcome guest—told him that, if it pleased him to commit himself to Arcadia, a part whereof lay open to their view, he would undertake, ere the next night were far spent, to guide him safely to his master Basilius.

The present necessity much prevailed with Euarchus, yet a more certain virtuous desire to try whether by his authority he might withdraw Basilius from burying himself alive, and to employ the rest of his old years in doing good, the only happy action of man's life. Now a prince being, and not doing, like a prince, keeping and not exercising the place, they were in so much more evil case as they could not provide for their evil. These rightly wise and virtuous considerations especially moved Euarchus to take his journey towards the desert, where arriving within night, and understanding, to his great grief, the news of the prince's death, he waited for his safe conduct from Philanax. But Philanax, as soon as he was in sight of him, lighting from his horse, presented himself unto

him in all those humble behaviours which not only the great reverence of the party, but the conceit of one's own misery is wont to frame. Euarchus rose up unto him with so gracious a countenance as the goodness of his mind had long exercised him unto ; careful so much more to descend in all courtesies as he saw him bear a low representation of his afflicted state. And Philanax, as soon as by near looking he might behold him, conjured Euarchus to abide, the people having yielded themselves over to him as elected protector of the kingdom, reserving only to Basilius' blood the right, and begging for the ancient prescribing of their laws. Euarchus, utterly unlooking for this request, and yet with a secret assurance of his own worthiness, but held back by his own business, after some parley, yielded to take upon himself the judgment of this cause. Therefore, mounting on their horses, they hasted to the lodges, where they found, though late in the night, the people wakefully watching for the issue of Philanax's embassy. But when they saw Philanax return, having on his right hand the king Euarchus, on whom they had now placed the greatest burthen of their fears, with joyful shouts and applauding acclamations they made him and the world quickly know that one man's sufficiency is more available than ten thousands' multitude. For, as if Euarchus had been born of the princely blood of Arcadia, or that long and well-acquainted proof had ingrafted him in their country, so flocked they about this stranger, most of them already from dejected fears rising to ambitious considerations, who should catch the first hold of his favour ; and then from those crying welcomes to babbling one with the other, some praising Philanax for his exceeding pain, others liking Euarchus' aspect, and as they judged his age by his face, so judging his wisdom by his age. Euarchus passed through them like a man that did neither

disdain a people, nor yet was anything tickled with their flatteries, but, always holding his own, a man might read a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting among them, he forthwith demanded the convocation to be made, which accordingly was done, and he being raised up upon a place more high than the rest, where he might be best understood, in this sort spake unto them :

“ I understand,” said he, “ faithful Arcadians, by my lord Philanax, that you have with one consent chosen me to be the judge of the late evils happened, orderer of the present disorders, and finally protector of this country, till therein it be seen what the customs of Arcadia require.” He could say no further, being stopped with a general cry that so it was, giving him all the honourable titles and happy wishes they could imagine. He beckoned unto them for silence, and then thus again proceeded : “ Well,” said he, “ how good choice you have made, the attending must be in you—the proof in me. But, because it many times falls out we are much deceived in others, we being the first to deceive ourselves, I am to require you not to have an overshooting expectation of me. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions ; else, whatsoever I do or say will be measured by a wrong rule. Thirdly, whatsoever debates have risen among you may be utterly extinguished. Lastly, that you do not easily judge of your judge, but, since you will have me to command, think it is your part to obey. And, in reward of this, I will promise and protest unto you that the uttermost of my skill, both in the general laws of nature, especially of Greece, and particular of Arcadia (wherein I must confess I am not unacquainted), I will not only see the past evils duly punished, and your weal hereafter established, but, for your defence in it, if need shall require, I will employ the force and treasures of mine own country. In the meantime,

this shall be the first order I will take, that no man, under pain of grievous punishment, name me by any other name but protector of Arcadia. First, therefore, I mean the trying which be guilty of the king's death, and those other heinous trespasses ; and because your customs require such haste, I will no longer delay it than till to-morrow, as soon as the sun shall give us fit opportunity. You may therefore retire yourself to your rest, that you may be readier to be present at these so great important matters."

With many allowing tokens was Euarchus' speech heard, who now by Philanax, that took the principal care of doing all due services unto him, was offered a lodging made ready for him, the rest of the people, as well as a small commodity of that place would suffer, yielding their weary heads to sleep ; when, lo ! the night throughly spent in these mixed matters, was for that time banished the face of the earth, and Euarchus seeing the day begin to disclose his comfortable beauties, desiring nothing more than to join speed with justice, willed Philanax presently to make the judgment place be put in order, and, as soon as the people, who yet were not fully dispersed, might be brought together, to bring forth the prisoners and the king's body, which the manner was should in such cases be held in sight, though covered with black velvet, until they that were accused to be the murthers were quitted or condemned.

The friendly host of the two princes, the honest gentleman Kalander, seeking all means how to help them, had endeavoured to speak with them and to make them know who should be their judge. But the curious* servant of Philanax forbade him the entry upon pain of death. So that Kalander was constrained to retire himself, having yet obtained thus much, that he would deliver unto the two princes their apparel

* *Curious*—i.e., scrupulous, particular.

and jewels, which being left with him at Mantinea, wisely considering that their disguised weeds, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the sight of the judges, he had that night sent for and now brought unto them. They accepted their own with great thankfulness, knowing from whence it came, and attired themselves in it against the next day, which being indeed rich and princely, they accordingly determined to maintain the names of Palladius and Daiphantus as before it is mentioned.

As soon as the morning had taken a full possession of the element, Euarchus called unto him Philanax, and willed him to draw out into the midst of the green, before the chief lodge, the throne of judgment seat, in which Basilius was wont to sit, and according to their customs was ever carried with the prince. For Euarchus did wisely consider the people to be naturally taken with exterior shows, far more than with inward consideration of the material points. And therefore, in this new entry into so entangled a matter, he would leave nothing which might be either an armour or an ornament unto him ; and in these pompous ceremonies he well knew a secret of government much to consist. That was performed by the diligent Philanax ; and therein Euarchus did set himself all clothed in black, with the principal men who could in that suddenness provide themselves of such mourning raiments. As for Philanax, Euarchus would have done him the honour to sit by him, but he excused himself, desiring to be the accuser of the prisoners in his master's behalf ; and therefore, since he made himself a party,* it was not convenient for him to sit in the judicial place.

Then was it a while deliberated whether the two young ladies should be brought forth in open presence, but that was stopped by Philanax, whose love and faith did descend from

* *Party*—One who takes or pursues one part or side in an affair.

his master to his children, and only desired the smart should light upon the others, whom he thought guilty of his death and dishonour. Then the king's body being laid upon a table just before Euarchus, and all covered over with black, the prisoners—namely, the queen and two young princes—were sent for to appear in the protector's name, which name was the cause they came not to knowledge how near a kinsman was to judge of them, but thought him to be some nobleman chosen by the country in this extremity. So extraordinary a course had the order of the heavens produced at this time that both nephew and son were not only prisoners, but unknown to their uncle and father, who of many years had not seen them ; and Pyrocles was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had saved the king's life.

But first was Gynecia led forth in the same weeds that the day and night before she had worn, saving that, instead of Zelmane's garment, in which she was found, she had cast on a long cloak which reached to the ground, of russet coarse cloth, with a poor felt hat which almost covered all her face, most part of her goodly hair, on which her hands had laid many a spiteful hold, so lying upon her shoulders as a man might well see had no artificial carelessness. Her eyes down on the ground, of purpose not to look on Pyrocles' face, which she did not so much shun for the unkindness she conceived of her own overthrow as for the fear those motions in this short time of her life should be received which she had with the passage of infinite sorrows mortified. Great was the compassion the people felt to see their princess' state and beauty so deformed by fortune and her own desert whom they had ever found a lady most worthy of all honour. But by-and-by the sight of the other two prisoners drew most of the eyes to that spectacle.

Pyrocles came out led by Sympathus, clothed, after the Greek manner, in a long coat of white velvet reaching to the small of his leg, with great buttons of diamonds all along upon it; his neck, without any collar, not so much as hidden with a ruff, did pass the whiteness of his garments, which was not much in fashion unlike to the crimson raiment our knights of the Order* first put on. On his feet he had nothing but slippers, which, after the ancient manner, were tied up with certain laces, which were fastened under his knee, having wrapped about with many pretty knots his naked legs. His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, and gave at that time a delightful show with being stirred up and down with the breath of a gentle wind, had nothing upon it but white ribbon, in those days used for a diadem, which, rolled once or twice about the uppermost part of his forehead, fell down upon his back, closed up at each end with the richest pearl were to be seen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble Musidorus, who had upon him a long cloak, after the fashion of that which we call the Apostle's Mantle,†

* *Knights of the Order*—Probably of the Order of the Bath, which Mr. Anstis, “with his usual precision and clearness, hath fully proved that William the Conqueror and the succeeding kings of England conferred.” The learned Camden believed in the great antiquity of this order (probably not older than the reign of Henry IV.), the vow of which proceeding, says the oath, “from a pure mind and honest intention,” would have charmed the chivalric Sidney. The mantle is of crimson taffeta, lined with white. The order was in great esteem till the death of Charles II., when it fell into such disuse that no knight thereof was made till George II. revived it in the eleventh year of his reign, May 1724. Sidney, in 1583, acted as proxy, being previously knighted by Elizabeth, for Prince Casimir, who was thus made a Knight of the Garter—but the mantle of that order is blue. Sidney was knighted because no one, unless a knight, could stand a proxy for the Garter.—See Bourne's *Life of Sidney*, p. 364.

† *Apostle's Mantle*—A long cloak fastened at the neck by a boss, brooch, or fibula, and falling over the shoulders; as seen on the figures of saints in old glass paintings.

made of purple satin ; not that purple which we now have and is but a counterfeit of the Getulian purple, which yet was far the meaner in price and estimation, but of the right Tyrian purple, which was nearest to a colour betwixt our murrey* and scarlet. On his head, which was black and curled, he wore a Persian tiara, all set down with rows of so rich rubies as they were enough to speak for him that they had to judge of no mean personage.

In this sort, with erected countenances, did these unfortunate princes suffer themselves to be led, showing aright by the comparison of them and Gynecia how to divers persons compassion is diversely to be stirred. And such effect indeed it wrought in the whole assembly, their eyes yet standing as it were in balance to whether of them they should most direct their sight. Musidorus was in stature so much higher than Pyrocles as commonly is gotten by one year's growth. His face, now beginning to have some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kind of manlike beauty. His colour was of a well-pleasing brownness, and the features of it such as they carried both delight and majesty ; his countenance severe, and promising a mind much given to thinking. Pyrocles of a pure complexion, and of such a cheerful favour as might seem either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boy's face in a woman : his look gentle and bashful, which bred the more admiration, having showed such notable proofs of courage. Lastly, though both had both,† if there were any odds, Musidorus was the more goodly, and Pyrocles the more lovely. But, as soon as Musidorus saw himself so far forth led among the people that he knew to a great number of them his voice should be heard, misdoubting their intention to the Princess Pamela, of whom he was more

* *Murrey*—A dark reddish brown.

† *Both had both*—*i.e.*, goodliness and loveliness.

careful than of his own life, even as he went, though his leader sought to interrupt him, he with a loud voice spake unto them, desiring the Arcadians to be true to the blood of Basilius, to the Princess Pamela, the just inheritrix of this kingdom. But Sympathus and the Arcadians assured him that they acknowledged their sovereign lady, but until she was of age she must have a protector whom by the state of the country might be guided, and that eased Musidorus' heart of his most vehement care.

But Pyrocles, as soon as the queen of the one side, he and Musidorus of the other, were stayed before the face of their judge, having only for their bar the table on which the king's body lay, being nothing less vexed with the doubt of Philoclea than Musidorus was for Pamela, in this sort, with a lowly behaviour, and only then like a suppliant, he spake to the protector :—

“Pardon me, most honoured judge,” saith he, “since I tell you in the sacred exercise of justice the naked truth freely set down. I attest Heaven—to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune—that so much as my coming into the lady Philoclea's chamber was not known to her. In the name of justice, which compels me to use my tongue against myself, punish in me that misfortune which by me hath fallen on her.”

He had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people, both of great and low estate, confirmed with an united murmur Pyrocles' demand, longing, for the love generally was borne Philoclea, to know what they might hope of her. Euarchus, though neither regarding a prisoner's passionate prayer nor bearing over-plausible ears to a many-headed motion, yet well enough content to win their liking with things in themselves indifferent, he was content first to seek as much as might be of Philoclea's behaviour in this matter, which being cleared by Pyrocles and but weakly gainsaid by Philanax,

who had framed both his own and Dametas' evidence most for her favour, and in truth could have gone no further than conjecture, yet finding by his wisdom that she was not altogether faultless, he pronounced she should all her life long be kept prisoner among certain women of religion like the vestal nuns, so to repay the touched honour of her house with well observing a strict profession of chastity. Although this were a great prejudicating of Pyrocles' case, yet was he exceeding joyous of it, being assured of his lady's life ; and in the depth of his mind not sorry that, what end soever he had, none should obtain the after enjoying that jewel whereon he had set his life's happiness.

After it was by public sentence delivered what should be done with the sweet Philoclea, the laws of Arcadia bearing that what was appointed by the magistrates in the nonage of the prince could not afterwards be repealed, Euarchus still using to himself no other name but protector of Arcadia, commanded those that had to say against the queen Gynecia to proceed, because both her estate required she should be first heard, and also for that she was taken to be the principal in the greater matter they were to judge of. Philanax incontinently stepped forth, and showing in his greedy eyes that he did thirst for her blood, began a well-thought-on discourse of her in his judgment execrable wickedness. But Gynecia standing up before the judge, casting abroad her arms, with her eyes hidden under the breadth of her unseemly hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairful affliction to which all the might of her reason was converted, with such like words stopped Philanax as he was entering into his invective oration. "Stay, stay, Philanax," said she : "do not defile thy honest mouth with those dishonourable speeches thou art about to utter against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy mistress. Let either the remembrance how great she was move thy

heart to some reverence, or the seeing how low she is stir in thee some pity. I say to thee, O just judge, that I and only I was the worker of Basilius' death ; they were these hands that gave unto him the poisonous potion that hath brought death to him and loss to Arcadia ; it was I, and none but I, that hastened his aged years to an unnatural end, and that have made all his people orphans of their royal father. I am the subject that have killed my prince, I am the wife that have murdered my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an undoer of this country, a shame of my children." With that she crossed her arms and sat down upon the ground, attending the judge's answer.

But Euarchus having well considered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifest proof of so horrible a trespass, confessed by herself and proved by others, than anything relenting to those tragical phrases of hers, apter to stir a vulgar pity than his mind, which hated evil in what colours soever he found it, having considered a while with the principal men of the country, and demanded their allowance, he definitively gave this sentence: That whereas, both in private and public respects, this woman had most heinously offended—in private, because marriage being the most holy conjunction that falls to mankind, which whoso breaks dissolves all humanity, no man living free from the danger of so near a neighbour, she had not only broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended* death that might be ; in public respect, the princes' persons being in all monarchal governments the very knot of the people's welfare and light of all her doings, to which they are not only

* *Pretended*—Intended or decided. This sense of using the word "pretend" is to be met with in many of our old dramatic authors.

"I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and *pretended* flight."

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 6.

in conscience but in necessity bound to be loyal, she had traitorously empoisoned him, neither regarding her country's profit, her own duty, nor the rigour of the laws : that therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternal justice and accomplishment of the Arcadian statutes, as for the everlasting example to all wives and subjects, she should presently be conveyed to close prison, and there kept with such food as might serve to sustain her alive until the day of her husband's burial, at which time she should be buried quick* in the same tomb with him, that so his murder might be a murder to herself, and she forced to keep company with the body from which she had made so detestable a severance, and lastly death might redress their disjoined conjunction of marriage.

His judgment was received of the whole assembly, as not with disliking, so with great astonishment, the greatness of the matter and person as it were overpressing the might of their conceits. But, when they did set it to the beam with the monstrousness of her ugly misdeed, they could not but yield in their hearts there was no overbalancing. As for Gynecia, who had already settled her thoughts not only to look but long for this event, having in this time of her vexation found a sweetness in the rest she hoped by death, with a countenance witnessing she had beforehand so passed through all the degrees of sorrow that she had no new look to figure forth any more, rose up, and offered forth her fair hands to be bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this judgment, but that her death was as she thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it conveyed her to the place she was in before, where the guard was relieved, and the number increased to keep her more sure for the time of her execution.

Then did Euarchus ask Philanax whether it were he that

* *Buried quick*—See note, p. 420.

would charge the two young prisoners, or that some other should do it, and he sit according to his estate as an assistant in the judgment. Philanax told him, as before he had done, that he thought no man could lay manifest the naughtiness of those two young men with so much either truth or zeal as himself, and therefore he desired he might do this last service to his faithfully-beloved master as to prosecute the traitorous causers of his death and dishonour. Philanax thus being ready to speak, the two princes were commanded to tell their names, who answered, according to their agreements, that they were Daïphantus of Lycia and Palladius, Prince of Iberia ; which when they had said, they demanded to know by what authority they could judge of them, since they were not only foreigners, and so not born under their laws, but absolute princes, and therefore not to be touched by laws. But answer was presently made them that Arcadian laws were to have their force upon any were found in Arcadia, since strangers have scope to know the customs of a country before they put themselves in it, and when they once are entered they must know that what by many was made must not for one be broken ; and so much less for a stranger, as he is to look for no privilege in that place to which in time of need his service is not to be expected. As for their being princes, whether they were so or no, the belief stood in their own words, which they had so diversely falsified as they did not deserve belief ; but, whatsoever they were, Arcadia was to acknowledge them but as private men, since they were neither by magistracy nor alliance to the princely blood to claim anything in that region ; therefore, if they had offended, which now by the plaintiff and their defence was to be judged, against the laws of nations, by the laws of nations they were to be chastised ; if against the peculiar ordinances of the province, those peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them.

The princes stood a while upon that, demanding leisure to give perfect knowledge of their greatness ; but when they were answered that in a case of a prince's death the law of that country had ever been that immediate trial should be had, they were forced to yield, resolved that in those names they would as much as they could cover the shame of their royal parentage, and keep as long as might be, if evil were determined against them, the evil news from their careful kinsfolk.

Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were separated, first Philanax should be heard against Pyrocles, whom they termed Daiphantus, and that heard, the other's cause should follow, and so receive together such judgment as they should be found to have deserved. But Philanax, that was even short-breathed at the first with the extreme vehemency he had to speak against them, stroking once or twice his forehead and wiping his eyes, which either wept or he would at that time have them seem to weep, looking first upon Pyrocles as if he had proclaimed all hatefulness against him, humbly turning to Euarchus, who with quiet gravity showed great attention, he thus began his oration :

“ That which all men, excellent protector, in accusing another, most desire, manifold proofs of their wickedness, most cumpers me. For this man, whom to begin withal I know not how to name, hath come into this country like a lost pilgrim, from a man grew to a woman, from a woman a ravisher of women, thence a prisoner, now a prince. But this Zelmane, this Daiphantus, this what you will, hath no restraint of shame. Nay, what is to be thought of two such virtuous creatures, whereof the one hath confessed murder, the other rape, I leave to your wise consideration. I hasten to the piteous murder of Basilius, for the compassing of which this young nymph of Diana's bringing up feigned certain pretended

rites, and having trained* Basilius to a cave to witness them, in the meantime this Amazon hath gotten into the chamber of the lady Philoclea, leaving Gynecia, a woman witty though wicked, to attempt the king. We will leave her to her punishment, and regard him, upon whom, O excellent protector, pronounce judgment. For he far passes the arrantest strumpet in luxuriousness, the cunningest forger in falsehood, a player in disguising, a tiger in cruelty, a dragon in ingratitude. Let us punish his hellish naughtiness, bring back our prince by seeing his killers die, restore the excellent Philoclea her honour by taking out of the world her dishonour. Alas ! though I have much more to say, I can say no more ; my tears and sighs interrupt my speech, and force me to give myself over to my private sorrow.”

Thus when Philanax had uttered the uttermost of his malice, he made sorrow the cause of his conclusion. But, while Philanax was in the course of his speech, and did with such bitter reproaches defame the princely Pyrocles, it was well to be seen his heart was unused to bear such injuries, and his thoughts such as could arm themselves better against anything than shame. For, sometimes blushing, his blood with divers motions coming and going, sometimes closing his eyes and laying his hand over them, sometimes giving such a look to Philanax as might show he assured himself he durst not so have spoken if they had been in an indifferent place, with some impatency he bare the length of his oration, which being ended, with as much modest humbleness to the judge as despitful scorn to the accuser, with words to the purpose he thus defended his honour :

“ My accuser’s tale,” said he, “ shows in how hard a case and how envired with many troubles I am. He has mingled truth with falsehoods, surmises with certainties,

* *Trained*—Dragged, entrapped, drawn by false pretences.

causes of no moment with matters capital." Then he told his judge how he and Palladius, inflamed with love for the peerless daughters of Basilius, had disguised themselves, how Basilius, deceived in his sex, had plagued him with importunacy, how he had persuaded Gynecia the queen to take his place, and had endeavoured to make Philoclea fly with him, and how indeed he was guiltless of any horrible crime. "If," said he, "in so inhuman a matter there remain any doubt of it, I desire I may be granted the trial by combat. Only I will not deny, nor ever will deny, the love of Philoclea, whose violence wrought violent effects in me."

With that he finished his speech, casting up his eyes to the judge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoever should be done with him. Philanax, like a watchful adversary, curiously marked all that he said, saving that in the beginning he was interrupted by two letters were brought him from the Princess Pamela and the lady Philoclea, who having all that night considered and bewailed their estate, careful for their mother likewise, of whom they could never think so much evil, but considering with themselves that she assuredly should have so due trial by the laws as either she should not need their help or should be past their help, they looked to that which nearest touched them, and each wrote in her own sort for him in whom their lives' joy consisted. But Philanax, utterly suppressing them, sent a spiteful care to Pyrocles, and, as soon as he had ended, with a very willing heart, desired Euarchus he might accept the combat, although it would have framed but evil with him, Pyrocles having never found any match near him besides Musidorus. But Euarchus made answer that bodily strength should not be made judge over reason. Then would he also have replied in words unto him, but Euarchus, who knew what they could

say was already said, taking their arguments into his mind, commanded Philanax to proceed against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together.

Philanax, nothing the milder for Pyrocles purging himself, but rather, according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter, so much more vehement, entered into his speech against Musidorus, being so overgone with rage that he forgot in his oration his precise method of oratory. Musidorus, while Philanax was speaking against his cousin and him, had looked round about him, to see whether by any means he might come to have caught him in his arms and have killed him, so much had his disgracing words filled his breast with rage. But perceiving himself so guarded as he should rather show a passionate act than perform his revenge, his hand trembling with desire to strike, and all the veins in his face swelling, casting his eyes over the judgment seat : “O gods,” said he, “and have you spared my life to bear these injuries of such a drivel ! Is this the justice of this place, to have such men as we are submitted not only to apparent falsehood, but most shameful reviling. But mark, I pray you, the ungratefulness of the wretch, how utterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this country hath received of us. For if ever men may remember their own noble deeds, it is then when their just defence and other’s unjust unkindness doth require it. I omit our services done to Basilius in the late war with Amphialus, importing no less than his daughters’ lives and his state’s preservation. Were not we the men that killed the wild beasts which otherwise had killed the princesses if we had not succoured them ? Consider, if it please you, where had been Daiphantus’ rape, or my treason, if the sweet beauties of the earth had then been devoured ? Either think them now dead, or remember they live by us. And yet full often this tell-tale can acknowledge

the loss they should have by their taking away, while maliciously he overpasseth who were their preservers. Neither let this be spoken of me, as if I meant to balance this evil with that good—for I must confess that saving of such creatures was rewarded in the act itself—but only to manifest the partial jangling of this vile pickthank.”

While this matter was thus handling, a silent and, as it were, astonished attention possessed all the people. A kindly compassion moved the noble gentleman Sympathus, but as for Kalandar, everything was spoken either by or for his own dear guests moved an effect in him ; sometimes tears, sometimes hopeful looks, sometimes whispering persuasions in their ears that stood by him to seek the saving the two young princes. But the general multitude waited the judgment of Euarchus, who showed in his face no motions, either at the one's or other's speech, letting pass the flowers of rhetoric and only marking whither their reasons tended ; having made the question to be asked of Gynecia, who continued to take the whole fault upon herself, and having called Dametas, with Miso and Mopsa, who by Philanax's order had been held in most cruel prison, to make a full declaration, how much they knew of these past matters, and then gathering as assured satisfaction to his own mind as in that case he could, not needing to take leisure for that whereof a long practice had bred a well-grounded habit in him, with a voice and gesture directed to the universal assembly, he pronounced sentence : “ I do, in the behalf of justice, and by the force of Arcadian laws, pronounce that Daïphantus shall be thrown out of a high tower to receive his death by his fall. Palladius shall be beheaded : the time, before the sun set : the place, in Mantinea : the executioner, Dametas ; which office he shall execute all the days of his life, for his beastly forgetting the careful duty he owed to his charge.”

This said, he turned himself to Philanax and two of the other noblemen, commanding them to see the judgment presently performed. Philanax, more greedy than any hunter of his prey, went straight to lay hold of the excellent prisoners, who, casting a farewell look one upon the other, represented in their faces as much unappalled constancy as the most excellent courage can deliver in outward graces. Yet, if at all there were any show of change in them, it was that Pyrocles was somewhat nearer to a bashfulness, and Musidorus to anger, both overruled by reason and resolution. But as, with great number of armed men, Philanax was descending unto them, and that Musidorus was beginning to say something in Pyrocles' behalf, behold Kalander, that with arms cast abroad and open mouth came crying to Euarachus, holding a stranger in his hand that cried much more than he, desiring they might be heard speak before the prisoners were removed; even the noble gentleman Sympathus aided them in it, and, taking such as he could command, stopped Philanax, betwixt entreaty and force, from carrying away the princes, until it were heard what new matters these men did bring. So again mounting to the tribunal, they hearkened to the stranger's vehement speech, or rather appassionate* exclaiming.

It was indeed Kalodulus, the faithful friend of Musidorus, to whom his master, when, in despite of his best grounded determinations, he first became a slave to affection, had sent the shepherd Menalcas to be arrested, by the help of whose raiment in the meantime he advanced himself to that estate which he accounted most high, because it might be serviceable to that fancy which he had placed most high in his mind.

* *Appassionate*—Obstinately steadfast. “Gower remained *appassionate* in the opinion of the Pope's supremacy.”—Letter in Strype's Annals, iii. 135.

For Menalcas, having faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully imprisoned by Kalodulus. But as Kalodulus performed the first part of his duty in doing the commandment of the prince, so was he with abundance of sincere loyalty extremely perplexed when he understood of Menalcas the strange disguising of his beloved master. For, as the acts he and his cousin Pyrocles had done in Asia had filled all the ears of the Thessalians and Macedonians with no less joy than admiration, so was the fear of their loss no less grievous unto them, when by the noise of report they understood of their lonely committing themselves to the sea, the issue of which they had no way learned. But now that by Menalcas he perceived where he was, guessing the like of Pyrocles, comparing the unusedness of this act with the unripeness of their age, seeing in general conjecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous, he was somewhat troubled with himself what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt and doubt of their displeasure. Often he was minded, as his safest and honestest way, to reveal it to the king Euarchus, that both his authority might prevent any damage to them, and under his wings he himself might remain safe. But, considering a journey to Byzantium, whereas yet he supposed Euarchus lay, would require more time than he was willing to remain doubtful of his prince's estate, he resolved at length to write the matter to Euarchus, and himself the while to go into Arcadia, uncertain what to do when he came thither, but determined to do his best service to his dear master, if by any good fortune he might find him.

And so it happened that, being even this day come to Mantinea, and as warily and attentively as he could giving ear to all reports, in hope to hear something of them he sought, he straight received a strange rumour of these things, but so uncertainly as popular reports carry so rare accidents. But

this by all men he was willed, to seek out Kalander, a great gentleman of that country, who would soonest satisfy him of all occurrents.* Thus instructed he came, even about the midst of Euarchus' judgment, to the desert, where, seeing great multitudes, and hearing unknown names of Palladius and Daïphantus, and not able to press to the place where Euarchus sate, he inquired for Kalander, and was soon brought unto him, partly because he was generally known unto all men, and partly because he had withdrawn himself from the press, when he perceived by Euarchus' words whither they tended, being not able to endure his guests' condemnation. He requireth forthwith of Kalander the cause of the assembly, and whether the same were true of Euarchus' presence, who with many tears made a doubtful recital unto him, both of the Amazon and shepherd, setting forth their natural graces, and lamenting their pitiful undoing. But this description made Kalodulus immediately know the shepherd was his duke; and so judging the other to be Pyrocles, and speedily communicating it to Kalander, who he saw did favour their case, they brake the press with astonishing every man with their cries. And being come to Euarchus, Kalodulus fell at his feet, telling him those he had judged were his own son and nephew, the one the comfort of Macedon, the other the only stay of Thessalia. With many such like words, but as from a man that assured himself in that matter he should need small speech, while Kalander made it known to all men what the prisoners were, to whom he cried they should salute their father, and joy in the good hap the gods had sent them; who were no less glad than all the people amazed at the strange event of these matters. Even Philanax's own revengeful heart was mollified when he saw from divers parts of the world so near kinsmen should meet in such

* *Occurrents*—i.e., all that had happened.

a necessity. And withal the fame of Pyrocles and Musidorus greatly drew him to a compassionate conceit, and had already unclothed his face of all show of malice.

But Euarchus stayed a good while upon himself, like a valiant man that should receive a notable encounter, being vehemently stricken with the fatherly love of so excellent children, and studying with his best reason what his office required. At length, with such a kind of gravity as was near to sorrow, he thus uttered his mind : “ I take witness of the immortal gods,” said he, “ O Arcadians, that what this day I have said hath been out of my assured persuasion what justice itself and your just laws require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them, but, leaving aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands with my most impartial and farthest reach of reason, and thereout have condemned them to lose their lives, contaminated with so many foul breaches of hospitality, civility, and virtue. Now, contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my only son and nephew, such upon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed ; such who have so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themselves as might give just cause to the greatest hopes that in an excellent youth may be conceived ; lastly, in few words, such in whom I placed all my mortal joys, and thought myself, now near my grave, to recover a new life. But, alas ! shall justice halt, or shall she wink in one’s cause that had lynx’s eyes in another’s, or rather shall all private respects give place to that holy name ? Be it so, be it so ; let my gray hairs be laid in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing-stock of wretched misery ; but never, never let sacred rightfulness fall : it is immortal, and immortality ought to be preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have

judged mine own children—unless the name of a child should have force to change the never-changing justice. No, no, Pyrocles and Musidorus, I prefer you much before my life, but I prefer justice as far before you. While you did like yourselves, my body should willingly have been your shield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing ; nay, I cannot in this case acknowledge you for mine, for never had I shepherd to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my son. Your vices have degraded you from being princes, and have disannulled your birthright. Therefore, if there be anything left in you of princely virtue, show it in constant suffering that your unprincely dealing hath purchased unto you. For my part, I must tell you you have forced a father to rob himself of his children. Do you therefore, O Philanax, and you my other lords of this country, see the judgment be rightly performed in time, place, and manner as before appointed.”

With that, though he would have refrained them, a man might perceive the tears drop down his long white beard, which moved not only Kalodulus and Kalandar to roaring lamentations, but all the assembly dolefully to record that pitiful spectacle. Philanax himself could not abstain from great shows of pitying sorrow, and manifest withdrawing from performing the king’s commandment.

But, as this pitiful matter was entering into, those that were next the duke’s* body might hear from under the velvet wherewith he was covered a great voice of groaning, wherewith every man astonished, and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit, when they might perfectly perceive the body stir, then some began to

* *Duke*, here, means the king—*dux*, reigning sovereign. The word is constantly so used by Shakespeare.

fear spirits, some to look for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But Philanax and Kalander, whose eyes honest love, though to divers parties, held most attentive, leaped to the table, and putting off the velvet cover, might discern, with as much wonder as gladness, that the duke lived. For so it was that the drink he received was neither, as Gynecia first imagined, a love potion, nor, as it was after thought, a deadly poison, but a drink made by notable art, and, as it was thought, not without natural magic, to procure for thirty hours such a deadly sleep as should oppress all show of life.

The cause of the making of this drink had first been, that a princess of Cyprus, grandmother to Gynecia, being notably learned, and yet not able with all her learning to answer the objections of Cupid, did furiously love a young nobleman of her father's court, who fearing the king's rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept so high a place, she made that sleeping drink, and found means by a trusty servant of hers, who of purpose invited him to his chamber, to procure him, that suspected no such thing, to receive it. Which done, he, no way able to resist, was secretly carried by him into a pleasant chamber, in the midst of a garden she had of purpose provided for this enterprise, where that space of time pleased herself with seeing and cherishing of him, when the time came of the drink's end of working, and he more astonished than if he had fallen from the clouds, she bade him choose either then to marry her, and to promise to fly away with her in a bark she had made ready, or else she would presently cry out, and show in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to ravish her. The nobleman in these straits, her beauty prevailed ; he married her, and escaped the realm with her, and after many strange adventures were reconciled to the king her father, after whose

death they reigned. But she, gratefully remembering the service that drink had done her, preserved in a bottle, made by singular art long to keep it without perishing, great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, which, wrongly interpreted by her daughter-in-law the queen of Cyprus, was given by her to Gynecia at the time of her marriage, and the drink, finding an old body of Basilius, had kept him some hours longer in the trance than it would have done a younger.

But a while it was before good Basilius could come again to himself, in which time Euarchus, more glad than of the whole world's monarchy to be rid of his miserable magistracy, which even in justice he was now to surrender to the lawful prince of that country, came from the throne unto him, and there with much ado made him understand how these intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboils* passed through his fancy before he could be persuaded Zelmane was other than a woman. At length remembering the oracle, which now indeed was accomplished, not as before he had imagined, considering all had fallen out by the highest providence, and withal weighing in all these matters his own fault had been the greatest, the first thing he did was with all honourable pomp to send for Gynecia, who, poor lady, thought she was leading forth to her living burial, and when she came to recount before all the people the excellent virtue was in her, which she had not only maintained all her life most unspotted, but now was content so miserably to die, to follow her husband. He told them how she had warned him to take heed of that drink; and so with all the exaltings of her that might be, publicly desired her pardon for those errors

* *Garboils*—Fr. *garbouille*—uproar; here meaning mental confusion and commotion.

he had committed, and so kissing her, left her to receive the most honourable fame of any princess throughout the world, all men thinking, saving only Pyrocles and Philoclea, who never betrayed her, that she was the perfect mirror of all wifely love. Which though in that point undeserved, she did in the remnant of her life duly purchase, with observing all duty and faith to the example and glory of Greece ; so uncertain are mortal judgments, the same person most infamous, and most famous, and neither justly.

Then with princely entertainment to Euarchus, and many kind words to Pyrocles, whom still he dearly loved, though in a more virtuous kind, the marriage was concluded, to the inestimable joy of Euarchus, betwixt the peerless princes and princesses. Philanax for his singular faith ever held dear of Basilius while he lived, and no less of Musidorus, who was to inherit that kingdom, and therein confirmed to him and his the second place of that province, with great increase of his living to maintain it. Which like proportion he used to Kalodulus in Thessalia ; highly honouring Kalander while he lived, and after his death continuing in the same measure to love and advance his son Clitophon. But as for Sympathus, Pyrocles, to whom his father in his own time gave the whole kingdom of Thrace, held him always about him, giving him in pure gift the great city of Abdera.

But the solemnities of these marriages, with the Arcadian pastorals, full of many comical adventures happening to those rural lovers ; the strange stories of Artaxia and Plexirtus, Erona and Plangus, Helen and Amphialus, with the wonderful chances that befel them ; the shepherdish loves of Menalcas with Kalodulus' daughter ; the poor hopes of the poor Philisides in the pursuit of his affections ; the strange continuance of Klaius and Strephon's desire ; lastly, the son of Pyrocles, named Pyrophilus, and Melidora, the fair

daughter of Pamela by Musidorus, who even at their birth entered into admirable fortunes, may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen* in that wherewith mine is already dulled.

* *Exercise his pen*—This is all that Sidney wrote ; and here the romance properly ends. But, although the preface of the original says that “S^r Philip Sidneie’s writings can no more bee perfected without S^r Philip Sidneie than Apelles’ picture without Apelles, although there are those that think otherwise, for never was Arcadia free from the comber of such cattel,” Mr. R(ichard) B(eling) did add “a limn to Apelles’ picture” in a sixth book, on which the author’s modest preface shall prevent us passing an opinion. Mr. Beling, who was a young gentleman of Lincoln’s Inn, says that he does not follow “Pythagoras his opinion,” and that he is “well assured that the divine Sidney’s soul is not infused into him”—nor indeed was his art, his matter, or manner, of which he has caught but a faint echo.

THE END.







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